

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Operating on a Re-Run Episode"

Visit "[Operating on a Re-Run Episode](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

pantone seventy one running parallel centered along
the towns miles of perforated lines to stabilize just a
couple more lives its those tailgators that'll get you
beaverkill welcomes you its exti 122 there is no turn on
red construction lies ahead its those tailgators that'll
get you its green red and yellow but what about blue
smell the morning dew filled with exhaust fumes spin
the defroster put sirens on mute A summons doubled
for the elderly my thermals are constricting my body
there is no flow to the thinking module when contents
are molded to form into rubber they are sometimes
shaping into a break pedal creating this animated
episode with a speed of 65 miles per hour the
guardrails begin to create a story of their own from the
casualties to the neglected strays they sure hold their
own - everywhere is just now here just get off we're on
the phone

Visit [The Number Twelve Looks Like You](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.