

# Keyman

Jack Stauber

Disciplinary, and it's all kinda scary  
If I jingle my keys, don't call me Keyman, please!

Rewind, refine and you'll find me inside  
Fine, you can fawn 'til the dawn  
I'll be dreaming for the open-morning lovely girl

Wrote you a song and now you're singing it wrong  
And if I jingle my keys, don't call me Keyman, please!

Rewind, refine and you'll find me inside  
Fine, you can fawn 'til the dawn  
I'll be dreaming for the open-morning lovely girl

No one afra-aid  
Tongue upon tongue  
When love is all pa-ain  
I'll think about where we've gone  
Someone might say-ay (Oh, what?)  
A girl who's crying (Ooh)  
And trust with my rai-ain  
Lovingly wrote your song

Hear that sound? (Hear that sound?)  
It was a signal from my i-island (From my i-island)  
So you can see it and survi-i-ive (See it and survi-i-ive)  
Nonsense, it's the way washing up from the wave  
Oh, hear that sound? (Hear that sound?)  
It was a signal from my i-island (From my i-island)  
So you can see it and survi-i-ive (See it and survi-i-ive)  
Nonsense, it's the way washing up from the wave

Rewind, refine and you'll find me inside  
Fine, you can fawn 'til the dawn  
I'll be dreaming for the open-morning lovely girl  
Dreaming for the open-morning lovely girl  
(Oh-oh-oh)

Please call me Keyman, I can understand it  
Much better than unlocking vanity  
Thus, call me Keyman, in fact, I demand it  
Opened doors sound sensible to me  
Oh, call me Keyman like I comprehend it  
Wagering forth some bludgeoned harmony  
But when I go then please still call me Keyman  
Not for how it were, but for how I beg to be