

Current Events

Dance Gavin Dance

Dang cricket, rabbit spinach
I've been stuck in the land of the digits
I'm really five foot ten, please try to believe me

Poor wording, out of courage
No luck with the playful verbiage
Used all but ten percent of possible meanings

You really ought to know by now
That you get what you give
And if you don't commit
You'll be desperate just to fit in

They don't practice then they wonder why they suck
Patient?
Always been
Now don't get outta touch

I should have told them that I know better
But now I'll show them that I'm no quitter

I sit in my house sucking smoke from my mouth
Glued to my couch, trying not to go psychotic
I got cable to learn another angle
But I'm unable to get the hell out of my own head

It's been about fifteen years since I've changed my mind about any opinion
Clutching to all the same fears that live in the tissue of my protoplasm

Talking heads, "Fuck the feds"
So well-read, I'm impressed
How did you acquire all this undue confidence
By babbling about current events and begging people "Smash that like?"

Who that, do that
Make improvements
Work the lane 'til worth consuming

Done, done, done, done, done, done, done, done, done, done, done,
, done, done, done, done

Bear that, wear that, slanging pain
Art like daggers, ball 'n chain

Done, done, done, done, done, done, done, done, done, done, done,
, done, done, done, done

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You're never honest, telling folks what they've missed
And now they're all pissed, trying not to be neurotic
Got no precision to leverage your ambition
Say you've got vision, well, why are you always so god damn wrong?

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You offer nothing but you want it all
You need the adequate to cover for your shortfalls
Propitiating to your own cabal
Pitiful tantrums to show them you're not small

Dying in a dream
I should have fooled myself with self-esteem
I wanna be oozing health like sub-machine
Instead, I'm chomping on rockets and sucking cream