

# Three Seed

## Silversun Pickups

Remove a bullet from my head  
Extracting over confidence  
Hidden so easy to pretend  
Too bad the rush was found again I can see the pictures on the floor  
Sketches of what was there before  
Three came from one little seed  
The last one is all i need I can hear the bottle on the ground  
We turned the corner safe and sound  
No thought of him as it was done  
A clean execution  
A clean execution Cool like the ocean  
Burned like a summer home  
Fooled by the notion  
That the sums don't add up at all There's the line that is leading clearly feeding all  
The things I don't believe in but i'll step in once  
Again  
Cut in line to get closer to the source of all the  
Things I'll never belong to  
Step it up and sign right in again Cool like the ocean  
Burned like a summer home  
Fooled by the notion  
That the sums don't add up at all Cool like the ocean  
Burned like a summer home  
Fooled by the notion  
That the sums don't add up at all  
That the sums never add up at all  
That the sums don't add up at all...

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