

## Black Mission Goggles

Man Man

The sky is falling like a  
Sock of cocaine in the  
Ministry of information

Subway train's derailling  
Heads decapitating  
Catch her reflection and it seems to sing to me

And I say lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala  
Lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala

She's a warm bodega  
High on Noriega  
Strung out in Brooklyn like it's 1983

She wears her legs around her  
Neck like a piece of ice  
Her smile's a neon marquee hipsters eat for free

And I say lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala  
Lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala

I am falling like a  
Sock of cocaine in the  
Ministry of information

I'm a warm bodega  
High on Noriega  
Strung out in Brooklyn cause I fell in love with her

And I say lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala  
Lalalala lalalala lalalala lalalalala

Moon cuts moon cuts tiny like eyelash  
Lonely cat nap whisper lonely cat nap whisper  
Moon cuts moon cuts tiny like eyelash  
Lonely cat nap whisper lonely cat nap whisper

I walk around I whisper in her scalp  
I whisper on the wind I whisper once again  
I whisper, yes I do  
I whisper