

Perfect Depth

Pavement

Slow-Mo

Got his hand stuck in the kitchen sink
It was his birthday tomorrow
And he couldn't resist
But he never found a sign on his second skin
At least he knows how the other half lives
Inside a little room about four inches wide
With windows glued shut,
And air that stinks
But he only saw the kitchen
And the bath
He should be thankful
So thankful

That all's ok with her

And I wasted
No one's precious time
Like I wasted, I wasted all
Your precious time, precious time
Was a sorry thing to do
Was a sorry thing for you
Cuz I wasted,
I wasted it all on you!