

Don't Be Like The Sun

Lemon Demon

The king of Mars perfects his commentary skills
I'm a gold plated man monkey full of dollar bills
If you're happier, dial 1 now
Don't be fooled by gravity, and don't be like the sun
Something went wrong, I hate this song
And if I could change one thing about the weather
Well then I would tell the world and I'd become famous
And then I wouldn't need to care about the weather never
Ever anymore 'cause I would be relaxing in Hawaii
But that is not my fate, I'm trapped inside a cage
It isn't even locked, but I'm an idiot
(it's an illusion)
Caesar was a criminal, but his mother was a saint
Some say that it's subliminal, but I say that it ain't
Science was a masquerade, meant to sell you lemonade
And it worked, they're laughing in their graves
Once again I'm falling down a mountain like a metaphor
(god damn leprechauns, god damn leprachauns)
Shoot me from a cannon to the moon without a helmet on my head
Or even oxygen to breath in the offhand chance that there's no
air
Air is like a something something, air is like an I don't know
And air is just like fog but it's not gray, and it makes me want
to
Breathe in toxic little fumes and then I breathe out sugar frosted
blood
All I ever did to make you laugh was breath out sugar frosted blood
(what do I do now? tell me lest I do nothing... guardian devil)
I'd like to make a toast to all the little garden gnomes
Who bravely sacrificed their lives for me
I'd like to make a toast but no one seems to have a cup
I wonder where my cup has gone. I think that it was taken by
The king of Mars perfects his commentary skills
I'm a gold plated man monkey full of dollar bills
You've been standing there, blocking my view
Don't be scared by me or me, and don't be like the sun
(because the sun doesn't really exist, it's an illusion)
That's why you shouldn't be like the sun,
Because if you are, you don't exist
And I don't associate with people who don't exist)