Selfish Gene

Panda Bear

Just now I see it so clear
Total shift in the unconscious

When at the start it seems like fates
Have set it up like so much magic
Just a ruse to get you in there

Seems like a spell
And all they talk as if it's come to fill those spaces
Only you can fill those spaces

So when the party goes
It breaks a brittle back
They back, they back
And they keep on rubbing in
How a proper chest is clean

That ain't it
If it comes to fill those spaces
Only you can fill those spaces

So when the party goes
It breaks a brittle back
They back, they back
And they keep on rubbing in
How a proper chest is clean

That ain't it
Touch a hand, that ain't it
With a wig on that ain't it
It's a promise from some lips
When you touch a hand, that ain't it
With a wig on, that ain't it
Making noise not making songs
When you touch a hand, that ain't it
With a wig on, that ain't it
It might seem they making songs
Now they really making noise
Total shift in the unconscious

You'll trip up again
You'll trip up again
Go get up again

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