

Godsend, shouldering the burden of lightness  
Cuttin' all my loose ends, marionette  
Fallin' out of orbit again  
Size of Texas, I'll get my kicks sent to Trash Island

Does it feel a little easier out in the water?  
Save no debris for me, I am the raft  
Does it feel a little easier, forgotten fodder?  
Save no debris for me, I am the raft

Floating, lone star of the ocean I will be  
This fish took a trip to the depository  
Cash in all the cans that made the place  
I heard he bought a soda with what he made

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A reckoning like this  
I'm gonna get my kicks  
A reckoning like this  
I'm gonna get my kicks  
I'm gonna get my, get my, get my, get my (Trash Island is a place and feeling)  
Get my, get my, get my, get my (All turn of phrase has lost its meaning)  
Get my, get my, get my, get my  
Get my, get my, get my, get my (Trash Island is a place and feeling)  
Get my, get my, get my kicks (All turn of phrase has lost its meaning)  
(Lost its meaning, lost its meaning)

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