

Utilitarian

Spoon/Britt Daniel

Catacomb, be my security
Count it off, be my big sister
I walked forty-six blocks
You've been putting it off, but come on I got meat in my arms
I got steel in my teeth, so, come on
Making out, taking out
It's utilitarian Heartache, adulate, the utilitarian
Oh, yeah, we're in love
With this perverted world, so, come on
When I walk down the steps
Im just halfway across the world

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