

# Stephen Malkmus & The Million Dollar Bashers

## "Ballad Of A Thin Man"

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You walk into the room with your pencil in your hand  
You see somebody naked, you say, "Who is that man?"  
You try so hard but you don't understand  
Just what you'll say when you get home

But there something is happening here  
And you don't know what it is  
Do you, Mister Jones?

You raise up your head, you ask, "Is this where it is?"  
And somebody points to you and says "It's his"  
And you say, "What's mine?"  
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"  
And you say, "Oh my God am I here all alone?"

It just something is happened here  
But you don't know what it is  
Do you, Mister Jones?

So, you hand in your ticket, you go watch the geek  
Who immediately walks up to you when he hears you  
speak  
And says, "Well, how does it feel my friend to be such  
a freak?"  
And you say, "Impossible" as he hands you a bone

You're positive that something is happening here  
But you don't know what it is  
Do you, Mister Jones?

You've so many contacts [Incomprehensible] among  
the lumberjacks  
To get you facts when someone attacks your  
imagination  
But nobody has any respect anyway they already  
expect  
You to just give a check to tax-deductible charity  
organizations

You've been with the professors and they've all liked  
your looks  
With great lawyers you have discussed lepers and

crooks

You've been through all of F. Scott Fitzgerald's books  
You're very well read, yeah, it's well known

'Cause something is still happening here  
Don't know what it is  
Do you, Mister Jones?

The sword swallower  
He comes up to you and then he kneels,  
Crosses himself and then he clicks his high heels  
Without further notice he tells you how it feels  
And he says, "Here is your mouth back thanks for the  
loan"

And you know something is happening here  
But you don't know what it is  
Do you, Mister Jones?

Now, you see this one-eyed midget, shouting the word  
"NOW"  
And you say, "For what reason?" And he says, "How?"  
And you say, "Good God what's happenin'?"  
And he screams back, "You're a cow  
And give me some milk or go home"

Yes and now, you're positive something's happening  
And you wish you know what it was  
Do you, Mister Jones?

Well, you walk into the room like a camel and then you  
frown  
You put your eyes in your pocket, nose in the ground  
There ought to be a law against you comin' 'round  
You should be made to wear some earphones

'Cause something is happened here  
You don't know what it is  
Do you, Mister Jones?

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