

The Rapture, Don Gon Do It

High... High ask they sky.
Low... low as it goes.
Purple dragons fly into your eyes.
Milkshake shimmy cry and cry and cry.

You're gonna don gon do it.
You're gonna make me cry.
You're gonna don gon do it.
You're gonna make me fly.
You're gonna gon don do it.
You're gonna make me cry.
You're gonna gon don do it
You're gonna make me fly.

High... High as the sky.
Low... low as it goes.
Words that cut, slash, rip and hypnotize...
why'd you say those things, why'd you lie?

You're gonna don gon do it.
You're gonna make me cry.
You're gonna don gon do it.
You're gonna make me fly.
You're gonna gon don do it.
You're gonna make me cry.
You're gonna gon don do it
You're gonna make me fly.

Hiiiiigh.... Hiiiiigh.

Knobs, knobs to turn.
Love, love that burns.
Paint over this broken hearted life.
You are so fucked up... I wish you'd die.

You're gonna don gon do it.
You're gonna make me cry.
You're gonna don gon do it.
You're gonna make me fly.
You're gonna gon don do it.
You're gonna make me cry.
You're gonna gon don do it
You're gonna make me fly.

Hiiiiigh.... Hiiiiigh