

Friendly Homes

Foxing

Defanged and declawed
The tigers have found me and I don't care
The boroughs were swarming
With such average stylings, looks, and loves
And I was floating alone around a crowded room
When I should break bonds and sail on to California

Spend time ready to go
To California
Spend time ready to go

Sad true
I try to get to you through trip wires and glue
Halos worn and thin, they don't mean a thing

These arms are made of ships, I've felt their anchors weight
So caviler in context, indifference kept at bay
It's a mere mouth
In a midwestern state
These hands are made of wood, I've felt their splinters
They're white as winter
They're black as cinder in a midwestern state