

# Flypaper

## Flight Distance

Feeling stuck, self-loathing, shoe gazing?  
Pesky flies getting you down?  
Try new supersonic flypaper  
It's catchy and it's pop  
Flypaper, do it again, do it again  
Do it again, can he do it again?  
Do it again, do it again  
Do it again, can we do it?  
Yeah, you see it everyday  
All the people standing at the train station  
Left, right, left, right, left, right  
We don't talk to each other now  
What an alien nation  
Uptight, uptight, uptight  
I hope one day, some things can get better  
I hope some way, our hearts can change the weather  
As we walk this yellow road and try to shake the load  
In this 416 area code, it's another night in TV land, I say  
I'm not one to repeat myself but if it ain't broken, don't fix it  
I see you burning all that midnight oil  
But I'm caught between a rock and a hard place  
That's why I'm walking in the city with a hard face  
Seems I'm afraid of being afraid  
Do it again, do it again  
Do it again, can we do it?  
You think I don't know  
Oh, how I see your eyes run dry  
Subliminal pro, I've got to go  
Plus I couldn't be the pound in your chest  
Game for fame, for checkmate, I've got a new mind state  
Plus I've got the power of the cat, rotate  
I'm straight, digging in my record crate  
Lights on your party, so they leave the hate  
Come on  
And time is a thief that leaves nothing behind  
  
And I've got no grief or acts to cry in this fair city  
I'm just a man who wants to understand  
Who wants to know the plans, tell me the plans, tell me the plans

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I see you burning all that midnight oil  
But I'm caught between a rock and a hard place  
That's why I'm walking in the city with a hard face  
Seems I'm afraid of being afraid  
Do it again, do it again  
Do it again, can we do it?  
Yo, okay, it seems at times that I'm under hypnosis  
I suppose this city life is a process  
I wrote this, like a million years ago  
Tried to get out of the game a million tears ago  
But I'm back, chillin', illin' for top billin'  
Levitate to the ceiling by resurrectin' the feelin'  
Hip-hop, it started out in the far  
Are we lost in the dark? I think we maybe forgot  
But never mind that, we like to party  
We don't start trouble and we don't bother nobody  
'Cause Y is a letter with a long, long tail  
And I write these lyrics you can feel like Braille  
Hail, the most high, I post high  
I used to swing low, now I let the crabs know  
That my antimatter is shattering any ladder  
That's crawling with snakes, make no mistake, we not fake, wake up  
I'm not one to repeat myself but if it ain't broken, don't fix it  
I see you burning all that midnight oil  
But I'm caught between a rock and a hard place  
That's why I'm walking in the city with a hard face  
Seems I'm afraid of being afraid  
Ooh, got stuck, ooh, flypaper  
I don't care, I don't care  
Who's that girl? She's flypaper  
She don't care, she don't care

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