

So Many Dynamos, Heat/Humidity

Saturday night the axons and the neurons
Tell me to step into the kitchen
Slowly open the second drawer on the right
Search through it and grab the biggest knife I can find

It's not the heat it's the humidity, humidity
And I'm not sure what's gotten into me, into me

Sunday morning the carbon monoxide
Tells me that we should go for a ride
In hindsight this whole thing seems so bizarre
God, you make a lot of noise in the trunk of my car

It's been nice knowing you
Now make your last wishes now
It's been nice knowing you
Now sleep with the fishes now, sleep with the fishes now

It's not the heat it's the humidity, humidity
And I'm not sure what's gotten into me, into me
Get what you get when you