

# Apex Theory, Sssh... (Hope Diggy)

Apex Theory  
Topsy-Turvy  
Sssh... (Hope Diggy)  
Hope diggy da  
Diggy da  
Ras ta dan teh

People have the tendency  
Of sucking the life out of me  
Try and fill me with forthcoming  
Excess is the way of the wise  
Even when they are left alone  
One hand on rye  
A thousand rambles in a second  
Tiny tip is topsy turvy  
So stop the torment you traitors

I can't take the squeaks anymore  
Than I can't take you  
I'm sure you're sick of me  
Well I'm sick of you too  
Haven't you gone far enough my friend  
If you send we'll understand  
Enter the voice and avoid the void  
You're safe with the flag

Local lopsided judges lure lunacy  
Over loony loud lumpy loopholes  
With lingo that's loathsome  
And shade shameless shamsters  
Shake and shape shaggy  
Young people with sharp teeth  
On shelves of ship shaped  
Sharpened shop owners  
While customers consume large quantities  
Of curiously cultivated curtains  
Alongside crowds of crude oils  
Crossed and crooked  
Atop a crushed icemaker

I can't take the squeaks anymore  
Than I can't take you  
I'm sure you're sick of me  
Well I'm sick of you too  
Haven't you gone far enough my friend  
If you send we'll understand  
Enter the choice and avoid the void  
You're safe with the flag

Hope diggy da  
Diggy da  
Ras ta dan teh

I can't take the squeaks anymore  
Than I can't take you  
I'm sure you're sick of me  
Well I'm sick of you too  
Haven't you gone far enough my friend  
If you send we'll understand  
Enter the choice and avoid the void  
You're safe with the flag

Hope diggy da  
Diggy da

Ras ta dan teh