

Spooks (Tree City Sessions)

Dance Gavin Dance

Fool, your word means shit.

My eyes, they wonder. Not a lotta shit left to break inside the mind of acid whore

Swallowing your sister's nightstand might cover up the clogging pores

The sound of master blaster's tank weapon gun add on I believe

Every single little child can benefit from smoking weed You're filling your pockets with my bones

You're filling your pockets Slow plans, stuck in my bladder, turn yourself sideways [x2]

I don't know much about computers, but I know that you look like a child abuser

Slow plans, stuck in my bladder, turn yourself sideways [x2]

Sideways, sideways Move in, take what's not yours, take what I worked for

Slow down, stop me now, you're tearing apart my soul And lately we should be making me

The best type of record for wasting please

Amazing bark is getting dark

You know that I know can ride the arc

And lately we should be making me

The present elect is a burning tree

And you know that I know that I can't be me

So I can be you and well you can be me I'm a t.o.y.f.o.r you, on pleasure principle,

We keep it on the downlow because public eyes are sensible

There ain't no outcome without illusion

But I let you in the first place, girl you know what you're doin'

This is dirty sex, backseats, over tables, under sheets,

At the workplace, on the beach, in the hammock where I sleep

I know it's your birthday, you told me at 3:30

Damn ok, where do you wanna meet? Cause I know the lonely road it took to get there,

And I ... I believed it at your lonely word,

Well I knew the lonely road it took to get there,

And I... I believe it in your lost words,

Well I know the only road it takes to get there,

And I only feel it now because I've been there.

And I know the lonely road it takes to get there,

And I only feel it now because I've been there.... Stop me now, you're tearing apart my soul,

Move in, take what's not yours, take what I worked for [Background part:]

Lame, as well, as boring A thinly veiled guise elected for another new sound, capitalize when you dumb it down

You defect and I'll be raging on top of my car

You defect and I'll be passed out, covered in tar

A thinly veiled guise elected for another new sound, capitalize when you dumb it down [x2]

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

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