Mingusings

Of Montreal

Boy I wish you weren't such a paranoid actress
And I the assassinated candidate
I feel like an accidental species
Some mutant love-child, never meant to be
No motion dancing, feel like we're an impossibility
Trying to keep the heart in the head but I was so down on the closing night
Couldn't even fake a smile, wanting to fire all my friends
And just start over again

Ah! Sisters don't you knoowww, our shit is only gonna get better
Ah don'tcha know don'tcha know don'tcha knoowww
I feel like the last time is gonna be my final collapse

Ah! Sisters don't you knoowww, our shit is only gonna get better
Ohh ohh aahhh ahhhh
I feel like the last time is gonna be my final collapse

I know from past experience
He never takes it easy on his readers
And you'll become a foreign substance lying in your familial bed

Technology makes such an ugly mother
But no lessons does it offer only chaos scenarios
And the dream that we've inherited, look it's just like numbers
Still they love you at the office cause you've been the subject of countless masturbation fantasies
(Ohh oh)

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