

Local Joke (DNTEL Mix)

Neon Indian

Common things never bother me cause I'm the local joke
Summer got high and swoll she calls me the broken spoke
Never been late to fuck with fate and see if faith's a joke
Part of me wants the wants in life to tickle up and smoke
Come to me cross a ? with all the empty traits
Everything is just unsaid no need to contemplate
All my weights drip as they leave my lips how come do something straight
She needs and excuse to end things and become the things you hate

Songwriters

ALAN PALOMO Published by

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