

Cars, The "Blue Tip"

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You believe in anything
They tell you how to think
The simpletons all circle
In the raging roller rink

I'm trading in the alley
I'm booking up a storm
Forget about reality
'Cause nothing is the norm, yeah, yeah

So what can you do, you say
They owe me a few, yeah
Blue tip of your cue, yeah

You got that look on your face
You'd like to be in the race
You cannot hide your disgrace
You leave without a trace

All set to weary your heartland
Black and white TV
Stroking all the gun heads
Into the ninth degree

You here the screamers coming
They clamor in disguise
You think that you'd be running
To the other side, yeah, yeah

So what can you do, you say
They owe me a few, yeah
Blue tip of your cue, yeah

You got that look on your face
You'd like to be in the race
You cannot hide your disgrace
Can't fill an empty space

You stupefy the thinkers
You're hugging all the flakes
And all the things you think are true

Only mystify the fakes

Well, keep your hat on backwards
And keep your lips tucked in
The world is full of quackers
And belly button rings

I know you'd like to be immune
To the things they say
You're hung up on your heroes
And upon the beast you pray, yeah, hey

So what can you do, you say
Well, they owe me a few, yeah
Blue, blue, tip of your cue, yeah

You got that look on your face
You'd like to be in the race
You cannot hide your disgrace
You leave without a trace

You got that look on your face
You'd like to be in the race
You cannot hide your disgrace
You leave a bitter taste

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