

Suitcases

Electric Six

It's new sound, of things burning down
I'm laughing out loud as I fade into the crowd
Or was it just a daydream I was, contemplating?
Ain't life a ball when you're living in a mall
Heeding the high society mating call
I'd rather be doing nothing at all
(That's what suitcases are for)
An escape route paved with gold
(I just can't stay here anymore)
Looking at the same-old, same old
Drains colliding and I'm tired of hiding
I stayed up late for this, I sold my hate for this
I blew you, one last kiss
One last kiss

What's in a name? More of the same
Your third-degree borders on misandry
You should've been asking, what's in my bag?
(Trouble is the question is [?] anymore)
You just write filled[?] your fables
(That's what suitcases are for)
That and turning the tables
Time flew now it lags
And I'm packing my bags
I stayed up late for this, I sold my hate for this
I blew you...
I blew you, one last kiss
One last kiss

Catch it if you can