

Two Tabs Of Mescaline

Glassjaw

I smell the sound of a growing gash
With pop sensibilities.

KQED

"It's a tune that equals you."

I feel

Hallelujah

I fail,

Bulemia;

I'm frail.

Salting the back of a snail.

And...

This is worship and this is tribute

Crumbling, ripping and failing.

Knowing you fit in...

And, and,

you fit in!

Feeding time,

An old friend of mine

At the leper zoo.

Que sera?

Erotic hurrah

It's cool.

Be cool, girl.

And...

Am i worshipping or am I tributing?

Crumbling, ripping and failing.

My turkish prison is knowing I fit in.

And, and,

I fit in!

Feeding time,

An old friend of mine

At the leper zoo, yeah.

Que sera?

Erotic hurrah

With no rescue.

It's cool.

Be cool, girl.

Sailor scent.