

Flies On Tape

Fireworks

I could lay here all day and still feel the same
Rest doesn't help when it's used this way
So my friends drink fluids until they're stomachs divide
While trying to kill something else on the inside

So I sit around and trace all these new lines on my face
Yeah, I might be the line, but all these end up in the same place

Lucky, lucky, I'd rather be, lucky
Than good, yeah good at anything, anything

Winter's cutting under everyone's skin again
Now I'm seeing zombie versions of my friends
So I drink fluids until my limbs thaw out
The snow may have melted, but the trash had came out

So I sit around and trace, but always ends up in the same place

Lucky, lucky, I'd rather be, lucky
Than good, yeah good at anything, anything

Natural selection tends to me
I miss a curve
A cold starved hand tangles me
Over what I deserve

Lucky, lucky, I'd rather be, lucky
Than good, yeah good at anything, anythin