

The Leg We Stand On

Destroyer

Don't let the curtains bring you down
Remember, Mary is a privilege
We own this town, you said
We own this town, you said
A far cry from friendly
So then flee
Flee
Flee
Flee

There are no constructs in my mind
To speak of, when I think, (uh?), I think about you
There are no spires for us to climb up and touch
A benevolent hand is necessarily a bad thing
So was spring
Spring
Spring
Spring

So what, the laid traps I'll snap shut
I agree some things should be banned
Like wasting all your charms on the first day as planned
There's something perhaps even more obscene
Misplacing the leg that you stand on

Mary means nothing to you
What she read was stupid
Mary means nothing to you
Everyone's singing, everything's true
Everyone's singing, everything's true