

Jonny Classic & The Classic Johns

"Sandpaper Cross"

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Broken the glass, stepped on the cracks
Can you count on the frames to protect your pictures
Who will you trust?
Sandpaper cross rubs the skin away
Selling the house and building a new one
Won't change the fact that your the foundation
Just keeps you occupied
Crosses your fingers
Tucks you in. Losing skin
Sandpaper cross
I was a dime when I was one sided
Tossed up in trade for two faceless nickels
Which one will rust? The trained or touched?
Rubs the streets away
I lock the doors and open the windows
Counting the days since I was a human
Skinless yet wearing clothes
I'll entertain you
Turn around turnaround I'll make you cry

Modern Guy/Monkey/It's gonna hurt/Just to wait

Culture has trained me to dress myself in irony and
hide
Nothing is this ugly, we're neon signs in retro-sheik
designs

No grass will grow where I lay my head
Please tell all my friends that I was a vampire
Whiskey and puppet shows at the engagements
Turn around, think of me, I'll make you smile

Chasing maybes around a country with no memory has
erased me
I was once a baby with no beliefs and now it seems
nothing much has changed

HoTT times!! Full Lives!! Habit!! Baby-fat!!!
NOW!!

