

## Excuses

### The Morning Benders

You tried to taste me  
And I taped my tongue to the southern tip of your body  
But bones are too heavy to come up  
Squished into a single cell of wood

Wooooood ... wooooooooood

And I made an excuse  
And you found another way to tell the truth  
I put no one else above us  
We'll still be best friends when all turns to dust

Du-u-u-u-u-u-ust...Du-u-u-u-u-u-ust

Dum du-dum du-dum du-dum du-du-dum

da-da-da-da-da

We are so smooth now  
Our edges are beaten drift wood whittled down  
Old bodies slip when they make love  
We'll mine our sparks to shoot us above