

# Wisdom Teeth

Dan Bull

My wisdom teeth are causing me trouble  
Forming a huddle in the back of my mouth  
And now to talk is a struggle  
So I trade the punchlines for more of a subtle approach  
And just hope you decode more than all of the puzzle  
'Cause of course I've gone pop, I wasn't born in a bubble  
Fuck my kingdom for a horse, I'd give my horse for a cuddle  
And I'm bored of all the posturing a lot of hip hoppers bring  
Sincerity's like love: it doesn't cost a thing  
So always check the pocket of your jeans  
Before you set the rinse on the washing machine  
Buy a stack of birthday cards and presents  
So you can use them in the event that you forget them  
Then throw away fifty things you haven't used lately  
Ideally you'd only keep what you use daily  
Make the phone call that you've been putting off for months  
It's a load off your mind and you'll be done in time for lunch

Pull out my wisdom teeth  
To give to each of you  
Who never will admit defeat  
And I think I'll be A-OK  
If I live to see the day  
My wisdom teeth decay  
Pull out my wisdom teeth  
To give to each of you  
Who never will admit defeat  
And I think I'll be A-OK  
Yeah, I'll be A-OK

I see and hear quotes everywhere  
Proverbs and advice from experts, sages and inspirational figures  
But it's not particularly useful in comparison to the wisdom I've acquired  
Simply through living my day to day, mundane life  
And with these abilities, I'm on a Steve Miller steez

We hear so much deep advice  
Philosophical insight on the way we should lead our lives  
But you don't really need to be Jesus Christ  
Just read between the lines and then you'll be just fine  
You don't need a preacher to teach or guide  
You through the maze, each day leads you deep inside  
So keep an eye out, see the lighthouse  
Watch for the rocks and just reach for high ground  
Patiently wait for the breeze to die down  
Now I believe that we need a lie down  
So I relax in the dentist's massive chair  
Puffing on a heady mix of gas and air  
The psychedelicism's elegance is evident  
As black satin patterns pass and past passions flare  
Yeah, and now there's plasma everywhere

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