

The Robot With Human Hair Pt. 4

Dance Gavin Dance

Back to sloth and sleeping binges
Self defeating outburst, cringes
Thoughts gets rusty, creaky hinges
Lost that box of clean syringes
Stuck to the ceiling I'm in view
Can't shake the notion I'm becoming you
The look from above same as below
Sign up for high, free dose of low
The Jig is up, I'm the one
Manipulate the ones I love
Light my path, reveal the beacon
Where's my balance
Can't stop thinking
Stop I wear soul on my sleeve at night
Searching for substance
I lose control of my autonomic mind
Waiting for the impulse
And I saw the rage burning in your eyes
Your thoughts intangible
Follow me down, we'll get paralyzed
Around the winding road
Hang on, hang on
Don't lose composure now
Hang on hang on
Feed into the miracle
Don't be fucking cynical
Hang on, hang on
Don't lose composure now
Hang on hang on
Girl don't be so difficult
Come here let's get physical
Sinus pressure
Getting older
I like weight upon my shoulders
Here I live inside this cd
Tell your friends he's super creepy
Weirded out
A simple human
confused by words
arrange and move them
into spaces no apparent meaning
eat this song your ears are greedy
Cut out this conversation, desperation, now

losing admiration, holding onto accidents
What have I done, what have I done?
That calls for your attention?
What have I done?
What have I done?
That keeps you hanging on? I can turn it off again
I can smile on a whim
I can make believe in him
The function in the algorithm

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

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