

# Crazy Sunshine

The Pillows

All the world's cowardly monkeys Are caught up in a game they'll never finish Banana roulette won't let them go 'til they die We'll pry open our sewn-up eyelids And the feelings this generation has lost Will be reflected in the tears that fall (My friend)

It's like we're drowning In numb boredom

Crazy Sunshine Shine on the future of our sullen group! Tightrope Dancing I can jump even with one leg We'll set this blue desire on fire I've got no worries

Donkeys good at running away Dancing proudly over a default win The goal always belongs to somebody I realized, the night of our rendezvous To have been seen in high spirits Was just an afterimage completely warped by this generation

A nameless monster Is going to consume me

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