

# Turtleneck

## The National

Oh my Mother, let your daughter dance with me  
I'd like to spin her wild around the cottonwood tree  
There's something about her eyes, I think her roots are rotten  
This must be the reason she wears her hair up in knots, oh no This is so embarrassing  
Ah, we're pissing fits  
Crying on our doorsteps in t-shirts loose and ripped  
Some of them so out of style I cannot save them  
They'll just get whatever my salvation gave them Keep the weed next to the bed  
Light the water, check for lead  
Dim the lights a little lower  
Hide your backbone, shrug your shoulders  
Give the gift that fits your head  
You have to get this turtleneck  
The poor, they leave their cellphones in the bathrooms of the rich  
And when they try to turn them off everything they switch to  
Is just another man, in shitty suits, everybody's cheering for  
This must be the genius we've been waiting years for, oh no This is so embarrassing  
Ah, we're pissing fits  
Crying on our doorsteps in t-shirts loose and ripped  
Some of them so out of style I cannot save them  
They'll just get whatever my salvation gave them Keep the weed next to the bed  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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