

# The Jiggler

## 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

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