

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