

Mates of State, Goods (All In Your Head)

This is the story with the fantastic lies.
Or some facts to help us minimalize.
As for this shelter I can plainly deny.
But you can't kill time without injuring us.
And we'll count up all the goods now.

This is the girl with such fantastic eyes.
Such brute creation to but lay up beside.
Should cut our nails and worship our feet
and enjoy the tedium that's yet been untried by me.
And we'll count up all the goods now.

There are more than you ever thought you'd own.

Lift up your fingers and let's untie the string.
Let's knot them all to see what this monster brings.
'Cause its real soothing with its tail in its knees.
'Cause you can cry once without harrowing thus.
And we'll count up all the goods now.

Don't you know that they've come to be your host?
Didn't mean to skank your art.
Should've never hung around us (dear).
Didn't want your money, oh baby now.

When it lasted all day,
we would blast it all day.
We would bring it on and on.

It's all in your head.