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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