

Fake

"Indigo Clean"

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Lemon mist, sweet decline
Vitamins for your mind
Kiss my feet and touch the sky
Maybe live, maybe die
Buddha lives on my tongue
Butterflies in my gun
I've had it all inside of me
It's time to move

It's old honey
Got to beat it out of me, got no meaning left for me
It's old honey
Got to beat 'em out of me and knock the bees

I gotta keep my indigo clean, my indigo sun
My indigo free, my indigo fun
Not into your scene, not into your curse
I see the money roll but it don't matter with what I'm
gonna be

I can see the hummer bees sting your skin for a dime
Buddha lifts up my tongue "May we live and you die!"
You know I picked apart all the gears and antennas that
bloomed
And I'm leaving everything I did
Can you see that I'm detuned from everyone?
Belly full I'm feeling

It's old honey
Got to beat 'em out of me and knock the bees

I gotta keep my indigo clean, my indigo sun
My indigo free, my indigo fun
Not into your scene, not into your curse
I see the money roll but it don't matter with what I'm
gonna be

Don't you sell something I need?

My indigo clean, my indigo fun
My indigo free, my indigo fun

Not into your scene, not into your curse
I see the money roll but it don't matter with what I'm
gonna be

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