

No Destruction

Foxygen

I assumed you knew this photograph of me in my new car
But I hate to say I miss you cause you dont need me anymore
I politely say I miss you but we know you dont mean that anymore
Like when the toc tic finally caught you
Then you weaseled through the door
Through the door of consciousnessSan Francisco,
Oh you make it so
Oh you make it so long on me
Someone who takes part in the suburbs
Part in the subway with me
Oh destructo, youre so destructive
Oh you so destructive to meNo destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking window
No destruction in the waking hour
No corruption on the mountain highIm talking to my grandma who lost her arms in the war
The aliens and armory that bond hers to Gods door
Now you think that I dont know but I know you to know quite well
That I caught you sipping milkshakes in the parlor of the hotel
Theres no need to be an asshole, youre not in Brooklyn anymore
You may take what you are given but you leave it on the floor
And I know youre gonna try to take my big mouse
Take the panels off my greenhouseOh but the door of consciousness isnt open anymore
Oh you think its over, oh its over with me
Someone who sloaks by in the suburbs
But in the suburb with me
Oh destructo, youre so destructive
Oh you so destructive to meNo destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking wind
No destruction in the waking hour
No corruption on the mountain highNo destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking window
No destruction, no destruction
No destruction

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