

A Found myself in a strange room  
 People ~~didn't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> hit me with ~~sticks~~  
 Some had bagged patches  
 How it put me through switches  
 So soon  
 Found myself in a strange room

Oh Mamma get me outa here  
 I grabbed a little sennecar  
 A wooden syke not 1 ft tall  
 I held them back throwing black cushions  
~~and~~ sleeves ~~and~~ ~~knives~~ ~~for~~ swooshin  
 as I ran down the hall

Past the hall of Drums in Gongs and boards for torture  
 Past the ~~hall~~ of Bicycles and Land for songs  
 Temple of cans

Full of bottles clattered and garbage that wastin'  
~~they~~ ~~slightly~~ ~~use~~ ~~in~~ ~~wood~~ ~~to~~ ~~trace~~

I went past the windows of the ropes  
 Past the Portal of the boxes  
 Way up the final door  
 To a garden of carnations  
 Herbs for potatoes ~~for~~ ~~lotions~~  
 No pistons to store  
 Climb to the balcony

Through some doors  
 A god ~~showed~~ ~~me~~ ~~et~~  
 Numerous wooden  
 With big knees  
 And bigged hands  
 But hidden feet