

# Hoarding It For Home

Mates of State

Never seen you run so fast  
Never seen you turn in the middle of your laugh

Never once settle down  
Everyone settle down

Where's my arm?  
In this coat of arms it is a black arm  
And where's my prize?  
This little prize, it is a clear prize

I'm watching as the arms lay down  
And measuring your prize  
And hoarding it for home

Never once settle down  
Everyone settle down

And when I stand here alone  
I know speaking comes easy to you but I choke  
And when I stand here alone, I know this  
I know that since I'm leaving so soon  
I owe what I know

And yes of course, I told you I felt it  
Like the top of the tower and changing the guard  
Delta it first and adjust it right later  
I would like to extend a conclusion  
And yes of course, I told you I felt it  
As long as the flasks, they're staged and they're brimmed  
State just the facts, and the status you're after  
It's just the medicine and our time alone

Is that the same charm from way back when?

As you make space on the floor  
I form words that fit right next to yours 'cause I know

And oh, of course, now I surely felt it  
As the top of the tower, it feigns and it swells  
Give up the back and expect all that's coming  
It's just the medicine and our time alone

That's the same charm from way back when

And when I stand here alone  
Whatever it takes, I will supply you  
Thank God, these times are gone and behind us  
I know  
Boom