

Mountains of molehills  
A grapevine in my ear  
Spots on the tiger  
While the townspeople gather to hear  
While the nests in my hands starve for rest

Sticklers for cheap fun  
You oughta be ashamed  
To trade in your heirlooms  
For an all-day black market parade  
For a grand prize, a slap in the face

For you  
Bold face type covers your text  
It must have been winter

Still frame, no dice  
Where do you get your evidence?  
Move back, stay still  
It takes a luminescent hue  
The wood, the crest  
That's weaved outside your vest  
Still frame, no dice

Loons light the skyline  
While you sleep on concrete  
With both your eyes open  
I just kept pulling on both your feet  
Someday, together, we'll breathe, breathe...

For you  
Bold face type covers your text  
It must have been winter

Still frame, no dice  
Where do you get your evidence?  
Move back, stay still  
It takes a luminescent hue  
The wood, the crest  
That's weaved outside your vest  
Still frame, no dice

Roll down the window  
I know there's a shortcut ahead  
The long drive home is taking its toll  
We just need some rest... (oh yeah)

Still frame, no dice  
Where do you get your evidence?  
Move back, stay still  
It takes a luminescent hue  
The wood, the crest  
That's weaved outside your vest  
Still frame, no dice