

Black Mission Goggles

Man Man

The sky is falling like a
Sock of cocaine in the
Ministry of information

Subway train's derailling
Heads decapitating
Catch her reflection and it seems to sing to me

And I say lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala
Lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala

She's a warm bodega
High on Noriega
Strung out in Brooklyn like it's 1983

She wears her legs around her
Neck like a piece of ice
Her smile's a neon marque hipsters eat for free

And I say lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala
Lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala

I am falling like a
Sock of cocaine in the
Ministry of information

I'm a warm bodega
High on Noriega
Strung out in Brooklyn cause I fell in love with her

And I say lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala
Lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala

Moon cuts moon cuts tiny like eyelash
Lonely cat nap whisper lonely cat nap whisper
Moon cuts moon cuts tiny like eyelash
Lonely cat nap whisper lonely cat nap whisper

I walk around I whisper in her scalp
I whisper on the wind I whisper once again
I whisper, yes I do
I whisper