

Mingusings

of Montreal

Boy, I wish you weren't such a paranoid actress
And I, the assassinated Kennedy
I feel like an accidental species
Some mutant love child, never meant to be
No motion dancing, feel like we're an impossibility
Tried to keep the heart in the head
But I was so down on the closing night
Couldn't even fake a smile
Wanted to fire all my friends and just start over again
And sisters, don't you know our shit is only gonna get
better?
Don't you know, don't you know, don't you know?
I feel like the last time is gonna be my final collapse
And sisters, don't you know our shit is only gonna get better?
I feel like the last time is gonna be my final collapse
I know from past experience
He never takes it easy on his readers
And you become a foreign substance
Lying in your familial bed
Technology makes such an ugly mother
But no lessons does it offer, only chaos scenarios
And the dream that we've inherited
Look, it's just random numbers
Still they love you at the office 'cause you've been
The subject of countless masturbation fantasies

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