

Tilly and the Wall

"Alligator Skin"

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Oh, I just don't get it, can't seem to make sence.
I got some jumbled up thoughts
in my jumbled up head.
I keep stumbling around on some jumbled up legs.
I keep grumbling out some jumbled up text.
Holding up both sides on the side of the road.
Holding up your store,
holding up your home.
With the evening news of filth and wounds.
A picket and a funeral on Sunday afternoon.
Oh, that light shines bright in your eyes.
You gotta find your confidence,
learn your lines.
Pick your class, pick your crime.
Better take a breath, take it quick.
Cause it's piling up, yeah, the layer's getting thick.
And, oh, I just can't seem to find the time.
Alligator skin.
Oh yeah, you know that's how it is.
Rubber-necking.
Oh yeah, you know that's how it is.
Trash pilling.
Oh yeah, you know that's how it is.
When it's all so boring, 99 cents.
Up in your face,
you know they got it.
Got a plastic stacked on cheap bank cube.
A perfect place for them
to hang their noose.
And everyone's got a buy and they
talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk talk,
talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk about it.
And they draw some line and
make some point.
Which way is right.
And, oh, I just can't seem to find the time and the
light that shines bright in your eyes.
Alligator skin.
Oh yeah, you know that's how it is.
Rubber-necking.
Oh yeah, you know that's how it is.
Trash pilling.

Oh yeah, you know that's how it is.
Alligator skin.
Oh yeah, you know that's how it is.
Rubber-necking.
Oh yeah, you know that's how it is.
Trash piling.
Oh yeah, you know how it's gotta be.
Oh No!
Yeah, it's gotta be.
Oh No!
That's how it's gotta be.
That's how it's gotta be.

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