

Dead Man Ray, A Single Thing

Were heading for an uncatholic wedding
Throwing that snowy white guilty rice
My guilty head
Im cleaning the old toyotas shining
I neutralized simonized each dirty spot
With rags of your torn shirt

My heart is franchised
To the eternally capsized
Im always falling of
Relatively small boats
But if you learn to love me
Then ill learn to like you
Simple things, they always tangle up
So thanks for the giving
But i cant give you back
A single thing

Hit it
There'll be an extra ball for you
Between the uneven scores
And the selfelected whores of fame

You fight it
My pulverizer some clean horizon
All things change
So why shouldnt we
So if you learn to hate me
Then ill learn to love you
Simple things, they say they always tangle up
So thanks for the giving
But i cant give you back
A single thing