

Citizen King, Safety Pin

you put me down with a stick you got
spoon you shot your darts at the moon
know ice on a fire dust myself off with a
that safety pin grip you know me like you
it's dust the rubber burns peeling out
and this piece didn't tear too soon now
behind the wheel and you're looking for
on moving on from your safety pin inside
the holes that I don't have caught on

the scoop outside the rage mothballs
underneath my heel but now i'm moving
galore caught in the drain your hat's on
tight like super glue you dug the pit you
stepped in it and now you're out with the
prick you're going down without this ship