

# Hounds

## The Flatliners

I sit and I wait  
Like a loyal dog, I'd be here anyway  
My words excavate  
Age-old feelings, boring, fleeting, all the same

Shadowed whispers shake the ground beneath  
And fall on ears who've grown numb to everything  
(Like me!)

Don't always wanna be  
Drawing lines in the street

It's getting embarrassing  
Being the one to piss and moan  
Over your dial tone

Like a loyal dog, I sit  
Sit and wait for this  
To break, to break, to break, to break

I admit, I'm full of shit  
'Cause I can't wait for this  
To fall so I can sing out its mistakes

So inadequate  
That our story stopped and stalled; start it again  
I'll extend my hand  
Once these tears have shed

And when I fully understand  
The value of an ear that is open  
Drowning my inhibitions  
In a broken bottle rather than my friends

Like a loyal dog, I sit  
Sit and wait for this  
To break, to break, to break, to break

I admit, I'm full of shit  
'Cause I can't wait for this  
To fall so I can sing out its mistakes

I just can't escape  
All these weathered words; they tend to complicate  
Violent winds shape my vocabulary to celebrate a bastard's embrace

Like a loyal dog, I sit  
Sit and wait for this  
To break, to break, to break, to break

I admit, I'm full of shit  
'Cause I can't wait for this  
To fall so I can sing out its mistakes