

i think you've broken in
i think you've reached intersection
i think you've loaded the gun
past formalities into action
the way you stand there
face facing right, eyes locking in
i am your target
pupils dilate to take the hit

no dish. no cable. simply an aerial.
i've got it.

i take the liberty
i take the bait and place the bait
i take all the tools on my belt
sharpen them up and set them out

i've come to notice
i've come to know you
been feeling way too centered
now i'm reaching out of this lazy middle

no dish. no cable. simply an aerial.
i've got it.

now you've locked me straight in the doorway
now you've locked me foreign language
now it's missed what i feared missed
how beside you i am sharing i am

f**k dim shouldered and your
your, you're boredom
boredom boredom babies