Spoon Out My Eyeballs

Benjamin Booker

I would listen to the radio if I liked songs produced by 40 year olds
In high tech studios in the Valley
Give me something that I can tap my toes to
And scream at the top of my lungs
'Til it sounded like I've been smoking from the day that I was born
And you know that I would clap my hands until they're red
And sacrifice my body to the beat of the drum
Sonic rounds would spoon out my eyeballs
And my feet would be glued to the floorMy head was high then
Higher than today
It was easy to believe in something
When I didn't know a Goddamn thing
I close my eyelids
And wait for the clouds to part
And the sun to shine on meDo you remember April 17th?
When I lost my shit and a couple of teeth
And I said "Oh, God" I need someone to help me
Keep moving on my feet
It's getting harder to be real

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