Silversun Pickups, Checkered Floor

Winded through monotone One foot on checkered floor Head hung but still watching One dimlit figurine

Concealed Pass it on Appeal Play along

Please don't stop singing Cohorts are empty jars

Concealed Pass it on Appeal Play along

Meanwhile another scene Tracking mud while blood letting We've been so proud

Watch how our star behaves We'll all roll in our graves Sink with every word While all their backs were turned

Meanwhile our little gem
Is sleeping with sycophants
But now and then we're joining in
Tracking mud while blood letting
We've been so proud