

Your Retro Career Melted

The Faint

Recovering slowly, a torso fell
From a beat up truck by a rural motel
The manager seen how the truck bed bounced
While dust flew up with a rolling sound
Voices appear from the staff outside
In bulbous text, in a western style
His mannequin neck spun to turn his face
The bars spills drunks out frame by frame
Girls pushed girls side to side
To hear a suction sound as limbs realign
The crowd just seemed to multiply
They hear his plastic jaw as the news drops hard
Your retro career melted
Your retro career melted
Your retro career melted
They couldn't have agreed with the mannequin less
They didn't understand what the mannequin meant
The sound of a barrelled gun held to the back
Some plastic clicks as the shell parts pass
Fleshtone shards fly by wild
They fill a plastic bag with the parts inside
The bag got dumped, a town nearby
They reassembled fast as his voice dropped hard
Your retro career m-m-melted
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Multiply, multiply, multiply, multiply
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