

God damn, I am bidding my time
Stealing watches off the wrist
Tried to eat an oil painting
But I couldn't choke down the whole canvas
Hard to handle, thoughts dismantle
Trade them out for cash money
Time to buy bills, bills to buy time
But at least I'm [?]

I'm losing time

This shit is made of traded love
So nothing sides with traded love
All-knowing hand, I've had enough
All-knowing hand, you never stop

As the days went on, the walls grew tighter
As the cuckoo clucked with urgency
Grandfather, I'm like a gunshot
But I smashed them both so I could not see
The counter shines across the kitchen
All the keys in bowls about the towel
A beam of light shone through the window
And it made a mess of sun-dyed, oh

This shit is made of traded love
So nothing sides with traded love
All-knowing hand, I've had enough
All-knowing hand, you never stop