

# Feels Bad Man

Dance Gavin Dance

Whoa, you're alive  
Do you ever really stop and wonder why?  
Is your soul fortified?  
By the tiny twinkling light inside your eyes?

Whoa, another night  
Should you live with your regrets or just get high?

Feels bad man  
The up and down of the emotion broke my loading hands  
Replaced my legs with sleepy pants  
They make me smoke 50 grams

I don't pander, mandible clamper, setting a standard  
You can't touch my precious glow  
I don't care about answers, no

Tell yourself a story, life is pretty boring  
See you in the morning, let your worries drown  
Like chlorine, keep the liquor pouring  
Flap until you're soaring, let your heroes down

Well I think I've seen enough  
But I hoped this trip would come and save me  
My life ain't bad enough, so I scratch this itch  
Incinerate me

Heart pours the core of my flex  
The lord in my step  
The organ it plays through

Time blows the horn in my chest  
I'm boarding my jet  
The plane that I came to

Brain brimming through a sea of bats  
They're nipping chords and spinning webs of rhythm as they flap  
Are you de-calcified but stupid high?  
Still sad after sex?

Did you realize that all this time, your crown was just a hat?

Whoa, soul divine  
Is there anything out there to dull your shine?  
Bump bump bump bump, boom  
Ten hundred times

'Til one day you wake up and you feel alright  
Bump bump bump bump, boom  
Ten thousand times  
'Til one day you wake up and you're out of time

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Don't care about answers, don't care about answers, no  
You can't touch my precious glow  
I don't care about answers, no  
Don't care about answers, no