

Fair To Midland, Vice/Versa

Mountains of molehills, a grapevine in my ear,
Spots on the tiger while the townspeople gather to hear,
While the nest in my hands starve forever,
Sticklers for cheap fun,
You oughta be ashamed to trade in your heirlooms,
For an all day black market parade,
For a grand prize a slap in the face for you,

Bold faced type covers your text,
It must have been winter,

Still frame, no dice,
Where do you get your evidence?
Move now, stay still,
It takes a luminescent hue,
The wood, the crest that's weaved outside your vest,
Still frame, no dice,

Loons light the skyline while you sleep on concrete,
With both your eyes open,
I just kept pullin' on both your feet,
Someday together we'll breathe for you,

Bold faced type covers your text,
It must have been winter,

Still frame, no dice,
Where do you get your evidence?
Move now, stay still,
It takes a luminescent hue,
The wood, the crest that's weaved outside your vest,
Still frame, no dice,

Roll down your toes and know there's a shark on a hill,
The long drive home is taking it's toll,
We just need to rest,

Still frame, no dice,
Where do you get your evidence?
Move now, stay still,
It takes a luminescent hue,
The wood, the crest that's weaved outside your vest,
Still frame, no dice.