

Roman Guitars

Craig Finn

The pigs all stormed the Bennigans.

The band played Touch My Stuff again.

We were living up in Michigan by then. The only cats we ever met were mangy lame and dripping wet.

These are not the kind of cats you pet. I bet when all the lights come up the club is covered up in cups
Counting cash and coins and gushing blood. The only song this singer sings are songs about his victim things.

No one ever loved him like you did.

And then he points at every kid. Some old man in a Vikings van

Drinks Coppola straight from the can.

Keeps on misunderstanding what the plan is.

Once you're stationed in the back

Kick in the doors surprise attack

Shut your eyes and shoot into the shack. All your tiny particles

Add up to something beautiful.

All these little building blocks

Creating something high and hot.

All your little sleight of hand

Means nothing to the science man.

He locked us in the hospital

And walked us through the chemicals Deep blue truths and glassy eyes

Little looks they pulverize

And the band slides into

Where Are You Tonight? The only songs this singer sings are songs about his victim things

And no one ever loved him like you do.

And now he's pointing right at you.

Cause all your little molecules

Creating something drunk and cute.

Computers kids and chemicals

The flowers and the fruits.

Legal streets and Cream of Wheat

America runs on blistered feet.

Coffee cups and donut shops.

Depression and defeat. All your little molecules

Add up to something beautiful.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>