Spooks

Truman Peyote

Fool, your word means shit.
My eyes, they wonder.
Not alotta shit left to break inside the mind of acid whore
Swallowing your sister's nightstand might cover up the clogging pores
The sound of master blaster's tank weapon gun addon I believe
Every single little child can benefit from smoking weed
You're filling your pockets with my bones
You're filling your pockets
Slow plans, stuck in my bladder, turn yourself sideways [x2]
I don't know much about computers, but I know that you look like a child abuser
Slow plans, stuck in my bladder, turn yourself sideways [x2]
Sideways, sideways
Move in, take what's not yours, take what I worked for
Slow down, stop me now, you're tearing apart my soul
And lately we should be making me
The best type of record for wasting please
Amazing bark is getting dark
You know that I know can ride the arc
And lately we should be making me
The present elect is a burning tree
And you know that I know that I cant be me
So I can be you and well you can be me

I'm a t.o.y.f.o.r you, on pleasure principle,
We keep it on the downlow because public eyes are sensible
There ain't no outcome without illusion
But I let you in the first place, girl you know what you're doin'
This is dirty sex, backseats, over tables, under sheets,
At the workplace, on the beach, in the hammock where I sleep
I know it's your birthday, you told me at 3:30
Damn ok, where do you wanna meet?
Cause I know the lonely road it took to get there,
And I ... I believed it at your lonely word,
Well I knew the lonely road it took to get there,
And I... I believe it in your lost words,
Well I know the only road it takes to get there,
And I only feel it now because I've been there.
And I know the lonely road it takes to get there,
And I only feel it now because I've been there.

...Stop me now, you're tearing apart my soul,
Move in, take what's not yours, take what I worked for
[Background part:]Lame, as well, as boring
A thinly veiled guise elected for another new sound, capitalize when you dumb it down
You defect and I'll be raging on top of my car
You defect and I'll be passed out, covered in tar
A thinly veiled guise elected for another new sound, capitalize when you dumb it down [x2]

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