

Apollo Sunshine **"Mayday Disorder"**

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Feels like mayday disorder.
Emotional rats were rotting vegetables
(Swept back?) in my crispy crab's (claws?)
Feels like pussy vendetta
(?????????? think you're better?)
Here comes up a hyped up driver
In her color champagne red

I think I'll miss the party lights,
Haircuts, and corduroy designs

In a house that smacks the ??????????
We heard it smack the front

In useless conversation,
That is what we smack and

Come over to the kids and corners
The amateur QB
They have a subtle secret
That girls could someday keep.

I can see the party's winding down
Though it's barely off the ground

Now the guests are climbing on the host
Boasting one more suicide to toast
Running low on cigarettes?
It shows.

[solo]

None of this is (really scripted?)
None of this is unintended
None of this is consequential
Oh it's so unoriginal

[X4]

I can see the party's winding down
Although it's barely off the ground.

(Dog piles?) tight clothes

White eyes, white noses.
I think I miss those party lights.

[instrumental/solo]

[X2]
I can see the party's winding down
Though it's barely off the ground.

It's winding down, I can see the party's winding down.

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