

# Dum Dums, Everyday I Talk To God

Claustrophobic hairspray, daresay  
I'm reacting to the tragedy, the worst thing that could happen  
Intravenous truth, umbilical's been cut, I've been set free  
I'm so hollow, I won't be around tomorrow

Everyday I talk to God  
And he tells me that he loves me  
So I ask him if he's drunk  
And I ask him if he's sorry  
For the way the world turned out  
Is it better than the movie  
Is he sick of us already  
Everyday I talk to...

Accursed freedom leaves me wasted  
On a wasteland with the faces that have never seen the angels  
More forbidden fruit than crosses,  
All our winnings count as losses  
Are we saints or mental patients

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I'm falling back the slide

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yeah yeah yeah (x4)