

No Destruction

Foxygen

I assumed you knew this photograph of me in my new car
But I hate to say I miss you cause you don't need me anymore
I politely say I miss you but we know you don't mean that anymore
Like when the toc tic finally caught you
Then you weaseled through the door
Through the door of consciousness San Francisco,
Oh you make it so
Oh you make it so long on me
Someone who takes part in the suburbs
Part in the subway with me
Oh destructo, you're so destructive
Oh you so destructive to me
No destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking window
No destruction in the waking hour
No corruption on the mountain high I'm talking to my grandma who lost her arms in the war
The aliens and armory that bond hers to God's door
Now you think that I don't know but I know you to know quite well
That I caught you sipping milkshakes in the parlor of the hotel
There's no need to be an asshole, you're not in Brooklyn anymore
You may take what you are given but you leave it on the floor
And I know you're gonna try to take my big mouse
Take the panels off my greenhouse Oh but the door of consciousness isn't open anymore
Oh you think it's over, oh it's over with me
Someone who sloaks by in the suburbs
But in the suburb with me
Oh destructo, you're so destructive
Oh you so destructive to me
No destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking wind
No destruction in the waking hour
No corruption on the mountain high No destruction in the waking hour
No destruction in the waking window
No destruction, no destruction
No destruction...

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