

## Of Montreal

### "Voltaic Crusher / Undrum to Muted Da"

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I write a thousand songs for you a day  
But I never run out of things to say  
You're my Ulysses that I'll never end  
Now that I fucked up, lost you, sweet friend

Everything is in the trash, and it's my fault  
I've destroyed us, I know, it's unrecoverable  
If there's a God he will repair your heart  
If there's a God, send her an angel  
Make him handsome and clever and not crazy  
And you notice something wonderful  
Someone to love her volcanically

And please, please, please God, don't be a bastard  
Christ knows she deserves something nice for a  
change  
Christ knows she deserves something nice for a  
change

I am a flaw, I'm a mistake  
I am faulty, I always break  
I tried, you don't believe me, but I did  
I tried to mature, be responsible, dot dot dot  
But my heart is juvenile  
And my character's not so hot

You gave me your hand, I gave you a fist  
Please don't lose any sleep over me, baby, I hardly  
exist

You gave me your hand, I gave you a fist  
Please don't lose any sleep over me, baby, I hardly  
exist

You gave me everything, still I resist  
Please don't lose any sleep over me, baby, I hardly  
exist  
I hardly exist

