

Cars, The

"I'm In Touch With Your World"

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You can tuck it on the inside,
You can throw it on the floor,
You can wave it on the outside,
Like you never did before.

You get the diplomatic treatment.
You get the force fed future,
You get the funk after death.
You get the wisenheimer brainstorm.

I'm in touch with your world,
So don't you hide it.
I'm in touch with your world,
And nobody's going to buy it.

It's such a lovely way to go,
I've been lying on your feathers.
You keep talking about the weather.

I'm a psilocybin pony,
You're a flick fandango phoney.

It's a sticky contradiction,
It's a thing you call creation.
Everything is science fiction
And i ought to know.

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