

## The D.O.C.

### "Top Ten Severed"

Visit "[Top Ten Severed](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

I am your top ten severed,  
I am your number one,  
Reduced to fictions dancefloor,  
And take delirium,  
A man of seasoned syndromes,  
Programming mysteries,  
A man of useless incomes,  
Forgotten litanies.

You want some answers quickly,  
You write down nothing wrong,  
And I inquire discreetly,  
About your favorite song,  
It starts all good intentions,  
It ends with falling hearts,  
Did I forget to mention,  
It plays before it starts.

You cannot play this record,  
Its' grooves are dressed to kill,  
All daylight frames per second,  
The chances are you will,  
Bring out your dancing party,  
Fill up your little room,  
Your silver eyes enchanted,  
They glide and shoot the moon.

I am your one hit wonder,  
Your christmas giveaway,  
I am your stolen thunder,  
Your "no love left today"  
A frozen sound diminished,  
Out on the radio,  
The song is never finished...

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