

## **Dance Gavin Dance**

# **"The Robot With Human Hair Pt2 1/2"**

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(So far I'll lay low in pretense and smack your body)  
(Legs up, some hair pull, its retro, oops I call shotty)  
(So scam and branded, the pylon, it's silver ion)  
(Blowing glass, insurgent mask, the thickest trap door  
covered in ice)

Stay close innocent  
The signs to hide his scent  
No room for ghosts

(The lock and legs are set to bank in someone's home)  
(Salon will place a bet to cut a hairball loan)  
(The lifeless shit of mess)  
(Confusing ice cream cone)  
(If you can't read my text then get a mind read phone)

(It's okay, I have no legs)  
(On this bra sailing gen)  
(You? Right, day?)

Oh, jump on top as I wander around  
(Get the best of this no down pre-lay)  
Oh, the bed flows as it rocks back and forth  
My body starts to sort it out

Hey, jump on top as I wander around  
(Get the best of this no down pre-lay)  
Oh, the bed flows as it rocks back and forth  
My body starts to sort it out

(Package this in seedy tones)  
(You mock a painless death, we'll beat your dome)  
(You're softly blocking mess, so fly him home)  
(With a racist comment, the leaky chrome, what's up?)  
(A toxic note confess, a soap caress)  
(A simple notion comment for less)  
(But I like my nest)  
(I wanna call it my mess)

(Cause the last time I cried, the world got drenched)

Oh, and I swear this won't end quick

(We came back for this)  
It won't  
(We came back for this)  
Oh, and I swear this won't end quick  
(We came back for this)  
It won't  
(We came back like this)

Oh, jump on top as I wander around  
(Get the best of this no down pre-lay)  
Oh, the bed flows as it rocks back and forth  
My body starts to sort it out

Hey, jump on top as I wander around  
(Get the best of this no down pre-lay)  
Oh, the bed flows as it rocks back and forth  
My body starts to sort it out

How many faces have to crack, before they realize I'm  
not coming back?  
How many faces have to crack, before they realize I'm  
not coming back?  
How many faces have to crack, before they realize I'm  
not coming back?  
How many faces have to crack, before they realize I'm  
never going to find my place  
I'm not coming back  
No

(I blamed the fact of my division, so long in temporary  
places)  
(The long lost pitch of your invention lay hidden bond  
inside its place)  
(When something less will come together and solid  
walls will fall apart)  
(So lately piece of mind is setting, when did the  
weather taste so tart?)  
(Will running solve a contradiction of makeshift tomes  
and revelations)  
(The pious price of buying diction, a speech I never  
should have made)

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