

Mountains of molehills
A grapevine in my ear
Spots on the tiger
While the townspeople gather to hear
While the nests in my hands starve for rest

Sticklers for cheap fun
You oughta be ashamed
To trade in your heirlooms
For an all-day black market parade
For a grand prize, a slap in the face

For you
Bold face type covers your text
It must have been winter

Still frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?
Move back, stay still
It takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest
That's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no dice

Loons light the skyline
While you sleep on concrete
With both your eyes open
I just kept pulling on both your feet
Someday, together, we'll breathe, breathe...

For you
Bold face type covers your text
It must have been winter

Still frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?
Move back, stay still
It takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest
That's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no dice

Roll down the window
I know there's a shortcut ahead
The long drive home is taking its toll
We just need some rest... (oh yeah)

Still frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?
Move back, stay still
It takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest
That's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no dice