

Evan Bliss**"509"**

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I believe in paperclips
Two-side tape and conjoined twins
Fantasies about silverware
Pair of shoes and doublemint

Still believe in wedding bells
Noah's Ark and partnership
Fantasize about a pair of dice
Two finger shots and front-wheel drive

All hands off the sinking ship
Grab a vest and jump right in
Hoist your hose at the burning pit
Spray it on and smother it

It's nine past five and we're still alive
At 5:09 we didn't die
So thank those lucky stars in the sky

Let's find the words that we couldn't find
Those missing pieces in our lives
And make it hard for them
To wander off next time
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah

I still believe in stethoscopes
Contact lenses and instruments
Fantasies of grown-up girls
With thick parfum and temperaments

Still believe in my fantasies
Of fairy tales and flying nymphs
Still believe in my fantasies
Still believe in my fantasies

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Grab a vest and jump right in
Hoist your hose at the burning pit
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