

Low Ambition

Lambchop

Your drug of choice
Mix it with a voice
A voice that's creepy

Like a nice color red
Laid out on the bed
Someone's been on this bed before you

Your barrettes and bracelets
Become like
A little missiles in your mind
You asshole

Just press the one
Then you'll get some of what
They're taking

You think this is fun
When you are one of those
Awkward strangers
And low is ambition this time

Out of my head
Out of my own bed
I wake to find another

In a coffee black
I look back to the shack
The one that's covered in vines

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Become like
A little missiles in your mind
You asshole

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