

Imagine Nation Express

The Number Twelve Looks Like You

When we meet with good intentions in mind
It's like tying your arms to the northbound train
When you extend your hand for peace
It's like tying your legs to the southbound train
You practiced this speech well
But your bullshit is stronger than your rotten breath

When you hold your hand and
Cry apologies, all I can hear
Is the train bell ringing
"All aboard"
The trains begin tugging

I love knowing that when you, you kiss your child
That my dick filled the same pussy walls it came from

I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't agree
To dis-dis-dis-disagree
I don't, I don't, I don't agree
To dis-dis-dis-disagree

Smell the dick on the kid
Smell the dick on the kid

Smell the dick on the kid (on the kid)
Smell the dick on the kid (on the kid)
Smell the dick on the kid (on the kid)
Smell the dick on the kid

You pulled me in to feel my touch, I hear your torso giving up
I'll never forget the way you hugged, flaps of flesh hanging at

The ends of your body, bones and
Muscles skipping along the tracks
They're falling, part by part

What a disgusting mess you are inside

The trains pick up speed and are no longer in sight
Happy to have company
Lying naked with her legs spread open was the last time I saw
That much of someone's insides
I danced my dance along the tracks

I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't agree
To dis-dis-dis-disagree
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