

Penrose

"Paper Clips & Rubberbands"

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The world's gone cold with no more leaves
The world's gone cold with no more leaves
But it ain't the first time we've been on destruction's
eve
I hope that you got somethin' up your sleeve

Found the cash beside the road
I found the cash beside the road
But the only thing worth a damn is gold
And you win if you die with the most

So don't it feel like dying
In a sleepy haze
Giving up on trying
Find a better way
Our minds they spin like the fans
Our minds they spin like fans
Like paper clips and rubberbands
We're whatever shape you put us in

My girl comes home next year
My girl comes home next year
But everybody knows
There ain't nothin here
To come home to
Only fear

So don't it feel like dying
In a sleepy haze
Giving up on trying
Find a better way

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