

## Kind Of Like Spitting

### "Dostoyevsky Gets Mugged Outside A Donut&hellip"

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Our savior's fallen ill, and he won't get up  
We've cast away our stones, why won't he get up?  
So unawake with you, you let me drive your car  
You let me break your heart and still not want to give up  
So now the only time I get to see you smile  
Is in the darkest rooms with the brownest tiles  
And to hear you laugh is a sweet refrain  
So sick with joy, I'm the perfect boy  
Our savior's fallen ill, but here's a souvenir  
Another saint to pierce against your bedroom wall  
It says you can't give up and that you won't wake up  
Until you close your eyes and lay down

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