

Hope my mother mentioned dad will dance with me
I'd like to spin a while around the copperwood tree
There's something about her eyes, I think her roots are rotten
This must be the reason she wears her hair up in knots

Oh no, this is so embarrassing
Oh, the pissing fits
Crying on their doorsteps and teachers losing grip
Some of them are so out of style, I cannot save them
I'll just get whatever my salvation gave them

Keep the weed next to the bed
Light the wall, check the lip
Dim the lights a little lower
Hide your back or shrug your shoulders
Give the gift, then fix your hair
You have to get this turtleneck

The poor, they leave their cellphones in the bathrooms of the rich
And when they try to turn them off everything they switch to
Is just another man, in shitty suits, everybody's cheering for
This must be the genius we've been waiting years for

Oh no, this is so embarrassing
Oh, the pissing fits
Crying on their doorsteps and teachers losing grip
Some of them are so out of style, I cannot save them
This must be the death that my salvation gave them

Keep the good weed near the bed
And light the wall, check the lip
Dim the lights a little lower
Hide your back or shrug your shoulders
Give the gift, then fix your hair
You have to get this turtleneck

Keep the good weed near the bed
Light the wall, check the lip
Dim the lights a little lower
Hide your back or shrug your shoulders
Give the gift, then fix your hair
You have to get this turtleneck