

# Loyalty Bldg.

## Harvey Danger

Slow to marry, swift to die,  
We leave disasters where they lie,  
I know these lines look crooked on paper,  
But I swear I got it straight in my head,  
And if you're looking for somebody to blame,  
I recommend the dead, I recommend the dead,  
'Cause they never answer back. Skinny dipping in the lake,  
I got the itch, I drank the wake,  
Could somebody please hand me a towel?,  
And now we're up on molehill mountain,  
Scraping coins out of the fountain,  
With a retinue of dirty old young, young men again.  
But when I get back from Nashville,  
I'm renting a room in the loyalty building,  
I'm sure that the prospects are sound,  
In the event of calamitous circumstance,  
Or great good fortune,  
There must be a reason, there must be a plan. A palace in receivership,  
A jester with a busted lip,  
A catalogue of crooked answers,  
We've all heard about the rapist nun,  
She pulled a switch on everyone,  
The altar boys are not having fun,  
And the papacy is drawing up the papers behind closed doors.  
But in the meanwhile,  
I'm renting a room in the loyalty building,  
I'm sure that the prospects are sound,  
In the event of calamitous circumstance,  
Or great good fortune,  
There must be a reason, there must be a plan.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>