

She asked me in detail how to get to where I'm from
But I told her it won't work
'Cause she needs to be raised in dirt
I saw some crimes when I was young and now my brain is gunk
Haven't found the right sized sponge
To rinse through all its wrongs
I put my trust in many things but now I know that's dumb
So I don't trust anyone, only get along with some
Saw that girl again one time and now I know it's done
And my eyes are so forlorn but her eyes are so full on
I watch her creep between the streets beneath the setting sun
I said hey, how, where you going with my gun?
See some boiling blood beneath my skin, I crave her tongue
As my head it starts to plunge so I follow where she's gone
Kept me hollow by her side in a taxidermy skunk
Oh, my brain is for her junk, change and lipstick in my lungs
Left outside another night, I watch the city burn
Hear her screaming all her words I say baby it's your turn

And she keeps on, it's one of the people, she gets torched
She's one of the people, she keeps on, as one of the people

She sits as dust, with an earthly pus in a capsule on my tongue
And I think of what we've done and sink into where she sunk
Now up on my mantelpiece, she has no legs to run
Still a trophy I ain't won, in a ceramic pot for one

She scatters just like one of the people
And yeah, she scatters just like one of the people
And yeah, she scatters just like one of the people
Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh