

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
t blame you
My eyes have never worked right, the light is always bleeding
I turn away from anything bright, swear the darkness never leaves 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