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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