

Databend

Jack Stauber

Goodnight, little eye
The moon, the sun descending
Can I run a lie
Imagine a life as it's ending

Goodnight, sweetheart
Thicker thighs for my friends
Too young too hard
Imagine a life as it's ending

I begin to Databend
Nothing in, prize out

I begin to Databend
Not to win, prize out

Don't show me why
The future life's depending
On your better mind
Cut up and condescending

Goodnight, my love
Thicker thighs for my friends
My hopes are above
Where all of your data's landing

I begin to Databend
Nothing in, prize out

I begin to Databend
Not to win, prize out

Not to win, not to win, not to win
Nothing in, nothing in, nothing in
Not to win, not to win, not to win
Nothing in, nothing in, nothing in

I begin to Databend
Nothing in, prize out

I begin to Databend
Not to win, prize out