

Voicst, And you taste like something's wrong

I only worry about my song
While the world don't get its rest
Neglecting fuck-ups from Sharon
I just want music in my head
We're in a selfish chain of moods
Don't look at what I leave behind
Hamas are after all the Jews
While we have summer on our minds
Everyone feeling iffy
Funny times, I told you so
You want the vibe, of feeling pretty
That changes moods, I told you so
Everyone feeling iffy
Funny times, I told you so
You want the vibe, of feeling pretty
That changes moods, I told you so
You only worry about your work
And what she's saying in her sleep
She's mumbling names you've never heard
And dirty secrets you can't keep
We're in a selfish chain chain chain
For every feeling we build walls
All broken rudders
Last years I haven't felt at all
Everyone feeling iffy
Funny times, I told you so
You want the vibe, of feeling pretty
That changes moods, I told you so
Everyone feeling iffy
Funny times, I told you so
You want the vibe, of feeling pretty
I told you so
You know you taste like something's wrong?
Yeah you taste like something's wrong