

Goon Moon, Delete

We slide to the bottom,
Claw to the top
We weed through the reckless,
The cream of the crop

What are you saying?
What are you saying?

Take off your glasses,
Look me in the eye
Tell me what you see,
Do I seem alive?

What are you saying?
What are you saying?

I can't stay here no more,
I can't flee 'fore the storm

I said
Fuck your posh attitude
Fuck your books
Fuck your school
Fuck your strain
But I still love you.

Fuck your posh attitude
Fuck your books
Fuck your school
Fuck your friends
But I still love you.

A strange revelation
A troublesome past
The same situation
How long can it last?

What am I saying?
What am I saying?

A drop for the thirsty
A flood on the Earth
Your lips are so dirty
Your mouth is a curse

What am I saying?
What am I saying?

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