

Schoolin'

The Cool Kids

Brother you look like the Taj Mahal
One colossal dome above you
And the smell of something other,
A pillar and a scimitar
A little

Yes I miss you like a formless hide
Stretching over me and dangled
From the coastguard in a chopper
The scaffold of me all awry
A little

Broke your shoulder on the library steps
Hanging round there in the dark
Just doing nothing or whatever
What do you mean you saw the stars?
You little

I could write it in a murder font
I could say it in a way that would be lying or whatever
I don't want them to tell us apart!

You say that I'm an overlord?
I've got myself a fire hydrant, with more tyrant,
In watery blasts, than all of my past!
You seen me on the bridge a lot.
But I never leapt over, the pent upper
My number is up, my number is up
But infinite and joyless little high fives
Are singing "praise the lord"
And "pitter patter this schooling?
Is this schooling?"
And "you matter not, and you matter not"
And is it, the flogging of the Flintstone
That I'm supposed to be?
The cerebellum get schoolin', and no schoolin'
The drummer goes on, the drama goes on

(Teach me how to hold)

And I don't wanna make a scene
I don't wanna think about the 3rd world hunger or whatever
Cos thinking always comes across
A little

There's a meeting of the worlds tonight
Right above my head a miracle the sun erupt forever
I barely ever raise my eyes
A little

(Teach him how to hold!)

And oh I wanna make the peace
And god I gotta be on the train
Past the ruins the wall and the druids oh please

I'm whining like a braking bus
Maybe I can sit here and do nothing clever with a laser
I'm not about to open up!

You say that I'm an overlord?
I've got myself a fire hydrant, with more tyrant,
In watery blasts, than all of my past!
You seen me on the bridge a lot.
But I never leapt over, the pent upper
My number is up, my number is up
But infinite and joyless little high fives are singing "praise the lord"
And "pitter patter this schooling? Is this schooling?"
And "you matter not, and you matter not"
And is it, the flogging of the Flintstone
That I'm supposed to be?
The cerebellum get schoolin', and no schoolin'
The drummer goes on, the drama goes on

The drummer goes on, the drama goes on
My number is up, my number is up

Earth, I take a long time, to learn about the big one
Gorilla limb swipe and beat, and I learn nil about
Earth.

Remember how men, would understand the heavens
But leaving those streetlights on you can't see nothing there

So learn me anything good

Teach me something that works, I take a long time,

To learn about the big one
Gorilla limb swipe and beat, and I learn dick about Earth.
Remember good men, would understand the heavens
And leaving those streetlights on a ghost dark hemisphere Earth.
I take a long time, to learn about the big one
Gorilla limb swipe and beat, and I learn dick about Earth.
Remember good man, you understand the heavens
But leaving those streetlights on?

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by HIGGS, JONATHAN JOSEPH / PRITCHARD, JEREMY JOSEPH / ROBERTSHAW,
ALEXANDER KAINES / SPEARMAN, MICHAEL DAVID
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>