

# Biscuit Town

King Krule

I seem to sink lower, gazing in the rays of the solar  
In fact, we made a pact, but now I think it's over  
Red on white but he sipped on KA soda  
Fuck, that's Coca-Cola, as TV sports the Olympic ebola  
I think we might be bipolar, I think she thinks I'm bipolar  
He left the crime scene without the Motorola  
Still had dreams of being young Franco Zola  
For at least for now, it's all over  
Yeah, at least for now, it's all over

I seem to sink lower  
In biscuit town, in biscuit town

You're shallow waters, I'm the deep seabed  
And I'm the reason you flow  
I got more moons wrapped around my head and Jupiter knows  
Whilst you orbit with some stupider hoes  
Only a slacker would know tryna get up and group home  
Tryna eat from the same bowl, in my troopers abode

I seem to sink lower  
In biscuit town, in biscuit town, ah-huh  
I seem to sink lower  
In biscuit town, in biscuit town (biscuit town)

And now I'm caught up by the taste in her mouth  
As she whistles all about  
She gonna miss her match deep down south  
And no more wheelers dealers creeping about  
At least none that she knows  
Thrown away so much till I'm rolled up in the same old dutch  
Need a touch of thought for my libido  
And now she's nearly hitting speed cones  
As we proceed to her street dome, in her body not a weak bone  
Strong mind, but she still got sight for a peep hole  
Not that she knows, that's what he knows

In biscuit town, ah-huh  
I seem to sink lower  
In biscuit town, in biscuit town  
In biscuit town, in biscuit town  
In biscuit town, in biscuit town  
You best get down