

# Selfish Gene

Panda Bear

Just now I see it so clear  
Total shift in the unconscious

When at the start it seems like fates  
Have set it up like so much magic  
Just a ruse to get you in there

Seems like a spell  
And all they talk as if it's come to fill those spaces  
Only you can fill those spaces

So when the party goes  
It breaks a brittle back  
They back, they back  
And they keep on rubbing in  
How a proper chest is clean

That ain't it  
If it comes to fill those spaces  
Only you can fill those spaces

So when the party goes  
It breaks a brittle back  
They back, they back  
And they keep on rubbing in  
How a proper chest is clean

That ain't it  
Touch a hand, that ain't it  
With a wig on that ain't it  
It's a promise from some lips  
When you touch a hand, that ain't it  
With a wig on, that ain't it  
Making noise not making songs  
When you touch a hand, that ain't it  
With a wig on, that ain't it  
It might seem they making songs  
Now they really making noise  
Total shift in the unconscious

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You'll trip up again  
You'll trip up again  
Go get up again