

Trash Can Sinatras

"Make yourself at home"

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I shudder away
From London,
It's a nightmare
Coming home.
If money talks,
I've pursed lips,
And I've left
My tongue at home

Past beechams'
Headache-free factory,
It's smoking too,
And I'm pondering
Which science
I'll leave my body to.

There's no reincarnation
You're only human once
So make yourself at home

An un-sober hippy
Lying naked on his back,
Says he plays
For cardboard city
Not out of spite
But because of the fact that
People paper over cracks
In sunny retreats until
Their heart attacks them.

There's no reincarnation
You're only human once
So make yourself at home

I don't care
For the big world out there,
Keep me away
From the window.
It's a small world
Wherever we go,
So make yourself at home.

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