

Coltrane Motion, Twenty-Seven

don't clap your hands or i'll die in a plane crash
don't sing along or i'll overdose
i know you want me
wrapped in plastic
'what a shame, got their first album, i love that song where he goes..'

i'm going to fall apart
in a sea of broken synthesizers
i'm going to walk out while it's still playing
kick drum, snare drum, kick drum, snare drum

you left us on the bedroom floor with our headphones on
you left ringing in our ears
we saw it coming
i'm sure you knew
we raised you so high, you had to come down

i'm going to fall apart
in a sea of four-track tape hiss
i'm going to walk out while it's still playing
kick drum, snare drum, kick drum, snare drum, oh