

Tibetan Pop Stars

Hop Along

How content are the ones with simple demands
They meet their fiancés cherry picking out in Canada
While cursing the river, a seven fingered man
His three sleepless wives all equally sick of him

Honey I left to see some action
What's with all these swamps
All I'm passing are hospitals and space-camps
Nobody is asking me "What about your other?"
If they did I'd tell them you're a

Stranger in India
I'm gonna be creeping on you so hard
You're seducing Tibetan pop stars and
Wrecking motor-cars

I know its true
This is wrong love
Why is everything so expensive
Maybe in two years you can forgive me
I'll be living kinder
I'll have found my place as a

Stranger in India
I'm gonna be creeping on you so hard
You're seducing Tibetan pop stars and
Wrecking motor-cars

A stranger in India
Doing OK so far
I'm just waiting on the feathers and tar
You are the only one
You are

Nobody deserves you the way that I do
Nobody deserves you the way that I do
Nobody deserves you the way that I do
Nobody deserves you the way that I do

Come home my stranger in India
Because waiting on you is too hard
The reason I haven't written back is because I'm still doing all that
bad shit I was

My love is average
I obey an average law