

Archers Of Loaf, Slick Tricks And Bright Lights

X'ing out the numbers puts me in a slumber
Can't call for help and nobody's at home.
Had a premonition, icy cold suspicion
Fueled by superstition and slick tricks bright lights.

It takes one million strips of paper fastened by one staple.
To take the upper hand they say you've got to have a plan.
Simple concentration, choked with hesitation,
Simple conversation, no I don't understand.

No, I don't understand how you got the upper hand on me.
I don't understand how you got the upper hand on me.

X'ing out the number put me in a slumber
So hard to call for help when nobody's at home.
Had a premonition, icy cold suspicion
Fueled by superstition, stuck in repetition.

You're calling me a liar, there's more smoke than fire.
More smoke than fire if you're calling me a liar.
On a million strips of paper, fastened by one staple.
In one word, shut it down, shut it down.

No, I don't understand how you got the upper hand on me.
I don't understand how you got the upper hand on me.

No, I don't understand how you got the upper hand on me.