

Spinal Cords

Envy on the Coast

I saw my friends filling boxes,
The scales have tipped and I'm superstitious.
A charismatic, young addiction,
My skin is thick with disposition.

My father taught me how to cap teeth,
And I sink them in to broken suites.
A gypsy told me that my collecting
Like a poor man playing the blues in the subways
Of New York City, you're too good to me.
You stay with me while my feet keep moving.
Am I gracing holes to dig ourselves?
Cause I'll use my hands to climb out of Hell...
Ohhh...
Don't you pull the plug...

Spinal Cord collapsable.
You fit right in to your own survival.
Life was spilt before the power storm.

More than friends but less than lovers
Smile for photos and fuck the covers.
Came for woman, you bay your flower
Keep me up or keep my mouth shut
I lose and devour.
Ohhh...
Don't you pull the plug...

Spinal cord collapsable.
You fit right into your own survival
Life was spilt before the power storm.

New York City, you're too good to me...
You stay with me while my feet keep moving.
Am I gracing holes to dig ourselves?
Cause I'll use my hands to climb out of Hell...

Spinal cord collapsable.
You fit right into your own survival.
Life was spilt before the power storm.
Ohh...