

The Jiggler (Post-Hardcore.RU)

Dance Gavin Dance

I'm sick of twisting the knobs, your little baby's a slob
I wanna love you but this house aint built for two
I think I panic a lot, not really sure what I've got
I wanna love you but this house aint built for two
I'm sick of twisting the knobs
So where's my sweet love
I think I've hidden from myself, but there's too many layers
I turn my head and cough
Like I'm calling the cops
Is there something more to me than just bible study? Turn your camera on
You don't wanna miss this
The way lighting shifts
As it reflects off the water
Below this sinking ship I feel your fingertips
Slipping away
Can't shake the feeling now
How far we've fallen down
Like our best days are behind us
You're the revisionist And I'm the narcissist
Drifting away
To my sunstroke ghost dance gold corona
Did I crack that lens, put my weight upon ya
Does the manifest dictate to love and honor
Can the creed uphold, can we repeat our mantra Trust my luck and show my feelings, cross my fingers, cards are
dealing, busting out my skull shaped ceiling, hold my fuckin body back
I'm still raging from the sanction you placed upon the impoverished nations
Delusions of grandeur, have some patience
Hold my fuckin body back I can't predict the future
And I can't forget the past
Can't focus any longer
Desperate to make this last
Keep us from going under
Won't waste all that we have
You called it in November
And it burned up in a flash Feel the hangover in my mind
But this one's a different kind Losing touch of the concept of time
My senses are frozen Losing touch with my concept of time
My senses are frozen

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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