

# 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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