

No Destruction

Foxygen

I assumed you knew this photograph of me in my new car
But I hate to say I miss you cause you don't need me
anymore
I politely say I miss you but we know you don't mean
that anymore
Like when the toc tic finally caught you
Then you weaseled through the door
Through the door of consciousness

San Francisco,
Oh you make it so
Oh you make it so long on me
Someone who takes part in the suburbs
Part in the subway with me
Oh destructo, you're so destructive
Oh you so destructive to me

No destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking window
No destruction in the waking hour
No corruption on the mountain high

I'm talking to my grandma who lost her arms in the war
The aliens and armory that bond hers to God's door
Now you think that I don't know but I know you to know
quite well
That I caught you sipping milkshakes in the parlor of
the hotel
There's no need to be an asshole, you're not in
Brooklyn anymore
You may take what you are given but you leave it on the
floor
And I know you're gonna try to take my big mouse
Take the panels off my greenhouse

Oh but the door of consciousness isn't open anymore
Oh you think it's over, oh it's over with me
Someone who sloaks by in the suburbs
But in the suburb with me
Oh destructo, you're so destructive
Oh you so destructive to me

No destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking wind
No destruction in the waking hour
No corruption on the mountain high

No destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking window
No destruction, no destruction
No destruction...