

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