

Hey Joel, Where You Going With That?

Ty Segall

Goddamn seesaw meets from who's there
Take me too, everyone's there
If I could [?] to a love on my one
But the [?] free again

So please leave me here
So I could try

So blow my baby's mine
In the years of panic
With the fear of perfect
I've had it
Please blow your horn
Yellow sandwich submarine
Mixed with crying like a fly

With a [?] spoon
So sleep on the kitchen
Hey Joel, where you going with that?

Where you going
Where you going
Oh, with that

But the pop stream, pop me again
Hold me again
Pop stream, pop me again
Oh pop me again

Rock is dead
Rock is dead
Rock is dead
Rock is dead

Rock is dead
Rock is dead
Rock is, rock is dead

Rock is dead
Rock is dead
Rock is dead
Rock is dead
Rock is dead
Rock is dead
Rock is dead