

Just Like Old Times

Look Mexico

I think it's ready by now
By now the room is full of steam
Unwanted, wrinkled for now
Holding sinking ships against fingertips
And there's a prehistoric carnivore
Lives on only in these rubber toys
You close your eyes to fill up an empty tub

You're too old for this, little boy
Then why are you still here
You're wasting time
You'll be late for your own life
So why don't you put on a tie and go get a job
It's right over left
Right back over and through
All tied until the air stops holding you

If the moon won't fit anymore
It doesn't mean I quit

Too old for this