

Superslomotion

Grant Lee Buffalo

Sleepy rhythms were lulling us
Trolling down a long canal
Onto savage shores and gilded floors
Of coliseums through the load-in door
Certain of this one thing
Certain of this one thing
That superslomotion got the upper hand on me
On me, on me
Holy visions had ceased to come
My tongue was numb and I was feeling tired
Crying out in a wordless howl
Screeching off to the underground
Certain of this one thing
Certain of this one thing
That superslomotion got the upper hand on me
On me, on me, on me
Sleepy rhythms were lulling us
Syrup sweet and poisonous
How I found my way back, I'm not sure
Through the channels and little streets that curve
Certain of this one thing
Certain of this one thing
That superslomotion got the upper hand on me
On me, on me, on me
Certain of this one thing
Certain of this one thing
That superslomotion got the upper hand on me
On me, on me, on me
On me, on me, on me
On me, on me, on me
Got the upper hand
Got the upper hand
Got the upper hand, the upper hand on me
On me, on me, on me

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