

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.

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