

# So Many Dynamos, Heat/Humidity

Saturday night the axons and the neurons  
Tell me to step into the kitchen  
Slowly open the second drawer on the right  
Search through it and grab the biggest knife I can find

It's not the heat it's the humidity, humidity  
And I'm not sure what's gotten into me, into me

Sunday morning the carbon monoxide  
Tells me that we should go for a ride  
In hindsight this whole thing seems so bizarre  
God, you make a lot of noise in the trunk of my car

It's been nice knowing you  
Now make your last wishes now  
It's been nice knowing you  
Now sleep with the fishes now, sleep with the fishes now

It's not the heat it's the humidity, humidity  
And I'm not sure what's gotten into me, into me  
Get what you get when you