

Cinnamon

Radical Face

The castle has fallen
The birds have left their nest
The government is getting wasted
And the people locked everything else
The diagram is faulty
We haven't learned to speak
The prize is truly priceless
But I don't dare to compete
I never really had a reason
I never really had a reason
To call this thing off
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To call this thing off
I stand by the road with a handful of cinnamon
Waiting for the sky to fall, but I'm not holding my breath
Watch as your skeleton makes a home in my yard
I'm trying not to lose it, but I never knew it would be so damn hard
Stand tall or crash against the wall
Time to pay for all my yesterdays
(I've got a plan, it's a good one
We could make a lot of money
Hear me out, never mind
It was stupid anyway
Let's go watch a lot of TV
Think it makes my brain hurt)
We've got recipes for a daughter
And cinnamon for a queen
And a president made of flowers
With a priest who cannot read
And I always want to meet them
But they're never what they seem
I'll go spin a lot of words
I really don't know what they mean
I never once said my peace
Instead, I say this song
But life's that way
It's always been
Which is why I'm marching on
Right, two, three, four
Left, two, three, four
Right, two, three, four
Left, two, three, one more time
Right, two, three, four
Left, two, three, four
Right, two, three, four
Left, two, three, one more time
Right, two, three, four
Left, two, three, four
Right, two, three, four
Left, two, three, one more time
Right, two, three, four
Left, two, three, four
Right, two, three, four...