

(Specificity)

(Specificity)

And you should try to see us live before you're dead  
You need this like you need another hole in your head  
Listen, this is how you open the set  
And when I'm done I leave it smoking, it must be broken  
It belongs at that island of trash out in the ocean  
Tell me how you doin', how you copin'?  
(Specificity)

Shit

Your paint brush might have made the stars in space  
But they ain't got nothing on my partner's face  
I had to read it, study it, learn what I was up against  
Burn the older testaments of what we used to struggle with  
You complain but you're still in the soaking rain  
Hoping that she'll come and open up the drain  
The years go by you grow that grain  
Until you try to find a bowling lane where somebody knows your  
name  
I wish it was as simple as a sitcom, from the eighties  
I wanna crack jokes and raise babies  
With a laugh track and "aww" for the shit the kids do  
"Oohs" and whistles every time that i kiss you  
Girl, wanna call the front desk and tell them everything's messe  
d up  
The whole world's messed up  
But then i remember i've got a home I can go to  
Come here, let hold you

I wanna show you what I've got in my mind  
But i'm worried about what you might not find  
I guess I'm paranoid it ain't worth your time  
(Specificity)

Ooh, i don't know what the hell to do  
But if I'm welcome to tell the truth  
I guess I wanna put a spell on you  
(Specificity)

Shit