

# Your Retro Career Melted

The Faint

Recovering slowly, a torso fell  
From a beat up truck by a rural motel  
The manager seen how the truck bed bounced  
While dust flew up with a rolling sound

Voices appear from the staff outside  
In bulbous text, in a western style  
His mannequin neck spun to turn his face  
The bars spills drunks out frame by frame

Girls pushed girls side to side  
To hear a suction sound as limbs realign  
The crowd just seemed to multiply  
They hear his plastic jaw as the news drops hard

Your retro career melted  
Your retro career melted  
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Your retro career melted

They couldn't have agreed with the mannequin less  
They didn't understand what the mannequin meant  
The sound of a barrelled gun held to the back  
Some plastic clicks as the shell parts pass

Fleshtone shards fly by wild  
They fill a plastic bag with the parts inside  
The bag got dumped, a town nearby  
They reassembled fast as his voice dropped hard

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