

#2 Hit Single

Pile

He can fit your entire head in his hand
He squeezes it, it throbs, all wide eyes and tight grips
Those giant mitts try to wring us out
And we sit in its palms

(During the day, you laugh like a sad sigh
In place of an answer
And then had to be polite
When everyone saw that you were sweating)

But at night, I get swollen in white leather
And black rubber
And one fat layer of sweat
My face is brushed with the devil's fruit
And I don't have to think about tomorrow again