

Clouddead "Pop Song"

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It's the wood man and his splintering self.
It's the wooden woman and her hollowing out.

Sickly Mickey Mouse.
Skinny Minnie Mouse.

Elvis, what happened?

Pop/sickle note:
The label stapled a speaker
to the back of a sheep's throat.
Tongue depressor with
the width of a spatula
suppresses all syllables:
"blah blah blah", end quote.

Cotton candy... spun any way you like it.

Elvis, what happened?

High school picture day in L.A.,

someone in the sky with diamonds.
And you go back to bed
with a dead dog in your head.

Two perfect strangers carrying a ladder.
You can tell their strangers,
chasing themselves in the windows of shops.

How can I be your lover
when you sport a head of rubber?
Sucker...
You can't take applause to bed with you.
I've got my own blood
and a decent depression line.
And then we said "fuck" in our pop song.

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