

Flies on Tape

Fireworks

I could lay here all day
And still feel the same
Rest doesn't help

When it's used this waySo my friends drink fluids until their stomachs divide

While trying to kill something else on the inside

So I sit around and trace all these new lines on my face

Yeah, I might be the line but always end up in the same placeLucky, lucky, I'd rather be lucky

Than good, yeah good at anything

OooohRain has gotten under everyone's skin again

Now I'm seeing zombie versions of my friends

So I drink fluids until my limbs fall out

The snow may have melted, but the trash it came out

So I sit around and trace but always end up in the same placeLucky, lucky, I'd rather be lucky

Than good, yeah good at anythingNatural selection tested me

I miss a curve

A cold, stale hand tangles me

Over what I deserveOooohLucky, lucky, I'd rather be lucky

Than good, yeah good at anything

Lucky, lucky, I'd rather be lucky

Than good, yeah good at anythingOooohOoooh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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