

# The Robot with Human Hair, Pt. 4

## Dance Gavin Dance

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Back to sloth and sleeping binges  
Self defeating outburst, cringes  
Thoughts gets rusty, creaky hinges  
Lost that box of clean syringes Stuck to the ceiling I'm in view  
Can't shake the notion I'm becoming you  
The look from above same as below  
Sign up for high, free dose of low The Jig is up, I'm the one  
Manipulate the ones I love  
Light my path, reveal the beacon  
Where's my balance  
Can't stop thinking  
Stop I wear soul on my sleeve at night  
Searching for substance  
I lose control of my autonomic mind  
Waiting for the impulse  
And I saw the rage burning in your eyes  
Your thoughts intangible  
Follow me down, we'll get paralyzed  
Around the winding road  
Hang on, hang on  
Don't lose composure now  
Hang on hang on  
Feed into the miracle  
Don't be fucking cynical  
Hang on, hang on  
Don't lose composure now  
Hang on hang on  
Girl don't be so difficult  
Come here let's get physical  
Sinus pressure  
Getting older  
I like weight upon my shoulders Here I live inside this cd

Tell your friends he's super creepy Weirded out  
A simple human  
confused by words  
arrange and move them  
into spaces no apparent meaning  
eat this song your ears are greedy  
Cut out this conversation, desperation, now  
losing admiration, holding onto accidents  
What have I done, what have I done?  
That calls for your attention?  
What have I done?  
What have I done?  
That keeps you hanging on? I can turn it off again  
I can smile on a whim  
I can make believe in him  
The function in the algorithm

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>