

# Trauma Cat, Popcorn Machine

I post up by the popcorn machine  
Watching all the patrons take their seats  
I've already seen this movie  
Now I'm here to bootleg the best scenes  
When on her way in, could it be?  
My future bride-to-be, casually

And what was she, but beautiful in every single way?  
And what was I, but skeptical of all she had to say?  
Oh, what a paradise it seems to me  
To find this ideal mate  
But studies show we stake our bliss on merging funds to procreate

Rip my ticket up and find me  
Cowering behind the old standees  
Convinced that in due time we'll all be  
Copies of copies of copies  
I check the sole of my shoe for a butterfly  
And ask myself if my truth is my double's lie

'Cause what is he, but useful to replace me when I die?  
'Cause all my friends, they tell me I look just like this guy and that guy  
I rest my case: It doesn't matter as to whom or how or why  
The only certainty, I think, is "If", and anyway, goodnight

Let's all go to the lobby  
Let's all go to the lobby  
Let's all go to the lobby to get ourselves

Let's all go to the lobby  
Let's all go to the lobby  
Let's all go to the lobby to get ourselves