

# Around The Way

## Of Montreal

You say you just want to stand there and dim out  
Just going to root there in space  
So because there ain't nobody really joked about your inventory  
Sub celestial articles from neutral stations  
From the game participants and by far most lineal family  
Break strike, pattern stripe, break to face  
When you get so quiet and depressed  
Hidden and I drop away again  
Can't understand, I want to die again  
I'm out here in the swell, getting fucked up  
Trying to cure you, it's so draining  
Really, how can I help if you won't talk to me?  
Thought you were a runaway  
Not just a clich

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