Psychic Friends

Papercuts

Sit, it's December twenty-first,
Can't get no worse
The colors since you all dispersedHere, on the shortest of days
I got lost in the haze
Of old memoriesI keep thinking that somehow
I'll reach you at last
I'll open the curtains
And see you through the glassSit, do you remember when
We got high at Disneyland
And said we were psychic friends?Still, this sociopathic prince
Has been coming around again
But the rest moves to the StyxI keep thinking that somehow
I'll reach you at last
I'll open the curtains
And see you through the glassI keep thinking that somehow
I'll reach you at last
I'll open the curtains
And see you through the glass

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