

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 thought— 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 Chimp

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