

# Low Ambition

Lambchop

Your drug of choice  
Mix it with a voice  
A voice that's creepy

Like a nice color red  
Laid out on the bed  
Someone's been on this bed before you

Your barrettes and bracelets  
Become like  
A little missiles in your mind  
You asshole

Just press the one  
Then you'll get some of what  
They're taking

You think this is fun  
When you are one of those  
Awkward strangers  
And low is ambition this time

Out of my head  
Out of my own bed  
I wake to find another

In a coffee black  
I look back to the shack  
The one that's covered in vines

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Become like  
A little missiles in your mind  
You asshole

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Then you'll get some of what  
They're taking

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