

# 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