

Getting through winter
Is taking forever
I'm trying to figure
Which one your breath or toes smell yeast
Maybe it's jibber
Maybe the Eels left dreams on my tongue
Sick little bird
I think I heard
You soiling a number with dark pointy turds

We're drawing old patterns in chain
It's slicing the butter real thin
You can't keep it longer within no talk to me, walk with me
After all we've been through
This crap isn't new
Monsters and cycles
Constantly glued
Hold on to my words, no doubts occure, it's needless to say but
You're all my world
All my world, all of my world

Battling a thick blur
D'you see land? No, sir
It never occurred
To us we'd stay at sea so long
Maybe it's idle
Maybe it's meant to blow apart
I blow my nose
And check from real close
Quality buggors are telling me no

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All my world, and all of my world
All of my world, my world, my world