

Drmanhattan, Big Chomper, Big Chomper

What's the point of converse if it's not engaging and long?

What's the point of learning if you knew it all along?

What's the point of singing if you can't sing along?

What's the point of tasting if I don't taste you tongue?

The chemicals don't make me.

I'll just leave the car running in case we flee the sour scene.

In finding love worth faking, the offering misdeems.

The effortlessness making the solemn scene serene.

This is not me getting in to the getaway car.

This is just me staring from the middle of the yard.

This is not me saying that I'd not do it again.

This is maybe one day...

This is there I go again.

[Chorus]

These two emotions won't hide.

Word left on her tongue tonight.

Hypocrisy can't subside.

One trained thought fled just despite.

Towns filled with skeptic still light.

Disease and care left from sight.

Just one more left makes this right.