

Imaginary Places

Busdriver

I'm just here to hold your hand when you die
And to show you around imaginary places
Put money lumps in my bloody stump
And I will have a smile that's a perfect circle
Die in your sleep with the sky at your feet
I'm shoot you when you're happy, only then will you find peace
How do you do? I don't know I'm okay
Every person I know is a secret service agent
Because I've been accused of lewd conduct
Stole the heart of a prude prom slut
And they got the warrant for my arrest to put me in
The loony bin, the funny farm, cause of what I did
But I'm just here to hold your hand as you die
There is not a single person who can do it better
No needle skippin in my ecosystem
But in the audience may be an evil Christian
HMO how I hate him so
But they charge me for a halo
But I'm on a scavenger hunt for a lavender chunk
Of the sky, maybe I'll replace it with a mud-pie
I put dead songs on a silk screen
Buy my shirt it is a killed dream
It is known to lead the way to the stairwell
To God's administrative office and a final farewell
I'm just here to hold your hand when you die
And to give your assault rifle a banana clip
Glow in the dark when I stroll in the park
Givin everybody informative pamphlets!
No sign of life for as far as I can see
Everybody's just charred meat up in the car seat
Eat shit and die to the secret spy
Cause I have a funny feeling that I'm being watched
24-hour surveillance
Money or power are ailments
But I send the medical supplies and the shipping
And the handling is way too much, cause I'm from the Afterlife
I'm just here to hold your hand
when you die
It's like I put a cough drop right upon your soft spot
Make Martian clothes out of your garden hose
Turn into a deadly gas blown through the air duct
She's not in love but I thought that she was
She doesn't love me because I don't have the right haircut

I misunderstood I should fix under the hood
But I will not apologize for anything that I've said
My name is Mr. Busdriver, this is the producer Paris
We are not embarrassed to admit that we will perish in
A pit of our own imaginary PLACE! Kids... if you want to piss off your parents...
Show interest in the arts... Kids... if you, REALLY want to piss off your parents...
Buy real estate in an Imaginary Place... oh yes... Okay, okay, alright!
Yea... now... move! Guess I gotta do my shout outs now...
(Peace to...) I'm just here to hold your hand when you die
Paris and Daddy Kev, they'll also be there too
I'm just here to hold your hand when you die
Unless the people of Mexican descent will help you
I'm just here to hold your hand when you die
Freestyle Fellowship announced everyone will help you
I'm just here to hold your hand when you die
Chillin' Villain Empire and Hip Hop Klan too
I'm just here to hold your hand to die...
I'm just here to hold your hand when you.
Just here to hold your hand... when you die...

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