

What We Know

The Lemon Twigs

When all of the plastic is gone
We can repeat just what we know
When all of the fortune has come
We can deal what we own

Like all of our heroes before us
We will compete with what we sold

We will go

We have lost our minds
And I don't know where I have left mine

Love is a gas, that's the Mayans
It exists in ancient times
If both of our sweaters were matching
You would want a different type
You passed a cup on the way up
A picture of the sun and the moon
The picture reminds me of morning
The picture reminds me of you

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