

## Dance Gavin Dance "Hot Water On Wool (Reprise)"

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Let's take some time to reflect and restart  
We tip over three-wheeled shopping carts  
A crippled man with his mangled hands  
Looks at the blonde with her hideous, orange, fake tan  
Decide, decide, decide  
Who thinks that I, that I am out of line  
For being sober finding four leaf clovers,  
Lawn mowers, and truck towers  
So lucky all of the time  
Decide, decide, decide  
I've got a mind and it's weighing me down  
28 pounds, and lucky for me, so lucky for me  
I'll never see that bitch again

So, I'll make a fist and rip the threads we've sewn  
Since it's come to this, it feels like nobody's home  
So my cover's blown, rip open the threads we've sewn  
[x2]

Nobody's home  
Nobody's home  
Well, I've lied with a fantastic picture I, well I've lied  
We're going in new directions  
Well, I've lied with a fantastic picture I, well I've lied  
From sleeping away the century  
Well, let's start from the beginning right now  
I'd do that if you weren't so impatient  
Well I'll stop you and give me the time of day  
It's so sad, I've got no more lines to read

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