

## Violet

Bad Astronaut

Tonight the drunks are infected, we're on our way  
As if they drop by to see me u-n-i-n-v-i-t-e-d  
And I am a walflower, maybe a better father  
This is a job  
For seconds I miss the Bentleys  
Today maybe they'll call,  
You describe every prison you pass through them all  
Then he asked you for your head and I vowed to burn your bed  
Try to pretend, but this is your life,  
somehow, it feels right

I'm calling this evolution, I'm falling for institution  
Warm submission enveloping you

Tomorrow I'll survive the questions  
Knives buried with cold indifference  
My world is true rendered by you  
Here they come again, I could never find the words  
So I disguised them in verse  
Until it comes out dumb and wrong,  
The simplest song, if you sing along