

Crop Circles

Jon Bellion

When did our apartment turn to ruins on an island?
Where lovers used to live but they've been gone for quite some time a
nd
Cards and clothes are artifacts and clues we left behind and
Oh, I do not know, I do not know
(In case you fucking forgot)

When did all the passion turn to numbers and statistics?
I've been trying to grasp it but it's all just hieroglyphics
(In case you fucking forgot)
We tried a little space but we flew too far to fix it
Oh, I do not know, I do not know

I said oh, I do not know, I do not know
I do not know, I do not know
I do not know, I do not know

When did thoughts of wedding rings,
Become just stranger things?
I'm in the upside down
We used to dance around the apartment
Now our footprints in the carpet
Are just crop circles, crop circles

When did our vibration turn to awkward bits of friction?
(In case you fucking forgot)
When did our vacation turn to fossils and to fiction?
(In case you fucking forgot)
All we do is fight and now we can't break the addiction
Oh, I do not know, I do not know

I said oh, I do not know, I do not know
I do not know, I do not know
I do not know, I do not know

When did thoughts of wedding rings,
Become just stranger things?
I'm in the upside down
We used to dance around the apartment
Now our footprints in the carpet
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(When did)

(In case you fucking forgot)
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