

## Cobracaine

DMA's

Here to see it disappear  
Wanted to be free, nothing but a dress  
Yellow cellophane on her bathroom window, yellow  
Time, her mind will never keep  
Station wagons, cheap, spider from a spark  
Wanna hold her hand, waiting for the perfect moment

Wanted to go on holiday  
Wasted kids so dead inside

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Station wagons, cheap, spider from a spark  
Wanna hold her hand, waiting for the perfect moment  
A call from her silver child and lips ever fades

Asinine to paint your own rhymes  
Don't rush, don't worry, you're not in a hurry  
Take your own grime in your own eye  
I'm sure that you'll find that the last laugh will be mine

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In silence