

Yellowbrite Smile

Yoav

Heyah listen to the rumbling sound of a brain moving in reverse
A belly fat with emptiness that cannot ever seem to get enough
I wandered into the temple hall sat with the pretty pigeons all in a row
We've come to hear the oil slick salesman crow go
"Heyah everything's cool my friends why don't you carry on like nothing is h
appening? Why don't you heyah carry on sleepwalking now now now? Heyah carry
on on sleeptalking..."
Happy is a yellowbrite smile
But nobody's home
I can't get it off of my face
And it's starting to ache
Starting to ache
And I'm never alone
So I Climbed to the top of the tall tall tower
To see a man about a shadow seed
He said he'd make me king of everything
As we watched ten thousand flashing screens
And then the poet turned in to advertise him
Under the sweet little Georgia jones
I knocked three times on the side of the glass
And they go: "Heyah everything's cool my friends why don't you carry on like
nothing is happening? Why don't you heyah carry on sleepwalking now now now
? Heyah carry on on sleeptalking..."
Happy is a yellowbrite smile
But nobody's home
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And it's starting to ache
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And I'm never alone
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But nobody's home
I can't get it off of my face
And it's starting to ache
Starting to ache
And I'm never alone
Perfect 'n round
Can't get it off of my face
Never alone
Can't get it off of my face
Perfect 'n round
Can't get it off of my face
Never alone
Happy is a yellowbrite smile
But nobody's home
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