

Cosmic Cleavage

Busdriver

My eyes may wander towards your cosmic cleavage
But it doesn't mean that I don't love you
It just means that I can't subdue my fudgehue's split second response time
When the underworld summons me and I become, what to do?
I told her I love her and she can put my heart in a box
But our quality time can overlap my selling CD's in a parking lot
My life's a gigantic nothing
Underneath the panic button
But you shouldn't feel that I never try to turn my doodlings in to a house with a poodle swings
When I'm sick you're allowed to visit patients
So over my head you form a cloud of mal-precipitation
And my night depends on how loud the crowd participation is
So what if I want to rap forever
I can as well kiss goodbye this jacket-sweater
I think I should get a feverish band tattooed on my right wrist
I found out that love in L.A. is like being pricked with a manicured thorn
Innocent girls who looked like they used to star in amateur porn
One finical disaster
An exotic dancer is born
I really thought you're gonna fill out those UCS school transfer forms

Wowiee look at that
The suicide princess enters the sky
Aw funny, funny how the cosmic robot baby
She's a beautiful clone she is

My eyes may wander towards your cosmic cleavage
But it doesn't mean that I don't love you (cause I love you)
It just means that I can't subdue my fudgehue's split second response time
When the underworld summons me and I become, what to do?