

# Philosopher King

Dance Gavin Dance

Dry crossing up the holy five hate  
Your cousin is my hobby free throw  
I'd toss my calling card but I'd hate to make a baby feel slow

Nope, bro,

There's lots of answers to shit  
Like the numbing that you feel is real, then pain grows  
You'll get for what you asked  
Patience is the lane I mate with, case closed

If I fall, will you be there to catch me now?  
Catch me now or...  
If I fall, will you be there to show me how,  
Show me how I've fallen?

All cranky in a blanket with a lazy eye  
Same pigeon that was shitting on the other guy  
Why yo fitness need a witness?  
I too can cook a bunch of little meals

Friend, make my life  
Friend, make my life

I picked 'em up and clipped their hype  
It was the tamest type the little bitch couldn't listen  
I flipped it up and twisted night  
Into a padded white room, bitch named "Kristen"

I will run laps around you, around you  
Go on, try, tug me back to you, but I'll fly  
Guess they were right  
No way to drag your body and make up the time  
So I'll focus on mine, not gonna hold me down I'm leaving you behind

Won't say that you're better  
Won't sell you a better lie  
Won't tell you etcetera  
Won't say that you're doing fine

If your life never turns around  
And if you should die tomorrow or the week after next  
I know that I will be safe and sound  
I won't be there cleaning up all the mess

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I felt my body craving the oxygen from ancient wasteland aching  
I wanna be the man with the bacon  
Make a light reveal the only stake in fakeness  
Fucked

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