

If Not I'll Just Die

Lambchop

Don't know what the fuck they talk about
Maybe blowing kisses, blowing names
And really, what difference does it make?

Grandpa's coughing in the kitchen
But the strings sound good
Maybe add some flutes
And how do you get the cups out from up in there?
Well, you use a ladder, just use the latter

Seagulls just avoid talk about seagulls
They're running over some poor bald guy's head
And harps and electric guitars dysfunction

The young, somehow, they will repair
Damn dude's always crying, working under plain sight
And everything is blended and spilling over
Like it was the last thing on your mind

Oh, and who's gonna miss you?
Here come them crazy flutes
Them crazy flutes again
Sustain me with your voice
Clean the coffee maker
And I adore you
And I represent you crying
Cause we were born to
We were born to rule

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