

Philosopher King

Dance Gavin Dance

Dry crossing up the holy five hate
Your cousin is my hobby free throw
I'd toss my calling card but I'd hate to make a baby feel slow
Nope, bro, There's lots of answers to shit
Like the numbing that you feel is real, then pain grows
You'll get for what you asked
Patience is the lane I mate with, case closed
If I fall, will you be there to catch me now?
Catch me now or...
If I fall, will you be there to show me how,
Show me how I've fallen?
All cranky in a blanket with a lazy eye
Same pigeon that was shitting on the other guy
Why yo fitness need a witness?
I too can cook a bunch of little meals
Friend, make my life
Friend, make my life
I picked 'em up and clipped their hype
It was the tamest type the little bitch couldn't listen
I flipped it up and twisted night
Into a padded white room, bitch named "Kristen"
I will run laps around you, around you
Go on, try, tug me back to you, but I'll fly
Guess they were right
No way to drag your body and make up the time
So I'll focus on mine, not gonna hold me down
I'm leaving you behind
Won't say that you're better
Won't sell you a better lie
Won't tell you etcetera
Won't say that you're doing fine
If your life never turns around
And if you should die tomorrow or the week after next
I know that I will be safe and sound
I won't be there cleaning up all the mess
All cranky in a blanket with a lazy eye
Same pigeon that was shitting on the other guy
Why yo fitness need a witness?
I too can cook a bunch of little meals
I felt my body craving the oxygen from ancient wasteland aching
I wanna be the man with the bacon
Make a light reveal the only stake in fakeness
Fucked
I will run laps around you, around you
Go on, try, tug me back to you, but I'll fly
Guess they were right
No way to drag your body and make up the time
So I'll focus on mine, not gonna hold me down
I'm leaving you behind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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