

It's yellow-red elastic  
It makes me do the dance spastic  
Covered all in clay  
I'll break from you the drastic tray  
This purple popped a bubble  
That makes us move although it's trouble  
It's bulging out to bursting  
Holy rollers, here comes the plastic

We are builders on the drums  
To sail the sea until the bows comes  
We are builders on the drums  
To sail the sea until the bows comes

It's nothing but a fabric  
It's bulbous and flatter  
There's no way to t-texture  
The bones of plastic venture  
This purple popped a bubble  
That makes us move although it's trouble  
It's bulging out to bursting  
Holy rollers, here comes the plastic

We are builders on the drums  
To sail the sea until the bows comes  
We are builders on the drums  
To sail the sea until the bows comes  
We are builders on the drums  
(I'm not just on my own)  
To sail the sea until the bows comes  
(But you know I could take it all)  
We are builders on the drums  
(I'm not just on my own)  
To sail the sea until the bows comes  
(But you know I could take it all)