

Dust Bunnies

Kurt Vile

You may think that it's funny now,
that I've got a headache like a shop fat coughing dust bunnies.
It's hard to see when it's all red and all you hear are just white noises.
This little woman she's a delicate creature,
no safety features to hold her down.
Girl you've been running on all cylinders, pulling the yard and cutting hard. But no they won't find us lying
down on the ground and it aint at the bar where I am, where you are.
We'll take a puff on a cigarette see what we get : an invigorating fix and a black lung. Don't know much about
history, don't know much about the shape I'm in.
There aint no manual to our minds,
We're always looking baby all the time. But no we won't find it rolling around on the ground and it aint at the
bar where I am, where you are.
I took a puff on a cigarette saw what I get : an invigorating fix and a black lung. You think you're tired, put your
face in my place.
We swapped faces and I see you're tired.
It's hard to think with a squashed brain and
Let's hope that it don't leave a permanent stain.
I can't talk over all that racket.
What's there to feel but totally whacked? But we don't got time to wallow around in it.
Though it don't look so far, left where we are.
I want a put out the cigarette leave it behind.
I want you real close take you by the hand.
We'll walk away (walk away).

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