

# Washington, DC

Into It. Over It.

Slumped down, buried in a couch  
Using old familiar methods to account for the evening  
Safe for now and everyone's still spinning  
I'll tell the tale that actually what happened

With a knife pulled on the back into the middle of a fan  
A loose cannon of a man  
With a knife poked in the back turn in the middle of a man  
Who saw my face and ran

We could all sleep soundly  
We'll travel, look the streets in the evening  
At the thought of first impressions  
Though they can be deceiving  
So I don't hope I brag about people changing

With a knife pulled on the back into the middle of a fan  
A loose cannon of a man  
With a knife poked in the back turn in the middle of a man  
Saw my face and ran

A drunken friend  
The only alibi you'll need  
Against my mouth  
And the well thought-out obscenities

We will stand your ground  
If you don't really know how  
'Cause we flagged you down  
You got out  
Shined your lights and left  
Flagged down  
Got out  
Shined your lights and left

We will stand your ground  
If you don't really know how  
'Cause we flagged you down  
And you got out  
Got back in and drove away

We will stand your ground  
If you don't really know how  
We will stand your ground  
If you don't really know how  
We will stand your ground  
If you don't really know how