

# This Low Commotion

## Timber Timbre

What does it mean to be unhealthy badly my love?  
To be in a bad state so well What does it mean to face desire so sadly?  
To beg at the empty well Residual images hover above  
I'm just a dog, a machine for your love  
To know every man, every place that you've been  
You turned me on, then you turned on me This low commotion  
This low commotion  
This low commotion  
This low commotion  
Is going down, down, down, down This low commotion  
This low commotion  
This low commotion America weren't you a miracle?  
A fleeting chance in whole But this low, low, low commotion  
Would not leave our paradise alone And my two hands landed  
Like two spiders on your knee And one right ring finger branded  
But two lefts for two brands to please Residual images hover above  
I'm just dog, a machine for your love  
But to know every man, every face that you've seen  
Baby you turned me on, then you turned on me This low commotion  
This low commotion  
This low commotion  
This low commotion  
This low commotion  
Is going down, is going down  
Is going down, is going down Your low commotion  
Your low commotion  
Your low commotion

Songwriters

Taylor Kirk Published by

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