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 onI got meat in my arms
I got steel in my teeth, so, come on
Making out, taking out
It's utilitarianHeartache, 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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