

Outspoken Dirtbiker

Islands

Grin, grin, grin, grin, grin
I got ahold
Of a real piece of gold
But all I really felt was cold
Like I feel it creeping
Like I'm six feet deep
And all I want to do is sleep in
In, in, in, in, in
All I ever got was cold
All I ever got was cold

You're supposed to hold it in
You're supposed to hold it in
Jumped on the track
With wind at my back
Move slow like a heart attack
Like I feel it creeping
Like I'm six feet deep
And all I want to do is sleep in
I don't want to win anything
Every race will end
I don't want to win anything
Every race will end
Hold it in
Hold it in
Hold it in
Hold it
You're supposed to hold it in
You're supposed to hold it in
In, grin