

Pigeon Teeth

Electric President

I've got a little animal inside me.
(I wake up in the minute to minute.)
I'm dancing on a world that's made of plastic.
(Strike a match on my spine and I don't get it.)

The buckets full of bones and the skin is made of plastic
But I painted it silver so they can look like all the others.
The birds are smoking cigarettes, their aim is in reverse.
My perpetual head is screwed on wrong and never does it's job.

And I'm tired,
I'm tired enough to smile and shake hands with the enemy,
So sit back and watch the sun choke on clouds.
While we chew the fat and steal some souls and find a place to sleep.
Gotta make the best or things just will be dead in a week.

A month can be a lifetime, a lifetime a minute.
But what's it in infinities a false advertisement.
Dripping from the waste down, everything's a waste now.
What what what what what was I doing when I sold my prized possessions.

I remember days spent
Dancing on the pavement,
Or maybe in the woods,
Felt good being far away,
From all that I should be doing.
Whose to say what that is?
Instead I'm crossed inside my own imagination.
World's of undiscovered nations,
Creation of sunshine.
Smiles from all the children,
Spinning thoughtless ribbons of purple.
I think you think I think there's something wrong with my life,
But you haven't seen the full picture, yeah don't forget.

Sevigilante history,
I spent my life in mystery
Writing books and songs
And no one knows about the way it is.
Of much important sounds,
The dragon loom from the cloud
Dancing like an angel with an angel twisting the sound.

Standing at the bus stop next to an old wiser who told me.
(He was like a sewer, full of shit.)
And the guy who never makes a mistake,
Takes orders from one who does,
And that's the way the cookie crumbles son.

Take a stand,
Don't stand still
Don't get killed
Take a spill
The world should be conscious of free-willing expression.
Chiseled and smiled to the sun.
Pull the plug,
They never mention that you can't be saved until you're done.

A liars company is as comforting as an answering machine.
Leave a message at the tone.
Leave a message at the tone.

Culture spasm, we're going to fast and now we're spinning out of control.
You sold your soul to get a warrant.
Guaranteed efficiency, care free security system,
But I wont mention that it's called denial.

Now we're all a little crooked lets get one thing straight.
The less you fall apart the more that you break.

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Said dead dead on a red rhyme that poke until it's inside of your head
Go home and go to bed instead
When in doubt don't let that sack of lies hit you in the eyes
Never cry in front of parents, they expect it.
Lets not mix words or cut verbs or take turns, that lead the way they starte
d.
Seas have not been parted.
The difference between England and the shit that we're in, is two seconds.
So find your watch and tell me when the movies over.

A hundred televisions playing the same thing, throwing up all over the world
.
Airplanes land on Airways,
Nothing makes sense.
Now your tapping on the window, meeting all the smiling people,
They all ride escalators.
Not aware that they are in the scope of the killer.
Nobodies waving, nobodies waiting.
We all look healthy in the future, count the wires,
Plug the shrugged up sound of rationality.
Nobody sees under your clothes, you must feel very secure.
But you're still naked.

Sometimes an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of the cure.
And the popular response is not to have one.

I think the butterflies in my stomach are playing drums.

Illusions on fire, and our iron mine is rusty.
But a bird in the hand is safer than one overhead.

So play it cautious, and tiptoe through the dead,
Cause you never touch the depth of a river with both feet.

There's never any shortcuts to anywhere worth going,
But I think we're going nowhere, so lets go take a shortcut.

(The less that you fall apart the more that you break.)