

Getting through winter  
Is taking forever  
I'm trying to figure  
Which one your breath or toes smell yeast  
Maybe it's jibber  
Maybe the Eels left dreams on my tongue  
Sick little bird  
I think I heard  
You soiling a number with dark pointy turds

We're drawing old patterns in chain  
It's slicing the butter real thin  
You can't keep it longer within no talk to me, walk with me  
After all we've been through  
This crap isn't new  
Monsters and cycles  
Constantly glued  
Hold on to my words, no doubts occure, it's needless to say but  
You're all my world  
All my world, all of my world

Battling a thick blur  
D'you see land? No, sir  
It never occurred  
To us we'd stay at sea so long  
Maybe it's idle  
Maybe it's meant to blow apart  
I blow my nose  
And check from real close  
Quality buggors are telling me no

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All my world, and all of my world  
All of my world, my world, my world