

Dumptruck

DotCom

New York City soothing
My itchy itchy month of May
Time has passed for Ms. Onassis
Decay on display
I don't wanna go down
I don't wanna go down
I don't wanna go down like she did
And I can't understand why
Something good's gotta die
Before we miss it
Mumbled talk through Pigeon Park
And Hastings is wasting away
Religiously they seem to sin
Buy, sell or trade for amens
I just don't wanna feel
I just don't wanna feel
I just don't wanna feel like they feel
Hollow body for sound
Trade my coat for a gown
Now way up in my arms

You know I love you just a little bit more
Raisin' nose down to chin
Smoke after smoke they all trickle in
Anythin', for anythin'
And endin' up with nothin'
Simple pimpled young man
Sores all over his hands
He's sleepin', not so silently
I'll mop the floors for you all
I'm a fly on the wall
Really big and listenin'
Burned a hand of a friend of mine
And now Bub I know
That you could fly a mile high
You told me nothing's ever gonna come between
And nothing's ever gonna come between
Nothing's ever gonna come between
My dump truck and me

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