Timbuktu

Timo Camillo

Pack up with what's worthy
Lock it up in the car
Don't be surprised if i drive too far
Speak now and we're followed while the weakest react
The nose on the siren is right on our tracks
A pair of tripods eyes through streets of mercury
Not as common as leisure days
Not as modern as much too late
I sailed through the catapults between april and may
He quoted his price & that's what he'll pay
He spread thick like a heathen
The clouds buried the chalk
While the sut on our throat
Till our engine stops
Pearls & oysters every each turn
Grow the lilac near the grubworm
Push the button closest to him
Give me glue so i can stick to plan
Push the button closest to him
But instead
Sail the desert

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