

I don't mind the sound
Of a voice
Of your voice
When you use it like your gun
So much fun
Fire your gun

Casual as you are, gets hard to say
I won't say
'less you're going away

He's stringing himself on up to your front door
You've been a wall of ideas about the rich and the poor
With his car horn talk, you make your focus break
When you're left to yourself you're going anyway

I don't differentiate
We from they
We from they
Feel my appetite
Wild light
Sleepless night
Lean my head against an angry moon
Always room
Angry moon

In and out of a metal chair
In an unloved apartment where
I can build myself up before I make the scare
String myself up onto your front door

Street joy
You adore