

All my thoughts are double-jointed
But my aim is always true
And your fists aren't even frightening
If I could do the job better than you

Well it doesn't hold your interests
But they say it's good for you
So you still breathe into a paper bag
And pass it off as proof

It's the privilege that you give to one place
Tactics for the lowest stakes

Do you know what I mean?
Do you know what I mean?
I could never say it right
I just wanna feel clean

Do you know what I mean?
Do you know what I mean?

Well your eyes were so alive last night
I like you best that way
But it's cold in the first place
Cold in the worst way
Light goes out at five these days

And I know that you're here to stay
The nervous look on mommy's face

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