

Hot Water On Wool (Reprise)

Dance Gavin Dance

Let's take some time to reflect and restart
We tip over three-wheeled shopping carts
A crippled man with his mangled hands
Looks at the blonde with her hideous, orange, fake tan

Decide, decide, decide
Who thinks that I, that I am out of line
For being sober finding four leaf clovers
Lawn mowers and truck towers
So lucky all of the time
Decide, decide, decide
I've got a mind, and it's weighing me down
28 pounds, and lucky for me, so lucky for me,
I'll never see that bitch again

So, I'll make a fist and rip the threads we've sewn
Since it's come to this, it feels like nobody's home
So my cover's blown, rip open the threads we've sewn
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Since it's come to this, it feels like nobody's home
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Nobody's home, nobody's home
Well, I've lied
With a fantastic picture, I...
Well, I've lied
We're going in new directions
Well, I've lied
With a fantastic picture, I...
Well, I've lied
From sleeping away the century

Well, let's start from the beginning right now
I'd do that if you weren't so impatient
(We're going in new directions)
Well I'll stop you and give me the time of day
It's so sad, I've got no more lines to read
(From sleeping away the century)