## Kula Shaker, Ballad Of A Thin Man

You walk into the room
With your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked
And you say, "Who is that man?"
You try so hard
But you don't understand
Just what you'll say
When you get home

Cause you know something is happening But you don't know what it is Do you, Mister Jones?

You raise up your head You ask, "Is this where it is?" Somebody points to you and says "It's his" You say, "What's mine?" Somebody else says, "Where what is?" And you say, "Oh my God Am I here all alone?"

Cause you know something is happening But you don't know what it is Do you, Mister Jones?

You have many contacts
Among the lumberjacks
To get you facts
When someone attacks your imagination
Nobody has any respect
Anyhow they already expect you
To just give a check to you
To tax-deductible charity organizations

Cause you know something is happening But you don't know what it is Do you, Mister Jones?

Now you see this one-eyed midget Shouting the word "NOW" And you say, "For what reason?" And he says, "How?" And you say, "What does this mean?" And he screams back, "You're a cow Give me some milk Or else go home"

Cause you know something is happening But you don't know what it is Do you, Mister Jones?

When you walk into the room Like a camel and then you frown You put your eyes in your pocket And your nose on the ground There should be a law Against you comin' around You should be made To wear earphones

Cause you know something is happening But you don't know what it is Do you, Mister Jones?

