

## Swan Soup

## Dance Gavin Dance

Oaken rod system show me sloping earlobes  
The patient unlisted bit my lip sir  
Basing the feeling off weed, Go!  
But my Achilles is a shortly written poem

Go loco, slow from dro, broke your nose  
Scraping my bristle missile, Go!

My cost is cheap, my words are deep,  
Cutting right through your soul,  
Sad to see the lights burn out,  
Sad to see the lights burn out,  
Sad to see the lights,  
My words are cheap.

Another sucker punch  
You were late for dinner, I was late for lunch  
You wanna know the truth?  
I eat alotta soup  
What's it like to punch a drum  
So belong and hold it tightly son  
You wanna know the truth?  
I eat alotta soup

Such slow stoic teeth of mine  
Box him in  
Uncle Leo is between your thighs  
Your soak in rusting these slope driven pots n pans  
No time to rush him, delete my deleted land  
Yo who proves to me to believe what you need without me  
Who proves to believe in me  
Yo who proves to believe without me  
Don't believe that you're with me, just to believe  
Just to and just to and just to and just to believe

Blow out your lungs,  
Let your mouth fill with blood,  
Stop, hang on my every word,  
Because I promise I'm coming back.

I blocked your three point shot, you get caught napping a lot  
Your handles worse than Chris A. when he's high on pot  
You're like an epileptic version of a ballet dancer  
KG might say that you have cancer

Blow out your lungs,  
Let your mouth fill with blood,  
Stop, hang on my every word,  
Because I promise I'm coming back,  
Blow out your lungs,  
Let your mouth fill with blood,  
Stop, hang on my every word,  
Because I promise it's gonna be your last.