

Sixes hang in the door  
What kind of shit to ignore  
I've cut the cloth  
(Ooo, hard line circle)  
How to know who to write  
How to know who can cull up all the questions  
(We know that I'm right, cease)  
To clean out a night  
I fell in love

I heard about it  
I heard about it  
I heard about it  
No

And so it's not in your clasp  
What's the function or the task  
Well, I'd stun and I'd stammer  
Help me reach the hammer  
(For then what will I ask)

That's a pair of them docks  
Mooring out two separate lochs  
Ain't that some kind of quandary  
Take me into your palms  
What is left when unhungry

I learned about it  
I learned about it  
I've learned about it  
No

I'm still standing in  
Still standing in the need of the prayer  
The need of prayer

No, I don't know the path  
Or what kind of pith I've amassed  
Long lines of questions  
Lessons (lessons)  
Lessons, lessons

What do you lose to concede?  
And yes it's hard to believe  
When 'em sold from your sleeve  
Just come off of your kneel  
Please, please, please

I can admit to conceal  
No, that's not how that's supposed to feel  
Oh, no  
(It's not for broader appeal)  
Fuck the fashion of it, dear

I've laughed about it  
I've laughed about it  
I've laughed about it

No