

# Cinnamon

Radical Face

The castle has fallen  
The birds have left their nest  
The government is getting wasted  
And the people locked everything else  
The diagram is faulty  
We haven't learned to speak  
The prize is truly priceless  
But I don't dare to compete  
I never really had a reason  
I never really had a reason  
To call this thing off  
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To call this thing off  
I stand by the road with a handful of cinnamon  
Waiting for the sky to fall, but I'm not holding my breath  
Watch as your skeleton makes a home in my yard  
I'm trying not to lose it, but I never knew it would be so damn hard  
Stand tall or crash against the wall  
Time to pay for all my yesterdays  
(I've got a plan, it's a good one  
We could make a lot of money  
Hear me out, never mind  
It was stupid anyway  
Let's go watch a lot of TV  
Think it makes my brain hurt)  
We've got recipes for a daughter  
And cinnamon for a queen  
And a president made of flowers  
With a priest who cannot read  
And I always want to meet them  
But they're never what they seem  
I'll go spin a lot of words  
I really don't know what they mean  
I never once said my peace  
Instead, I say this song  
But life's that way  
It's always been  
Which is why I'm marching on  
Right, two, three, four  
Left, two, three, four  
Right, two, three, four  
Left, two, three, one more time  
Right, two, three, four  
Left, two, three, four  
Right, two, three, four  
Left, two, three, one more time  
Right, two, three, four  
Left, two, three, four  
Right, two, three, four  
Left, two, three, one more time  
Right, two, three, four  
Left, two, three, four  
Right, two, three, four...