

Artificial Limb

Methyl Ethel

You said this way would be more scenic
The ride is rough, the corners blind
I've left a thousand times another
Seems the house was a home, but you buried the bone

Picture me all out of vitamins
When your friends agree that I'm no fun
It's all laced with polystyrene candor
I'm the acetone wash for your gilded tongue

747's getting closer to heaven
That the radio waves that carry our digital bait
Did you hear? It's all over at the end of the year
Oh well. How 'bout that?

How'd you know that I was scheming
Somehow she was walking out the back and I was cut
She said it's not cool you don't fucking answer
But your lifestyle is done, now I'm back on the run

747's getting closer to heaven
That the radio waves that carry our digital bait
Did you hear? It's all over at the end of the year
Oh well. How 'bout that?

747's getting closer to heaven
That the radio waves that carry our digital bait
Did you hear? It's all over at the end of the year
Oh well. How 'bout that?

When were you gonna get yourself out of the way
Of the train that's been barreling down at you for days
Did you hear? They're controlling artificial limbs
Without him. How 'bout that?