Bugs

Lambchop

Bugs rub their legs
Together in fevered pitch
It trips me out
Never gonna let it outBirds they wheeze
And my legs they itch
Yeah, it flips me out
Wonder what it's all aboutAnd think of things
And how they got this way
Way above the rest
Isn't this the fucking best?Superficial we may say
So, down to earth in an earthy kind of way
It's just the best that we can do
Is this just the best that we can doPlanes that buzz, and cars that roam
Trees that grow through the forest foam
Squirrels that cross you overhead
Makes their way to the squirrelly bed
And even squirrels have bedsA natural light
In the natural world
It flips me out
Never gonna read about itOur favored nation
And our favorite girl
She trips me out
Never ever really doubt itAnd as your hand rests gently on her head
Remove the clutter and the papers that you read
A whispered comment, or a compliment is said
And you take her hand and you gesture toward the bed
I can't believe this feels this good
No, I can't believe this feels this good

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