

Sleeping Motor Boy

Discount

you'd kill yourself wouldn't you
you'd kill yourself wouldn't you
you'd put yourself in pieces if you
felt someone could use your pieces
wouldn't you

you'd do it hardly thinking
go for random cuts relieving
how you wanted badly to be an airplane
to take us to your air space
the only place
where you can stop the shaking

you've got all the gasoline
one could ever ever need
say tell that to the one who
tell that to yourself- you

illustrate your grave disorder
walking holes into the floor
tracking drags your fingers alligned
along those locked wide open doors
say it to yourself
no one's gonna do it for you
so shouldn't you

you've got it all blacklined
in measured time a stencil mind
unveils the sleeping motor
dreaming on while your shoulders sink
oh no wonder

you sleep on edge like maybe
if they want me they can take me
but they're gonna have to drag my feet
from the drain