

Fidget

Pile

Fidget in your chair hoping you could shift something
But they're all carrying on
Snuck out the back and ran at full speed
And stumbled backwards onto your lawn

It was an awful mistake that you made
Now you're part of the stain!

What you want moves too slow
But it won't ever stop

It's too late for what you should know
And it won't ever stop
Pushing blood through the floor

You started itching so you started to undress
And they all looked at you strange
And said put some clothes on
But you've got no one to impress
And they accused you of having changed
Fuck you for thinking you know
I still love you I don't know

Monkey don't see so he shaved his hands
He feel okay when he don't wanna dance
Forgot the fat that I had to trim
Wearing the slab that hung on the brim