

Autolux, Future Perfect

Before you split house-train the body you leave behind
there's only one voice you can count on to keep you down
skin the bees and stripe the ceiling where you wake up
cuz all that movement under cover
is just bad luck

i change my head so i won't be followed
i change my head so my friends don't call me
i change my head so no one can fault me
i change my head so i won't be bored

you know a certain brand of escape that gives you hope
so afraid of being found out you let it go
you never had the kind of focus to play a part
now soar away and give up people
it's like an art

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