Smoke Signals

Mark Salling

Well, you've got a really long name
It won't fit on any forms
You gave me all your mirrors and they made me deformedYou're sending smoke signals
I know your secret codeWe travel in the plaid van and we give our puppet show
And we picnic in the winter on maple syrup and snowYou're sending smoke signals
I know your secret codeWell, you made a Molotov cocktail, and you threw it on the ground
And it sent us flying and now we're flying aboutYou're sending smoke signals
I know your secret code

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