

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