

## Inside Job.

Gallant

In the back of the van I paid for on my last line of credit  
In the back of my mind there's a trapdoor to the place that we  
left it  
With my forehead to the frosted glass at half-past eleven  
If I said I was coming home now, would you even let me?

Had it in my palm, heard it burst before I felt it go off like  
a bomb

'Cause I played God and I lost  
Careened into a brick wall  
Murder by missed call  
It was an inside job

Staring blank at a silver screen  
Just hindsight to turn to  
I see a burning bridge from my point of view, and I really don'  
t blame you  
My eyes have never worked right, the light is always bleeding  
I turn away from anything bright, swear the darkness never leav  
es me

Had it in my palm, heard it burst before I felt it go off like  
a bomb

'Cause I played God and I lost  
Careened into a brick wall  
Murder by missed call  
It was an inside job

Yeah, I played God and I lost  
Careened into a brick wall  
Murder by missed call  
It was an inside job

It was an inside job  
It was an inside job