

Holding Down the Laughter

Bad Books

Styrofoam cup of mud in my good hand
Disembodied voice of God in the trash can
Eyes in the ashes, feeling for the future
Sleeping through the steak out, researching the rumor
My old motor and mattress of memories
First you were embarrassed, but how could you not be
Tangled in teenage mum at the movies
Your voice ran out out of words, it was awkward and homey
Gospel in your belly, they aim a little lower
Back into the bleachers, spoke as it's owner
Syndicate a sermon you sang from the raptors
Anchors in your pockets, holding down the laughter
Tearing up your mind, your lust and your ego
Slingshot a martyr to speed your libido
Perish grows to jelly, blissful and wasted
Your fish knew I consult them pictures of them naked
You're complicating your worst mixed messes
You built them burned to bridge
And scattered all your crumbs at the cliff
She wants me, she'll swim for it
Brother, can you spare your arms or your arrows?
Thunder clap's arising, I think that I should go home
To the days when back barns, it melts me
Nineteen ninety six and you're waiting there to tell me
"I didn't die, you dreamed it, you dreamed it
I'm as alive as your backward intentions
Sorry that I tricked you, you had to focus
Put yourself together, clear out, you got this"
But for all that effort
The slow burned struggle
I forgot where you live
She swept away the clues from the cliff, you're lost now
She swept away the clues from the cliff, you're lost now
She swept away the clues from the cliff, you're lost now
Remembering
She swept away the clues from the cliff, you're lost now
Remembering

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