

Fake Death

Tigers Jaw

Pass me off.
If you're not there then what's the point of going out?
Enough to give your school friends something to talk about.
Growing up on river street and telling me your dreams.
Come home.

Your eyes alone
A story told about how you can't help but feel old.
You've got an honest face.
It doesn't account for your mistakes.
Your hands build beautiful things for your mind to destroy.
Oh, to have no control.

It hurts a lot.
Still I'm glad I could connect.
I still look good. Her language tells me I've impressed.
Muscle, muscle, baby's calling me a god.
Gives me everything I've ever wanted, love protected.