

Buttercups

Cajun Dance Party

Looking for the buttercups, and I won't say too much,
And then it comes a new disease and I won't let it grow,
But how many roads have you used for gold?

Another race, another speed, so don't hold back,
Sixteen little seconds, and you won't stop running round the track,
Forgive me because I can't leave,

Oh uh oh, where do we go?
And how long will it take to slow?
Before we slide.

Butterflies and picklebums, and I really couldn't give a fuck,
Am I close to treatment, or can I now go out in the rain?
Who will see with me, that we'll never ever leave this pool?

Oh uh oh, where do we go?
And how long will it take to slow?
Before we slide.

I have to say, that it's not too late,
I have to say, you can never help out too late,
I must explain, that it's all sober now,
Choked water is now all squirting out,
Pile it up and sit on it next week,
Because we all live our lives together; in the bleak