

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