

All Thumbs Down

Into It. Over It.

It's almost like we've hardly spoke, but
All my clothes still smell like smoke, so
It's almost like I've seen you all week
Taking a break from driving, with your exhaust pipe in your driveway
If I could see you everyday, I'd take you to my place

'Cause without you in bed
It's nights with strings and cables instead
And they don't hold you back
As much as you want
They won't hold you, they won't hold you
They won't hold you back

And Germany might have to wait, what was a
Well-planned show of yours is now a show of hands, all thumbs down
But, if I was them
I'd put your card through my bike spokes and ride that thing down every street in Mülheim

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