

# Royal Jelly

[John C. Reilly](#)

Mailboxes drip like lampposts in the twisted birth canal of the coliseum  
Rim job fairy teapots mask the temper tantrum  
O' say can you see 'em  
Stuffed cabbage is the darling of the Laundromat  
'N the sorority mascot sat with the lumberjack  
Pressing passing stinging half synthetic fabrication of his-- Time  
The mouse with the overbite explained how the rabbits were ensnared  
'N the skinny scanty sylph trashed the apothecary diplomat  
Inside the three-eyed monkey within inches of his toaster oven lifeIn my mind  
I'm half blind  
My inner ref  
Is mostly deaf  
I'm smell impaired  
If you cared  
My sense of taste is wasted on the phosphorescent orange peels of San Francisco axe-encrusted  
frenzy  
So let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Where the Ro-yal Jelly gets madeColeratura singers bringing weeds and social clingers  
Hangers-on and fancy flingers  
To the dress ball  
Mushrooms and bowling pins  
Stove pipe hats and other things I can't recall  
From Juvenile hall  
We're so unlucky and stuff  
Woodrow Wilson never had it so tough  
Dairy Queen and Vaseline and Maybelline  
Paul Bunyan and James Dean  
Allegory agencies of pre-Raphaelite pagantry  
And Shenandoah tapestries  
Compared with good mahogany  
Collapsing the undying postcard romance  
With feline perspicacity  
By the university  
That night I held a paucity  
Which you deemed common courtesy  
I wasn't what you thought I'd be  
I shouldn't have invited you to danceIn my tree  
I'm halfway free  
And in my chair

One quarter there  
In my dream  
One-sixteenth cream  
In the coffee of the Courtier  
Of the sycophant assistant to the king So let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Where the Ro----yal Jelly gets made

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>