

# Motion Lines (Prod. by Driver)

## Busdriver

I'm gone  
After you said what you did  
There ain't no way I'm coming back  
Spill the wine  
Return the gifts  
I'm out of here I don't want to ruin your ball-gown  
Because I'm not feeling law-bound  
You can probably coffee-grind by body-mind into a psychotropic compound  
An ice age will thaw before I'm able to play ball  
Your cryptic texts are state law  
Yet read like an algebraic scroll  
But I know you're gone  
After that gut wrenching shout match  
And my out of whack palm read, got me on leave  
In the outback with some lounge act  
Don't crossbreed with my ennui it's a mousetrap  
For the besmirched and weakened  
I'm like a jerk telling you to twerk for the church of England  
My advice to you is Socratic: don't panic if I look like a dope addict  
Because I'm depressed as shit  
Knowing that my capricious lover is a migrant bird  
Your absence caused quiet stirs  
That progressed into a violent dirge  
Of victim blaming and miscellaneous quips to prove that my discourse's boyish  
I had the heart explained to me  
I was drawn and quartered by hoarse voices  
But you forgot to listen to me when I said  
I'm impossible to love and cannot keep an open mind  
So you left me where I was  
Shredded in your motion lines  
We never touched on it, touched on it  
What we left  
To be in love and treated love like a brush with death  
We never touched on it. (This shit is depressing. Get over it.)  
Slice at the knuckle where the mind bends  
And I'll become a motherfucker fucker times ten  
Crisis all look enormous when your body suffers a sugar shortage  
I'll cook a swordfish or prep any gourmet platter to simulate your gray matter  
Girl, this rap shit left me worse for wear

And I ain't got that perfect hair, my love feels like a cervix tear  
But still kiss me by my desk light  
Cause you look like my next wife  
I'm here burning midnight oil  
Soaking gravitas into cotton swabs  
In return I get tight coils of human waste as toothpaste  
Oh I get it, I'm old news, a motherfucking brontosaurus  
And to think I invited you to my underwater forest  
A thousand fuck-you's spring-loaded in a balled up fist  
I open my palms and my eyelids become two default pussy lips  
And I deserve it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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