

John McClane (Feat. Chris Conley & Matt Pryor)

Say Anything

Tiny man, chubby man, trembling scruffy, lazy man
sculpting with my puffy hands
an idol to my pride's demands. Tonight, I need to be redeemed.
I'm in the nude, inhaling ice cream, talking to my dog.
See something I can believe in.
It's the just in the jolt that I'm needing.
Chew at the seam of this fracture.
It's just the freedom I'm after. One night I'll fail to remember.
One night apart from my gender.
No phallic need for ambition.
Help me escape from this kitchen.
(ohhh)
I'm wasted.
I'm wasted. I'm wasted. I'm wasted
(ohhh)
I'm wasted.
I'm wasted. I taste it. Tiny mind.
Someone flog my tiny mind.
The internet has humped me blind.
I think i smoked too much this time.
I hear the call of something pure, luring me out of my door.
So I'm headed out now into the throb of no culture; into the wreckage of altars. An altered state and an ending.
No petty putrid pretending.
Let's band together and belt it out to the marrow they melted.
You've got a finger, now use it.
No need for ambivalent music.
(ohhh)
I'm wasted.
I'm wasted. I'm wasted. I'm wasted.
(ohhh)
I taste it.
I taste it. I taste it.
I taste it. And she said,
"You're on my tongue like a tab of poison.
I'm gonna wake with an anvil brain and if you want, stumble home with me, boy.
I'll be the Ripley to your John McClane.
Oh god.
Amnesia is a revelation.
I chew the root and the White House burns and as my eyes tumble back in my head, my fate erupts and my

insides churn you out."

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

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