

## Dance Gavin Dance "Spooks"

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Fool, your word means shit.  
My eyes, they wonder.

Not alotta shit left to break inside the mind of acid  
whore  
Swallowing your sister's nightstand might cover up the  
clogging pores  
The sound of master blaster's tank weapon gun add on  
I believe  
Every single little child can benefit from smoking weed

You're filling your pockets with my bones  
You're filling your pockets

Slow plans, stuck in my bladder, turn yourself sideways  
[x2]  
I don't know much about computers, but I know that you  
look like a child abuser  
Slow plans, stuck in my bladder, turn yourself sideways  
[x2]  
Sideways, sideways

Move in, take what's not yours, take what I worked for  
Slow down, stop me now, you're tearing apart my soul

And lately we should be making me  
The best type of record for wasting please  
Amazing bark is getting dark  
You know that I know can ride the arc  
And lately we should be making me  
The present elect is a burning tree  
And you know that I know that I can't be me  
So I can be you and well you can be me

I'm a t.o.y.f.o.r you, on pleasure principle,  
We keep it on the downlow because public eyes are  
sensible

There ain't no outcome without illusion  
But I let you in the first place, girl you know what you're  
doin'  
This is dirty sex, backseats, over tables, under sheets,

At the workplace, on the beach, in the hammock where  
I sleep  
I know it's your birthday, you told me at 3:30  
Damn ok, where do you wanna meet?

Cause I know the lonely road it took to get there,  
And I ... I believed it at your lonely word,  
Well I knew the lonely road it took to get there,  
And I... I believe it in your lost words,  
Well I know the only road it takes to get there,  
And I only feel it now because I've been there.  
And I know the lonely road it takes to get there,  
And I only feel it now because I've been there.

...Stop me now, you're tearing apart my soul,  
Move in, take what's not yours, take what I worked for

[Background part:]  
Lame, as well, as boring

A thinly veiled guise elected for another new sound,  
capitalize when you dumb it down  
You defect and I'll be raging on top of my car  
You defect and I'll be passed out, covered in tar  
A thinly veiled guise elected for another new sound,  
capitalize when you dumb it down [x2]

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