

## Weezer

# "Mansion Of Cardboard"

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Overcoat  
Old wool cap  
Leather gloves  
Hide the fat

In a world made of tears  
He is safe from his fears

On his own  
He's on his own (on his own)  
He likes it that way

Thoughts arise  
Fear is doubt  
Bearing through  
Giving smell

It's the happiest day  
When he moves far away

From the crowd  
The curious crowd

He wants them to,  
Stand back the old man's snoring heavy  
Down underneath the bridge he's got his,  
Mansion of cardboard slats  
And it's enough

oohhhh

[lead break]

It's the happiest day  
When he moves far away

From the crowd  
The curious crowd

He wants them to,  
Stand back the old man's snoring heavy  
Down underneath the bridge he's got his,

Mansion of cardboard slats  
And it's enough (x2)

oooh

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