

Drinking Out of Cups

Dan Deacon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What does this guy think he is, an indian?
What is he, a goddamn asshole? What the fuck is he doin'?
Not ever
No way
Now he's Johnny Hammersticks. Hammered away like he's freakin' Tommy Noble
What the hell's he doin'?
Thinks he's got it goin' bossa nova ... No way, no way...
What is the ga'bage? (garbage)
What is this? Oh I'm ... king of the trees, I'm the tree-meister ... I count on them[When sometimes I (brag?
pry?) I like to (steelst)]
Yeah right yeeeah right
This guy's a faggot. The guy's some sort of faggot indian in the teepee. Who does this guy think he is, he's
Captain Knots? He thinks he's Captain Tying Knots, when everyone needs some knots tied they go to him -
BULL. SHIT. BullshitAflkjg such a bitch, he thinks he's Miss Sand (?), drinking out of cups...bein' a bitchHow
'bout her fist? How bout her fabulusk(?) bardt (?)
Tired of the little kid in the background fuckin' goin' craaazzzaayy
Who's this guy? Mr. Balloons. Mr. Balloon Hands. No way. No way, get real. Like those thingsMr. Walk Way.
Mr. Walk Down Me, I'm The Walk Way ... lead me to the building - fuck you!5, 6, 4, 3Yeeeah Right!Here's
some stupid bitch. Who paid for that floor? Not me. No way!
Never payin' for no floor ever again. Not ONCE, not NEVA! Nope -Who's chair is that? Who brought that
goddamn chair here - not my chair. Not my chair, not my problem - that's what I sayNo way. Stupid dresses
Stupid flowersLighthouses rule. You don't like the lighthouse, you suck!What is this, Sea Horse Captain? What
is this - Seahorse-Seashell party? Who didn't invite me? Why didn't I get invited?
Seahorse - Sea HELL. What is this? Get real. I'm in love with sea horses. I'm in love with 'em. They're so
beautiful and cute - I'm in love with the seahorses. They're fuckin' unreal, I love themThey're like all the
clocks - I love them. I love sea horses. And I love lookin' at 'em
And I love SEA SHELLS. I love sea shell things. I love things with sea shells and sea horses on 'em. Like
blankets, and towels, and little bags. I love 'emSea horses. For-eva

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