

# 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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