

Look What I Did, Raining Pleasantries

Watch your head, take cover
It's raining pleasantries
It'll mess up your hair

Your cookout, your street fair
Your girlfriend, your phone calls just
Don't mean much to me

Compulsive obsession with things
Your fashion, elections
Your vision and excrement

People, diversions and depth
Low rent, frail insides
Painted on dense reinforced skin
Protecting me

Can't let, can't let go of me
Can't let, can't let go of everybody
Can't let, can't let's go for me
Can't let, can't let's leave

Your hobbies, collections
Your lifestyles and bed room sets
Don't mean much to me

Unthinking allegiance to thieves
Your meth lab, your dildos
Kaballah and yoga class

People, places and things
Nouns, verbs, false cognates
Language abuse, innuendo
Word, interrupt

Can't let, can't let go of me
Can't let, can't let go of everybody
Can't let, can't let's go for me
Can't let, can't let's leave

You messed up my hair
Can't, you dreamt us from each others minds
Can't, if perception defines
You just made that up and now your problem is mine

And now your dismal outlook we've shared
This song will show your tired point to be wrong
And prove to all the world that I'm here
And you're there and they're there and we are

Bullshit
Architect

Our secret pontiff, the oil peaks
I read that today
Cold fusion, hooray
Tomorrow, if not something else