

Santogold

"They Perch On Their Stilts Pointing And Daring Me"

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On my face
I scratched out
Something like a silhouette
Around the golden ten like lambs
On my face
I've hidden
Away any embarrassment
Away from my acquaintances

I'm not
Sold on
Anything but half a dream
I'm not sensing a thing

(I see a blank notebook page)

And it's my life and
There's nothing I can think to write
I'm not sense- sensing a thing

I hope you don't see a thing; smile
Through everyone you ever meet

(So what; you gave him the time of day)

Twist back
And any suffering.
All, dance around
I honestly give up
And the robe

(I see a blank notebook page)

And it's my life and
There's nothing I can think to write
I'm not sense - sensing a thing

Right side falls
Heaven be thanks to you I owe you to
Right side because
Heaven knows it should be so easy

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