

# opener

~8mm

You told me don't you look at the sun, it burns your eyes out  
I disobeyed and see a man who's going nowhere  
He fed me this you don't got to worry, you're on your feet  
Please help me down  
Should have made room for others who can't be beat into open sea  
I brainstormed and caught up with my friend who's doing fine now  
It's been uplifting knowing you all have static sources  
I fed him this man, am I in a hurry to break this chord of our paranoia  
Took him too long to notice and now I'm down  
Where I can't be found and there's no antidote for a petty loaf  
I think we've found the lighter side of our friendly host  
I don't mean to boast, we can face all this nonsense

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