

Target

Teddy Hyde

A slew of hoppers in the pond
But I'm like a super shopper mom
'Cause once I've found my target, I don't even think about (the mall)

I'm used to hopping in my car
'Cause where I shop is often far
Perhaps I choose my target so I don't stay drinking at the bar

There's something about the drive that blinds the iris blues
A store fit to patronize provides me my excuse
A morbid and glamorized disguise of self abuse

When I arrive they're always closed
It's no surprise, it's something I'd already known
But still, I pull the doors my hardest, cause I can't stand camping out alone

I'll be sunny once you open up
Until then I'll hold my dough
'Cause what I need must be inside
Or maybe I myself provide
What I seek from Target, and maybe all I have to do is try

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