

## The Robot With Human Hair Pt. 2 1/2

Dance Gavin Dance

So far  
I'll lay low in pretense  
And smack your body  
Legs up, some hair pull  
It's retro  
Oops I call shotty  
So skram and branded  
The pylon  
Its silver ion  
Blowing glass  
Insurgent mask  
The thickest trap door covered in ice

So stay close  
And stay  
The sides to hide its end  
No room for ghosts

The lock and legs are set  
To bank in someone's home  
Salon will place a bet to cut a hairball loan  
The lifeless shit of mess  
Confusing ice cream cone  
If you can't read my text  
Then get a mind read phone

It's okay  
I have no legs  
On this  
Bra saling gen  
You? Right, day?

Oh, jump on top  
As I wander around  
Get the best of this no down pre-lay  
Oh, the bed flows  
As it rocks back and forth  
Our bodies start to sort it out

Package this in seedy tones  
You mock a painless death  
We'll beat your dome  
You're softly blocking mess  
So fly him home  
With a racist comment  
The leaky chrome, what's up?  
A toxic note confess, a soap caress  
A simple notion comment for less  
But I like my nest  
I wanna call it my mess  
'Cause the last time I cried  
Well I got dressed

Oh, I swear  
We came back for this?  
We came back like this?  
This won't end quick

Hold your breath  
Make no mistakes

How many faces have to crack  
Before they realize I'm not coming back?  
How many faces have to crack  
Before they realize I'm never going to find my place  
I'm not coming back

I blamed the fact of my division  
So long in temporary places  
The long lost pitch of your invention  
Lay hidden bond inside its place  
When something less will come together  
And solid walls will fall apart  
So lately piece of mind is setting  
When did the weather taste so tart?  
Will running solve a contradiction  
Of makeshift tomes and revelations  
The pious price of buying diction  
A speech I never should have made