

# Bright Eyes, Ouija

A natural noise,  
Is free in the air.  
Trying so hard,  
to give the whole block a scare.  
And that voice so true in my ear,  
I go next door, just to be near to it.  
Practice is done,  
Go outside for a smoke.  
Listen to some more of, Porters jokes.  
No more man,  
Please turn it down.  
If you dont we all might bust a gut.  
(yeah yeah)  
We just might bust a gut

Words don't quite explain,  
EVERYTHING I'M TRYING TO SAY.  
I, dont know where to go.  
I GUESS ILL JUST ASK THE OUIJA BOARD.  
It doesn't know.  
Everything to me is a gun!  
About to go off,  
I feel myself, I'm falling right in!  
Guys we'll be alright,

We sit and talk,  
For most of the night.  
Another cool game, with the strobe light.  
And that's not all, there's something i lack,  
Dirty little boy is a lumberjack.  
(tonight)

Clint's really cool, and,  
I don't mean to hurt.  
But that really is a star stopping shirt.  
Oh no no man,  
The lynch mob's attacking, again,  
Good thing we have a pyschotic like friend  
Oh yeah,  
To eat some heads for us.

Words don't quite explain,  
EVERYTHING I'M TRYING TO SAY.  
I, dont know where to go.  
I GUESS ILL JUST ASK THE OUIJA BOARD.  
It doesn't know.  
Everything to me is a gun!  
About to go off,  
As I try to hold myself down!  
Guys we'll be alright,

You guys are so good,  
but you think you suck.  
More or less time,  
My brothers not a big hessian.

Yeah here comes Dill,  
Just pulled up in his bus,  
I'm in love with Lisa from Toys, R US.

Lisa's straight edge,  
The rest of you aren't.  
Offer us a smoke,  
But we're to smart, again.

Yeah it sure means a lot,  
To have you guys here.  
To light up dead smoke,  
And bring Porter a beer.