

Chinois faces, to arms we sleep
Gaslight ages presume a mortal thief
Unstrung the feathers on waxing soon
For everyone pitching back
Tout le monde, it's just like that
I'm fancy free on Eerie street
Guess you're with me

Sure, we're gonna make it alone
No one can break us and own
This sullen pair, the dagger queer
The opry bests, the vested gears
Since ghosts tend to wait on home to do their bleeding

Chanois faces, with cast aglow
Stake the races that roll pure dynamos
Servile like potters, the vanquished boast
Of everyone that's carried back
Tout le monde, it's just like that!
There's no appeal, no deco zeal
No grand design

Sure, we're gonna make it alone
No one can break us and own
A purse that flows, and failing east
It's you that knows this moving feast
Skyward, look for what's left
Friends recess, fresh heirs disown

Gaslight at home, where there's a known unknown