Jane S. Piddy

Rodriguez

Now you sit there thinking feeling insecure
The mocking court gesture (jester) claims there is no proven cure
Go back to your chamber, your eyes upon the wall
'Cause you got no one to listen, you got no one to call

And you think I'm curious

Drifting, drowning in a purple sea of doubt
You wanna hear she loves you,
But the words don't fit the mouth
You're a loser, a rebel, a cause without

But don't think me callous

Dancing Rosemary, disappearing sister Ruth
It's just your yellow appetite
That has you choking on the truth
You gave in, you gave out, outlived your dream of youth

And I can't get jealous

So go on, you'll continue with your nose so open wide
Knocking on that door that says Hurry come inside
But don't bother to buy insurance 'cos you've already died

And you can't be serious

I saw my reflection in my father's final tears
The wind was slowly melting, San Francisco disappears
Acid heads, unmade beds, and you Woodward world queers

I know you're lonely
I know you're lonely
I know you're lonely

Thanks for your time
And you can thank me for mine
And after that's said
Forget it.

Bag it, man

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written by RODRIGUEZ, SIXTO DIAZ
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