

# 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 knoooww, our shit is only gonna get better  
Ah don'tcha know don'tcha know don'tcha knoooww  
I feel like the last time is gonna be my final collapse

Ah! Sisters don't you knoooww, 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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