

Squirtgun "Neverfit"

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I thought you might appreciate
The fact of my dream:
A few shapes and lines,
Skyscrapers flew off.
A satellite fell in the center of
And broadcast teh fault that i had become
But faraway far away
You sang next to refrigerators
Ate a crabapple
And faraway faraway
I woke up in a heart
With a sign that said drowning

I worried alone:
I knew i'd never be king
Of some broke rome
Fell apart at the knees
And i worried today
About the number days
That i'd really get
Before they'd wipe me away.
But in this world, in this world,
So many bright-light people end awhile lot dimmer
And in this world, in this world,
My very blackest days you could never call tragic.

I wont be anyone with a point or a bullet me drink all my
fun from a sea, the bluest one.
Break my dish on teh stairs
To the stars. i don't care
For a blank associate
Who wont cry- who will fit
I'll never fit, wouldn't dream of it
I wont fit never dream of it

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