

Cryptomnesia

El Grupo Nuevo de Omar Rodríguez-López

I sold you for parts, you get what you want
Bet I wanted to, I know who you are
Don't know who you're not, I don't dare ask
Come back, use the stove
We'll make plans in the back of your pickup truck
Oh, why no one told, she crowns my lips and waits up
Her look of dissent, watching bird's eye
That's when I dropped
And oh, my hands were behaving like maps six five
These rags have been kept, my body is spent
Can't stop and rest, oh no, your comfort blessings, I see it in 3-D
You can't dream so slow, don't check the index for reference
'Cause the sky, Lord give me heads, I search the place for your prince
I feel your cryptomnesia, cryptomnesia

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