

June's Foreign Spell

Spoon

Distracted by each career milestone
Though they're all in his hands
He set up his best ones for weeks
And the questions all get answered
Before they're asked, him tells you sit right back
He's talking through his teeth
And I don't believe the things he'll say
But Ill call him up and give him flack
And it's sad but true the sounds that don't come back
And I can see him tap producer fix his lines
And that makes me feel like a rat, I feel like a rat
So Id like you to set it straight now on this one
All fixed up now for Junes foreign spell
All sad 'bout it now Junes bitter soil again
Oh no, can't take this another year
Drop two steps back and take the place
Of who that came before now

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