Tic

Loch Lomond

The tic begins, where's the manned end?
The climate change will never get in
Silent and strong, prepossessed
You never need to make your own messWeasel to me, charming to some
Loathsome and glib, habits like self love
Wearing slim fast, you carve your niche
Lean smug back and work your pitchAnd all the way I'm gone
No demon race to find
You paint it up and know
That any face could lieAnd all the way I'm gone
No demon race to find
You paint it up and know
That any face could lieAffect my greatest style
What suits me best of all
I keep my pocket filled
Lean right and fall

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