

Vacation

Still Woozy

I was compressed into a pixel
Reifications right up the road, my dear
It's hot as hell, lickin' my elbow
But you know I sing like a bird, my love, the cage

Oh, what- Oh, what the hell can I can say?
T-T-Tyncopate the way it turned out
T-T-Tyncopate the way, take the-
I syncopate the way it turned out
Resolute with God on my side, I synthesized

Oh no, I can tell the impasse is real
There's no need to find the key
Oh no, I can tell the impasse is real
There's no hand in this world that can cure

The peace of mind to render slowly
Was dullin' my sense of time and urgency
To reify was still my goal
But I don't rush the long haul, baby

Oh no, I can tell
No hand in this world
No hand in this world
Oh no, I can tell
No hand in this world
No hand in this world

Oh no, I can tell the impasse is real
There's no need to find the key
Oh no, I can tell the impasse is real
There's no hand in this world that can cure me