

Selfish Gene

Panda Bear

Just now I see it so clear
Total shift in the unconscious

When at the start it seems like fates
Have set it up like so much magic
Just a ruse to get you in there

Seems like a spell
And all they talk as if it's come to fill those spaces
Only you can fill those spaces

So when the party goes
It breaks a brittle back
They back, they back
And they keep on rubbing in
How a proper chest is clean

That ain't it
If it comes to fill those spaces
Only you can fill those spaces

So when the party goes
It breaks a brittle back
They back, they back
And they keep on rubbing in
How a proper chest is clean

That ain't it
Touch a hand, that ain't it
With a wig on that ain't it
It's a promise from some lips
When you touch a hand, that ain't it
With a wig on, that ain't it
Making noise not making songs
When you touch a hand, that ain't it
With a wig on, that ain't it
It might seem they making songs
Now they really making noise
Total shift in the unconscious

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You'll trip up again
You'll trip up again
Go get up again