Isolation

Worn-Tin

Playing a Nightmare is a doppelganger game

With the peanut butter breadsticks and a burst into flames

I got my hand on the wheel and the other on a nightstick

I pick up the road like an overdosed magic trick.

Nobody Knows where the white mellow wonder

Blankets of towels of muscles of power

You got the red light toaster in the bath by the sink

Screaming out words that the waves like to drink.

Marijuana Mules cooped up in a box

The worst is yet to come, but the daughters get lost

Gentle winds blow at the smell of a rose

The players get held when the green grass grows.

Take a thoughtâ€¦ Read a book, smoke a dog

Take a thought; read a book smoke a dog

My shirts off traffic like the bleed in the dark

Shaky leg yodels, like a coffee stained bruise

Iâ€™m yelling out kisses at the end of the zoo

Sliding in my bed the lights off slightly

Turning them on would cause things that you might see

Plug me up, shove me down, weasel me a tease

Lock me up, Isolations the key

(Chorus)

Chambers Lock you up and put you away

Take care; youâ€™ll never be the same

Lose the voice; Cut the strain feed the doubt

Its ok, its isolation.

(Verse 2)

Possible popsicles bleeding from the mouth, nostrils

With the toxic, Iâ€™ve never been to Mexico

Holdin down the fort like a tire swing baby

Making morning wood, while Iâ€™m throwin up pastries

I drive for miles with a bonsai tree

Whack it to the Picture that your dad wonâ€™t see

Fossil fueled portraits with vestigial Care

Creating isolation in my car in my underwear

(Chorus)

Chambers Lock you up and put you away

Take care; youâ€™ll never be the same

Lose the voice; Cut the strain feed the doubt

Its ok, its isolation

Lyrics Submitted by Chimpy

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