Dananananaykroyd "F. Numbers"

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Another stain, wipes, over the face Of an entire, clutch, of reasonable guys [?] [?]

Another stain, matched, by the reward Another work, made, to show off the pose Another way, stop, and show some respect For those trying to abandon me

I want something that, something that I can't see Through the prison walls, send my tears on With a white lie, they're checking our destruction Feed the kids in E numbers Feed the kids and use castors

Where do our tantrums go Where do our tantrums go

She seemed to know how twisted is this My back is ricked, spiked, down to the spine [?]

But when it comes I'll be prepared
This off course rain jostling down
Blaming the mind, or, anything close
You can't put [?] you can't fool this, so

I want something that, something that I can't see Through the prison walls, send my tears on With a white lie, they're checking our destruction Feed the kids in E numbers Feed the kids and use castors

Where do our tantrums go Where do our tantrums go Where do our tantrums go Where do our tantrums go

Zoom out at speeds with sharp intakes of breath Heads spinning up in the corners

Closer than it even began

I want something that, something that I can't see Through the prison walls, send my tears on With a white lie, they're checking our destruction Feed the kids in E numbers Feed the kids and use castors

Where do our tantrums go Where do our tantrums go Where do our tantrums go Where do our tantrums go

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