

I Was a Teenage Hand Model

Queens of the Stone Age

Cozied up to the toilet, face stuck to the floor
I met expectations that I was trying to ignore
Jobe had such patience I wonder, what's that like
A hundred thousand million, that's what you like
So I was thinkin' So these cities are sprouting like a spit in the eye
And this world isn't waiting, it's just passing me by
I just peak in the window lookin' inside
The butchers got a fork in your face but I'm standing alive
And I was singin'

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