

Rodriguez

"Jane S. Piddy"

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Now you sit there thinking, feeling insecure.
The mocking court gesture claims there is no proven cure.
Go back to your chamber, your eyes upon the wall.
'Cause you've got no one to listen, you've got no one to call.

And you think I'm curious.

Drifting, drowning in a purple sea of doubt.
You wanna hear she loves you,
but the words don't fit the mouth.
You're a loser, a rebel, a cause without...

But don't think me callous.

Dancing Rosemary, disappearing sister Ruth.
It's just your yellow appetite
that has you choking on the truth.
You gave in, you gave out, outlived your dreams of youth.

And I can't get jealous.

So go on, you'll continue with your nose so open wide.
Knocking on that door that says "Hurry come inside."
But don't bother to buy insurance, 'cause you've already died.

And you can't be serious.

I saw my reflection in my father's final tears,
the wind was slowly melting, San Francisco disappears.
Acid heads, unmade beds, and you Woodward world queers.

I know you're lonely.
I know you're lonely.
I know you're lonely.

[Spoken:]

Thanks for your time,

and you can thank me for mine.

And after that's said,
forget it.

Bag it, man

(Okay)

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