

Dance Gavin Dance, Hot Water On Wool (Reprise)

Let's take some time to reflect and restart
we tip over three-wheeled shopping carts
A crippled man with his mangled hands
looks at the blonde with her hideous, orange, fake tan
Decide, decide, decide
Who thinks that I, that I am out of line
for being sober finding four leaf clovers,
lawn mowers, and truck towers
So lucky all of the time
Decide, decide, decide
I've got a mind and its weighing me down
28 pounds, and lucky for me, so lucky for me
I'll never see that bitch again

So, I'll make a fist and rip the threads we've sewn
Since it's come to this, it feels like nobody's home
So my cover's blown, rip open the threads we've sewn [x2]

Nobody's home
Nobody's home
Well, I've lied with a fantastic picture I, well I've lied
We're going in new directions
Well, I've lied with a fantastic picture I, well I've lied
From sleeping away the century
Well, let's start from the beginning right now
I'd do that if you weren't so impatient
Well I'll stop you and give me the time of day
It's so sad, I've got no more lines to read