

## **Mars Volta "Teflon"**

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I just don't know the layman's terms  
to call the mess you breed  
What thaws beneath this surface  
soils blood to your family tree  
The dates they change  
with each new phrase  
i'm anxious bouts of nervous

What am I without the bruises  
this switch it won't come on  
What do I do to lose it  
beneath this distress call

Let the wheels burn  
Let the wheels burn  
Stack the tires to the neck  
with the body inside

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Frames of infrared  
keep scrolling into focus  
Scarab crank the busy signal  
with habits that you notice  
The dates they change  
with each new phrase  
I'm anxious bouts of nervous

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Taking all the hostages  
into the oval office  
Draw the curtains part their hair  
and pull the trigger softly

if they have me committed  
then i'll just take you with me

One driver in your motorcade  
is all it takes....is all it takes  
Sandmen grains in Teflon veins  
is all it takes....is all it takes

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