Faint "Your Retro Career Melted"

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Recovering slowly, a torso fell From a beat up truck by a rural motel The manager seen how the truck bed bounced While dust flew up with a rolling sound

Voices appear from the staff outside In bulbous text, in a western style His mannequin neck spun to turn his face The bars spills drunks out frame by frame

Girls pushed girls side to side
To hear a suction sound as limbs realign
The crowd just seemed to multiply
They hear his plastic jaw as the news drops hard

Your retro career melted Your retro career melted Your retro career melted Your retro career melted

They couldn't have agreed with the mannequin less They didn't understand what the mannequin meant The sound of a barrelled gun held to the back Some plastic clicks as the shell parts pass

Fleshtone shards fly by wild They fill a plastic bag with the parts inside The bag got dumped, a town nearby They reassembled fast as his voice dropped hard

Your retro career m-m-melted Your retro career m-m-melted Your retro career m-m-melted Your retro career m-m-melted

Multiply, multiply, multiply, multiply Multiply, multiply, multiply, multiply Multiply, multiply, multiply, multiply Multiply, multiply, multiply, multiply

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