

John Popper "Lunatic"

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Good luck Carter
Don't fuck it up

Move on and shuffle off
Winter's gift is a burning cough
Once a stranger, always a friend to the cold and the
odd stare
And the danger (Danger, danger) should he ever open
his mouth
And so he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time

Some day he thinks he may fool everyone
And they'll give and let him live in the bright hot sun
And so he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time

Doorways and hope keep him warm
Strangely calm [?] before the storm
Quite sure that he will be free
To speak of voiceshe [?] can't quite see
They tell him more [?] than he'd ever wished to know
And so he bides his time [?]

Yes, he bides his time [?]
Yes, he bides his time [?]
And when the bugle sound [?]
Knocks the mountains down [?]
His work will be done [?]
Whispers in his ear he keeps them clear [?]
For the angels when they come [?]
So he bides his time [?]
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time [?]
'Till he assumes his place [?]
Then he'll see the face [?] of god, of god [?]
The ruthless king of kings [?]
Who keeps telling him things
That still seem odd
So he bides his time

Yes, he bides his time
Move on
Move on
Move on
Bides his time
Yes, he bides...
I gotta smoke
(It's making you crazy)

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