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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You can't touch my precious glow
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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

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