

Grant Lee Buffalo, SuperSloMotion

Sleepy rhythms were lulling us
Trolling down a long canal
Onto savage shores and gilded floors
Of coliseums through the load-in door

Certain of this one thing
Certain of this one thing
Certain of this one thing
That super slow motion got the upper hand on me
On me
On me

Holy visions had ceased to come
My tongue was numb and I was feeling tired
Crying out in a wordless howl
Screeching off to the underground

Certain of this one thing (of this one thing)
Certain of this one thing (of this one thing)
Certain of this one thing (of this one thing)
That super slow motion got the upper hand on me
On me
On me
On me

Sleepy rhythms were lulling us
Syrup sweet and poisonous
How I found my way back I'm not sure
Through the channels and little streets that curve

Certain (certain) of this one thing (of this one thing)
Certain of (certain of) this one thing (this one thing)
Certain (certain) of this one thing (of this one thing)
That super slow motion got the upper hand on me
On me
On me
On me

Certain (certain) of this one thing (of this one thing)
Certain of (certain of) this one thing (this one thing)
Certain (certain) of this one thing (of this one thing)
That super slow motion got the upper hand on me
On me
On me
On me
On me
On me
On me
On me

On me
On me
On me
Ooh ooh ooh
Got the upper hand (ooh ooh ooh)
Got the upper hand (ooh ooh ooh)
Got the upper hand (on me)
Got the upper hand the upper hand on me
On me
On me
On me
Oh oh oh