

Sole

"Tokyo"

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the coffee's too weak, and the city's too strong,
and the people don't dance like they do in the songs.
but then again, who needs songs when you're dancing
for businessmen
who don't listen to the songs, and they sure can't
dance.
never learned to dance 'cause i exercise
the right to write in the time to kill.
if you're looking for a husband, i'm "heart, heart,
heart,"
like an egg on a sidewalk beginning to fry, begging not
to die,
but who cares if the eggs can't hatch?
we'll be quietly doomed like an unborn fetus in the
microwave.
wish we were real, wish we weren't real,
'cause you can't have cattle drowning in milk,
'cause the skin isn't skin, and the skin isn't silk,
so we transform dreams. people like strip clubs,
and my pen likes the pigs 'cause they're easy to write
about.
skin's barely skin and the castle's barely built;
a whole world made of guilt. one more neck for my
quill,
one more face for my quilt, one less apple in queens,
and if you think you can run, don't even show me how.
don't even make me laugh, i wanna make you cry, but
you don't know how
to stop running in place (stop running in place, a sick,
sick world),
i'm only trying to breathe, people shouldn't even breed.
people don't like me...like me shouldn't breed...
like me shouldn't read...like me shouldn't breathe.
i can't stop shaking like the meat that eats me,
like the meat that eats us, like the meat that eats meat.
i never ever lie, and i'm always right,
i've never seen a christian, but i'm sure they exist.
when they find me, they'll probably kill me
with hearts and rainbows and afterschool specials.

chorus:

it's a sick, sick life and a sick, sick book
and a sick, sick tongue to eat the world...
when they finally find you in a tunnel with no light you
must be alive...
"run, rabbit, when they catch you they'll kill you."

whether frightened or hungry, the animal is delicate
and doesn't digest; or so he says.
he tastes like water and will give you cancer, so don't
eat me,
before i die with one big gulp.
hold the world so tight, 'cause us leeches need love.
it's a sick, sick me and a pretty, pretty you,
and a pretty, pretty view. it's pretty easy to suffer,
why wallow in fear (why wallow in fear) when there's
nothing to think about?
we already know that there's nowhere to go, and when
the mind can't rest,
it's a sick, sick us. welcome to the coma, god's in a
coma;
when he wakes up, you're gone.
gone like the free world, gone like the indians,
gone like the 8-bit alien gameshow,
and he don't care. it's either pray or be prey,
kill or be killed, gods gotta be gods.
i just gotta be here 'til the game's reset or i finally
escape
someone else's nightmare. planets like dreams,
i dream like a planet, and i sleep like a tv with the tv on.
and immigrants selling sex: buy a beautiful girl, buy a
dumb american...

when they finally find you in a tunnel with no light you
must be alive...
"run, rabbit, when they catch you they'll kill you."

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