

Mr. Gone

Electric President

Tongue divide-ed on these words
They stick like molasses
Like stains across the brain

And from that knockin key in the tone of your voice
I can tell them secrets are the kind that's left unsaid

Lost, can't connect the dots on lines too fidgety
We spell our names in mathematics now,
we dream in algebra

You are no more
You are no more
You are no more
You are no more

Bold lines of long division, split into categories,
just keep your distance so it's simple
Up close it all gets messy, best you don't make eye contact,
don't worry they aren't all dispensable
Learn to be optimistic, avoid adverse opinions,
big mouths are always easy targets

Please keep a straight face will you,
please keep your hand down will you
Please keep from making any trouble