

Archers Of Loaf, Floating Friends

All of my friends have floated away.
They clog up the valley and drift up to outer space.
It was just like the old ones,
Just like the times before
When all of my friends floated away.

They always _____ one by one.
Living in their pockets, living in their pockets.
They were always sincere.
Hip to the freshest ideas,
The latest ideas.

I'm clinging to fresh, new mistakes.
I've got some new faults to force on you.
It won't be wrong to prove you wrong.
It's never hard to prove you wrong,
When I'm clinging to fresh, new mistakes.

And I've got a smile one mile long.
Hidden in their pockets, Hidden in their pockets.
I'm always sincere.
Hip to the latest ideas,
The freshest ideas.

All of my friends have floated away.
Connect the valley to the astral plane.

(repeat 4 times)