Men hold cabinets
Women, covens
Replace your pets before I throw them in the ovens
How could we foresee getting so high?
I never knew you'd ever be so low

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Cool and calm, I pluck fruit from my palm
And now I swear I'm never gonna see the lights now
How many decrepit Spanish holidays
Does it take before you blow it all away?
Summers throw you, I know you
I swear I'm never gonna see the lights now
Spent our days in winter caves
Where things they tend towards frozen
Not an ideal spot for suffering fools so gladly

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Films are forgettable, songs aren't