The Psychedelic Ensemble ''Dumb Waiters''

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Give me all your paper ma Gimme all your jazz Give me something that i need Something i can have Mrs. london's coming round She's coming with her son Gimme all your paper ah So i can get a gun She has got it in for me Yeah i mean it honestly She's so mean Give me all your paper ma So i can get a train They just wanna suck you in To being one of them Tell her that i'm not in here Tell her i'm a freak Tell her that i fall about Every time i speak She has got in for me Yeah i mean it honestly I just scream Give me all your paper ma So i can buy a train I don't know how i got in here It's making me insane Have another cigarette And have another cigarette In a room where lovers go Talking on the telephone They have got it in for me Yeah i mean it honestly They all dream

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