

# Swamp

## Midwest Product

Now lemme tell you a story  
The devil he has a plan  
A bag of bones in his pocket  
Got anything you want  
No dust, no rocks  
The whole thing is over  
All those beauties in solid motion  
All those beauties they are gonna swallow you up

Lets go

Hii, hii hii hii hii hii, yoo, oww oww oww

Hii, hii hii hi hii, hii

One time too many, too far to go

Hii, we come to take you home, hoo ooo

And when they split those atoms

It's hotter than the sun

Blood is a special substance

They gonna pray for that man

So wake up, young lovers

The whole thing is over

Watch out, touch monkeys

All that blood are gonna swallow you whole

Lets go

Hii, hii hii hii hii hii, errr rrr rrr, yea

Hii, hii hii hii hii, hii

So soft, hard feelings

No tricks, and lets go

Hii, we come to take you home

How many people do you think I am

Pretend I am somebody else

You can pretend I'm, and old millionaire

A millionaire washing his hands

Rattle the bones, dreams that stick out

A medical chart on the wall

Soft violence, hands touch your throat

Everyone wants to explode

And when your hands get dirty

Nobody knows you at all

Don't have a window to slip out of

Lights on, nobody home  
Click click, see you later  
Beta beta, no time to rest  
Pika pika, risky business  
All that blood, will never cover that mess  
    Lets go  
Hii, hii hii hii hii hii, yoo, oww, oww, oww  
    Hii, hii hii hii hii, hii  
    Once more  
Hii, hii hii hii hii hii, errr rrr rrr, yea  
    Hii, hii hii hii hii, hii

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