

Freshwater Collins, Space

Just want to tell you about my straight faced kinda place
Your faults drowned and retraced
the steps you have taken and the progress you're makin'
I don't wanna forsake it or fake it lordie,
prepare to be programmed
on into the jam with no elvis to take it
no one will forsake it. I won't make it

And all these cause and effects got us sheddin' regrets
and I will never deny you
I'll never slide another trick on by you
And if you must ponder a question and make no connection
Let me slow it down for you
I never ever want to ignore you

The rumors are getting stronger
The rumors are getting stronger

I wanna drink a toast to the humor
bad words clean throats
a cynical miracle produced by a lyrical intersection of some old conventions
cut it, paste it dropped it out on Lakes with
a not so difficult symbol that you can take home and blast from your system with some mad fuckin'

If your mother reacts negatively to the track
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Ask her to wonder and question her recollection
And does she even remember what she owned in her collection?

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