

This Thing

King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard

Well I fake a lot of symptoms to be a different person
I try to listen
I try to be primed for a reason to go back to sleep
That's not to say there's no relief
I like it when it happens; you don't
You're happy? When you show it; I won't
The cycle keeps repeating
I can't escape the rip
There's no stopping what this is
Back in the day your style was impressive, infectious, stress-
less
Disposition had it all, nothing but rapport
Full of what you're empty of
I hide my riches in embarrassing sheets that reek of suspicious
happenings
'Cause I'm a different person and that will make you sick
There's no stopping what this is
This thing we left outside is waterlogged
You're a load bearing friend and that is what makes this hard
This thing we left outside is waterlogged
And all that I know is one of us has to wring it out
This thing we left outside is waterlogged
I've thought about nothing but this
I won't escape the rip