Grant Amy "Superslomotion"

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Sleepy rhythms were lulling us Trolling down a long canal Onto savage shores and gilded floors Of coliseums through the load-in door

Certain of this one thing
Certain of this one thing
Certain of this one thing
That super slow motion got the upper hand on me
On me
On me

Holy visions had ceased to come My tongue was numb and I was feeling tired Crying out in a wordless howl Screeching off to the underground

Certain of this one thing (of this one thing)
Certain of this one thing (of this one thing)
Certain of this one thing (of this one thing)
That super slow motion got the upper hand on me
On me
On me
On me

Sleepy rhythms were lulling us Syrup sweet and poisonous How I found my way back I'm not sure Through the channels and little streets that curve

Certain (certain) of this one thing (of this one thing)
Certain of (certain of) this one thing (this one thing)
Certain (certain) of this one thing (of this one thing)
That super slow motion got the upper hand on me
On me
On me

Certain (certain) of this one thing (of this one thing) Certain of (certain of) this one thing (this one thing) Certain (certain) of this one thing (of this one thing)

On me

That super slow motion got the upper hand on me Ooh ooh ooh Got the upper hand (ooh ooh ooh) Got the upper hand (ooh ooh ooh) Got the upper hand (on me) Got the upper hand the upper hand on me On me On me On me Oh oh oh

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