

(I won't listen  
Because I know everything  
All the time, absolutely  
And you knew this when you fell in love with what was left of me  
So let's give it another shot, young missy  
Come on)

I must think I'm some sort of rocketeer  
Saving you from your awkward years  
Gaping holes look like diamond mines  
Through the ethos of a young man's dying mind

I don't know the way  
I'm just in the way  
Part of your patterned shirt  
Set off the Amber alert  
And leap from your brow into a heat distorted me

(Bows and Arrows, Bows and Arrows)

(Yeah) Commit my body to the undergrowth  
Because life as we knew it has gone up in a puff of smoke  
We embroidered clouds with pillow talk and thunderbolts  
Broke child labour laws putting in work as young adults  
Now you catch feelings, I catch planes  
To avoid any meaningful exchange  
My embrace is the icy grip of a mortician  
Speed dating with me you scream out abort mission

I don't know the way  
I'm just in the way  
Part of your patterned shirt  
Set off the Amber alert  
And leap from your brow into a heat distorted me

I don't know the way  
I'm just in the way  
Part of your patterned shirt  
Set off the Amber alert  
And leap from your brow into a heat distorted me

I don't know the way  
I'm just in the way  
Part of your patterned shirt  
Set off the Amber alert