

Glassjaw "Two Tabs Of Mescaline"

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I smell the sound of a growing gash
With pop sensibilities
K Q E D
It's a tune that equals you

I feel Hallelujah
I fail Bulemia
I'm frail Hallelujah
I fell salting the back of a snail

And this is worship and this is tribute
Am I crumbling, ripping and failing?
Knowing you fit, you fit, you fit in
And, and you fit in

K Q E E E E E D
It's a tune that equals you

I feel Hallelujah
I fail Bulemia
I'm frail Hallelujah
I fell salting the back of a snail

And am I worshiping or am I tributing?
Loving, crumbling, ripping and failing
My Turkish prison is knowing I fit in
And, and I fit in

Feeding time an old friend of mine
At the leper zoo, yeah, yeah
Que sera? Erotic hurrah
With no rescue, girl

Feeding time an old friend of mine
At the leper zoo, yeah, yeah
Que sera? Erotic hurrah
It's cool be cool, girl

Sailor, sailor
Sailor, sailor
Sailor scent
Sailor, sailor

Scent sailor
Sailor, sailor
Scent

And worship, tribute
Crumbling, ripping, and failing
Knowing you fit, you fit, you fit in
And, and you fit in

Feeding time an old friend of mine
At the leper zoo, yeah, yeah
Que sera? Erotic hurrah
With no rescue, girl

Feeding time an old friend of mine
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Sailor scent
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Sailor, sailor

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