

Dogs Die In Hot Cars, Godhopping

I've found so many people like to smile a lot
Smile a lot 'cause they're having so much fun
Even when they know they're not
They'll wear some tiny little hat and they'll feel good
They'll feel good 'cause their hat is silly
And silly means that their time is good
Ive learnt that indecision only brings no joy,
So much joy to a fickle little world
That every night i do TV, film myself CCTV
And theres panic on the street when it's not around
So we go to
All the traffic and children
Live far away
On the back of a big bus all the way to Bombay
When they go I am with them
But it won't be long
Godhopping for good times
When everything starts to go wrong
Powder cake they wear their makeup veils
Veils that hide them underneath such sweaty perfume smells
High-heeled they are always looking down
Down their confidence is struggling hard to get around
Ive learned that indecision only brings no joy,
So much joy to a fickle little world
That every night i do TV, film myself CCTV
And there's panic on the street when it's not around
So we go to
All the traffic and children
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