

# 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 rest  
Sticklers 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 face  
For you, bold faced type covers your text  
It must have been winter  
Still 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  
Loons 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, breathe  
For you, bold faced type covers your text  
It must have been winter  
Still 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  
Roll 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 rest  
Still 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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