

Its everything you thought they like  
Just a wake of strangled stars and stripes  
You're a taper head on a back bone of fire  
Always a sleep but never tired

Such a social harp  
You can wrap it up  
It takes too much to hide  
In your afterlife

We watch the crushing sky till three  
On the radio they found your keys  
So Super days By what you carry  
Free as trees Bright and berry  
You can't think straight  
You can't think straight

Such a Social harp  
You can wrap it up  
It takes too much to hide  
Until the afterlife