Fossils

Cutout Collective

We sold the scene to see just what you'd think.
I found my face, in the bottom of places where people see and then erase.
You've been disgraced, far gone and so out of taste.
Unstitch the seams, with all the witches you've burned, now tell me how do you feel.

The nightlife is not just in fun...

You big winner, oh you trend setter.
Oh you bedwetter, you're a go-getter.

Fit for a king's the kind of thing you wish you were, hands grappling.
I'll see the lights beam to the 'X' marking spots where your beaufitul body's been.

You've been disgraced, and it was not just in fun.
You've been disgrace, this game is not just in fun.

X marks the blind spot.
Y's where your heart stops
Z is the first police on the scene, the coin drops...

You big winner, oh you trend setter.
Oh you bedwetter, you're a go-getter.
Fossils grow inside you, as the nightlife stops you're turning blue...

Lyrics submitted by malcolm.

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