

# Awkward

## Dance Gavin Dance

I've got style  
I work harder than anyone  
And I can do it while I'm having fun  
Yeah I'm a get, I'm a get, I'm a get get better  
I want to be  
I want to be somebody  
I'm gonna be somebody, I'm gonna be somebody

Now, now, slow your roll  
Keep your head low  
Your life is a joke  
Don't make this awkward

Lay back in the fold  
Can't make it alone  
You're too fucking old  
Don't make this awkward

Now and then, I get a little bit full of myself  
And start dreaming, I can't help it  
But you're a friend  
You keep my feet on the ground and my head out of the clouds  
Show me how to doubt myself

And who knows where I'd be without you

Cry, mine is mine,  
I clamp my head in the crease  
Of a familiar smell, I think the tree is a thief  
I'm fryin everything that incubates and ever was  
Simmer fifteen rips, before I croak and die

I flipped that maggot out  
I sniffed that dragon's brow  
I say I'm feelin when everyone is on my side  
We think we're relevant hey, we think we're being admired

It's slipping into this  
All of you, all the heads, inside the hole of cause

We're getting intimate  
It's a flu, in a vein  
How do we disconnect from the arm

Am I a fool not to run?  
Your nicotine in my lungs  
How can I trust anyone but you?

The belief is a burden and a crop  
Now the dream is only a memory