

The Robot With Human Hair Pt. 2 1/2

Dance Gavin Dance

So far
I'll lay low in pretense
And smack your body
Legs up, some hair pull
It's retro
Oops I call shotty
So skram and branded
The pylon
Its silver ion
Blowing glass
Insurgent mask
The thickest trap door covered in ice

So stay close
And stay
The sides to hide its end
No room for ghosts

The lock and legs are set
To bank in someone's home
Salon will place a bet to cut a hairball loan
The lifeless shit of mess
Confusing ice cream cone
If you can't read my text
Then get a mind read phone

It's okay
I have no legs
On this
Bra saling gen
You? Right, day?

Oh, jump on top
As I wander around
Get the best of this no down pre-lay
Oh, the bed flows
As it rocks back and forth
Our bodies start to sort it out

Package this in seedy tones
You mock a painless death
We'll beat your dome
You're softly blocking mess
So fly him home
With a racist comment
The leaky chrome, what's up?
A toxic note confess, a soap caress
A simple notion comment for less
But I like my nest
I wanna call it my mess
'Cause the last time I cried
Well I got dressed

Oh, I swear
We came back for this?
We came back like this?
This won't end quick

Hold your breath
Make no mistakes

How many faces have to crack
Before they realize I'm not coming back?
How many faces have to crack
Before they realize I'm never going to find my place
I'm not coming back

I blamed the fact of my division
So long in temporary places
The long lost pitch of your invention
Lay hidden bond inside its place
When something less will come together
And solid walls will fall apart
So lately piece of mind is setting
When did the weather taste so tart?
Will running solve a contradiction
Of makeshift tomes and revelations
The pious price of buying diction
A speech I never should have made