

## **Jet Set Roger**

### **"Crazed Institution"**

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Just a little touch of make-up; just a little touch of bull;  
Just a little 3-chord trick embedded in your platform  
soul;  
You can wear a gold Piaget on your Semaphore wrist;  
You can dance the old adage with a dapper new twist.  
And you can ring a crown of roses round your cranium,  
Live and die upon your cross of platinum.  
Join the crazed institution of the stars.  
Be the man that you think (know) you really are.

Crawl inside your major triad, curl up and laugh  
As your agent scores another front page photograph.  
Is it them or is it you throwing dice inside the loo  
Awaiting someone else to pull the chain.  
Well grab the old bog-handle, hold your breath and  
light a candle.  
Clear your throat and pray for rain to irrigate the  
corridors that echo in  
Your brain filled with empty nothingness, empty hunger  
pains.

And you can ring a crown of roses round your cranium,  
Live and die upon your cross of platinum.  
Join the crazed institution of the stars.  
Be the man that you think (know) you really are.

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