

Nullset, Smokewood

Hey miss soon to be best-case scenario for me
Petting zoo changed to living room swept up shark bait at your feet
Prosthetic violins sing bigger chords struck bulletin boards with your
Thicker thong, bong to me to Cheech, to Chong with your temporary pole position gone
Sing along became a by-gone Mctwist indecision up over the rims of my goalie
She's pasty white with a torch of course it like rubber marks
Alarm's twist with a turn from a kindergarten fork over my animal
Ants running swiftly past your knee, remix selling fast food liberty

I try not to be, so complicated - like you created.

If I listen to you to tell me what to do
I'm a fool to myself never learn on my own
If I listen to you to tell me what to do
I become someone else always ask for your help

Looks like Mr. Know-it-all to well can't tell did he steal the show
From white buffalos through virgin snow fell into Elephant guns
Maids amazed with some lateral airmail look like ma bell fell
Can't get up stuck in automated hell, oh well, at home in the witness protection
Slow jam, a covered bridge in the fridge like a residual swansong
Swimming through an oil slick up another prizefight I might act like mike and bite
With Scorpions I drift without a coat again, desert storm getting warm but without trim
Warning penalty box. Warning penalty shots, through the cardboard media

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