

Dear And The Headlights, It's Gettin' Easy

In this act I'll disguise those dead eyes, stretch tight the lips, a glistening gum line
Mouth curtains pulled I shine

My yellow stage light smile distracting
Dancing puppets on short saliva strings
So you'll find comfort in a lie

My overbite clenched, set in place
Like a stack of polished bright white dinner plates
Hand in my pocket, straight jacket mind
It's getting easy

I wish I had a single thought the least bit legitimate enough
To open up my mouth and spit accuracy
It's getting easy

In this act I'll disguise those dead eyes, lay flat the tongue
Let the supplement slide down
Everything is fine

And my brain is cloudy, leveled out
The pill dissolved
It's flushing out everything I care about and not replacing it with anything substantial

So I'm on my hands and knees
Like a martyr calling out his final plea
The executioner looks exactly like me, it's me
It's getting easy

My overbite clenched so tight
Like a stack of dinner plates all polished white
Hands at my sides, straight jacket mind
It's getting easy

I wish I had a single thought the least bit legitimate enough
To open up my mouth and say anything I mean, I don't mean anything

I wish I had a single thought the least bit legitimate enough