

Gordon Downie, Figment

You know my name is figment
I'm not who you think i am
All of my heroes are women
And all of em are cinnamon (my cinnamon women)

The sanding sound of grudge on collective
Has left a pile of puzzle dust
And me, cake-drunk in the middle, crying
"what could never happen to us
Is happening to us"

But as long as we're talking in driftnets
And there's a rotation afoot
All the things we can come up with
Will still be surprisingly put

As long as the road lacks perspective
As long as we swim swim swim
As long as we hold hands in the swiftiness
Of all three dimensions

As long as we're talking in driftnets
And there's a rotation afoot
All the things we can come up with
Will still be surprisingly put
Still be surprisingly put
Still be surprisingly put