Vice/versa

Fair To Midland

Mountains of molehills
A grapevine in my ear, spots on the tiger
While the townspeople gather to hear
While the nests in my hands starve for restSticklers for cheap fun
You oughta be ashamed to trade in your heirlooms
For an all day black market parades
For a grand prize, a slap in the faceFor you, bold faced type covers your text
It must have been winterStill frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?
Move now, stay still, it takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest, that's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no diceLoons light the skyline
While you sleep on concrete
With both your eyes open
I just kept pullin' on both your feet
Someday together we'll breathe, breatheFor you, bold faced type covers your text
It must have been winterStill frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?
Move now, stay still
It takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest, that's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no diceRoll down in a nutshell
I know there's a short-cut to hell
The long drive home is taking it's toll
We just need some restStill frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?
Move now, stay still
It takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest, that's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no dice

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