

Lounge

Modest Mouse

He don't remember, how it got there
It had a number, written on his forearm
It spelled disaster
All hoping, all hoping for dancing
He was looking, and looking stunning
His clothes reflected light, all right
She sat, she sat in the backseat
The car was plush but had no heat
And no not no one was blushing
Their technique was so damn right
All right, and!
He read the note in the black light
He thought he read minds and was not right
That line still made him seem charming
His clothes were shining, shining