

I can't find a place to park

La la la la la la

(primordial whining noises)

Q: Say, What'd ya do man?

A: Moved up to the city.

Did a movie

Cut a record

Wrote a book

Looked hella pretty.

Q: Hey, where'd you go man?

A: Better pay those parking tickets.

Goddamn. I'm still so out of place.

I feel it in the glares the give me.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

Where am I supposed to go?

I'm trapped inside.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

Could this be my chance to go?

I'm shoved aside.

Alone again inside a rat,

Partying with all of my friends.

I love living when it's cool.

But isn't homicide the test?

1.2.3. Save some for me, and

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill everyone and everybody.

Q: How ya been, man?

A: Hell yeah. Things are getting better.
I've got all my shit together
But I'm still under the weather.

Statement: Looking good, man!

Response: I'm much more confident.
I know I'm gonna slay 'em.
As a child I dreamed of slaying people.

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.
Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.
Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.
Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

People start to know my name.
And come say "hi."

Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.
Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.
Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.
Wait; I'm in the middle-middle.

If I can really play the game
I'll be alright.

Now that it's done the feeling is gone.
Wish I could go back to before the end.
Was this a party or a job?
I'll never lose it again.

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(lyrics: RoMak/music: Tleilax, Shechet)