

World Leader Pretend, Tit For Tat

Caroline, she says, i am the one
dagger (?) all the nights, but im having fun
im gonna turn you over, inside out
its not the weariness, don't scream and shout
its just the rubble rousing misspent bouts
and away

conjure up a splendor all of her own
for the worst trimester i've ever known
i play the rack-a-muffin holy..(?)
and you'll be tossing glitter works of thought
and somehow i still end up back on top
and on my way

and i myself have found
that living is too far away

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tit for tat, she says, but not in such prose
softer in the eyes, taking the blows
i'm gonna give it up and end it fast
i recommend you make this blow your last
and all you crass women are truly crass
i'm away

(oh hooo oh wooah, oh hooo oh wooah)