

Something's in my head, I pulled it from the air, and now I'll put it back,
G (b d d d) C (b a . . .) G D7

I'm on the edge, the edge of the ledge, give me a hand or push me down,
G C G D7

Liars and buyers, and slowly decides, waiting for the price of gold,
(b a g)

(But) I spent my time, you spent your dime, we're waiting on the side,

I am a jew, there are a few, who don't belong no more,

Einstein come on, your name says it all, you killed two birds with one stone,

You motherless god, you fatherless son, where is your daughter now?

Vinci's out the cinema, running home for enema, constipated from his codes,

He looks up the sky, where the air planes all fly, how the hell they do that, no one cares,

So he goes back to Newton, looking for cool toys, but all he finds an angry man.

We're going in cycles, masters, disciples, and the truth is definitely not out there.

There's a napoleon, faulty chameleon, this world doesn't fit him anymore.

They make him pop pills, instead of walking the hills, and singing a song of praise,

What's the matter you regretter, you said we're gonna have some fun.