

Endless Shovel

Rogue Wave

These metal heads
The market research
They're so fond of that
Those beady eyes
The velvet tea cups
The arms on the maps

I'll never know just what I'm doing
I'll never know what is it
I never know what is wrong with you, you know
It feels so bad

The foreign films
The skin and matter
The thoughts on the shelf
The level head
The endless shovel
The fat on the lap
I feel so bad
Yet it seems so right
You point out every mistake and complain every night

I'll never know just what I'm screwing
I'll never know what is it
I never know what is wrong with you, you know
It feels so bad