

# Butterfingers, E

Ascertain things are left  
Vagueness cause it ain't over till it's over  
For reasons I have not discovered  
I feel full of beans  
WAlay outside unseen trouble  
Where means are often  
Passing phases  
Even-handed young and happy  
Wipe out all my sins  
You know I cared  
You know I've cared I'd care  
I'll care  
You know I'd care....  
Forever  
Send up all the one's before  
You someday I will soon recover  
Breed a star of broken idols  
Imagine what it'll be  
Slip inside a sheltered corner  
Well think I'm fine and never healthy  
Criticize my table-manner  
I feel full of beans  
Chain all my ankles to the sky  
Sure I'll soon know before I leave  
I promise you I'll give it up  
Somehow  
I'm going down...down..down..  
How???