

-the Beltway-

Fair To Midland

At the rate i'm goin
Little hands will be all that hold me back and
The minute men they stand and watch
Well fuck them through
Don't lose touch
Better keep those shoes
And specs on the middle
The minute men they stand and watch
Well fuck them Still approved,
Located in the region
Somewhere off of bermuda
Caught on quick,
Consider it belittled
Tired and deleted. Everybody look its a breathing stepping stone
Not to be confused with my meaningless monologue Hummingbird
Killed the lion's pride
With the
Streaks of shade
And by the way.....I'll be frank,
Where lights dim under pressure,
And ignore applications,
Excuse me,
Corrections are appealing,
Locks to secure breathing. Everybody listen to him, he speaks in monotone,
Another cyborg among the fertile drones....and now i bare this curse for you.
Not for him.
It loses a blinker,
Fought both sides,
And now i bare these thoughts of you,
Not of him.
I'll stay right here and gaurd the similar. Strike!
Leg up, say you'll get.
Tell me you'll get it.

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