

Rubberman, The Itis

Lately this debauchery
Of sloth involved in
All of my activity
Has been lost
Only see what's going 'round
Between these four walls
Itis
Got me down
Without a sound

For days
Forgive
The way
I've been

Lazy's just a slower
Way to sink
Comfortable here
Lying on the brink

Bed has got the best of me
At our best
When she is lying next to me
Inside her sheets
She puts her hold on me
Itis
Reunites the reasons we were meant to be