

Fair To Midland "Vice / Versa"

Visit "[Vice / Versa](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mountains of molehills
A grapevine in my ear, spots on the tiger
While the townspeople gather to hear
While the nests in my hands starve for rest

Sticklers for cheap fun
You oughta be ashamed to trade in your heirlooms
For an all day black market parades
For a grand prize, a slap in the face

For you, bold faced type covers your text
It must have been winter

Still frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?
Move now, stay still, it takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest, that's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no dice

Loons light the skyline
While you sleep on concrete
With both your eyes open
I just kept pullin' on both your feet
Someday together we'll breathe, breathe

For you, bold faced type covers your text
It must have been winter

Still frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?
Move now, stay still
It takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest, that's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no dice

Roll down in a nutshell
I know there's a short-cut to hell
The long drive home is taking it's toll
We just need some rest

Still frame, no dice
Where do you get your evidence?

Move now, stay still
It takes a luminescent hue
The wood, the crest, that's weaved outside your vest
Still frame, no dice

Visit [Fair To Midland](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.