

# Only By Name

Johnny Booth

Beckon, the perfect bottom feeder  
Face it, you're just a grifter  
They're surrounding the cabin, now open fire  
I'm about to be found out now  
Sinking, always sinking  
You're just a grifter  
Taking steps to the bottom till you finally found out how

I'll never see the moon strike twelve  
Please, let it go when you drag on and on to the tail of a verse  
I am alive, but only by name  
I am a ghost but only to myself

Beckon, the perfect bottom feeder  
Face it, you're just a number  
I keep feeling the wheels turning the tables  
But I can't feel it take control  
Exit through the same old story  
There's a flood of consequence  
Exit through the same old story so the flood won't take me

I'll never see the moon strike twelve  
Please, let it go when you drag on and on to the tail of a verse

I can invent it  
Built and cemented  
I gave you my name  
You went and spent it, I was offended  
I can invent it  
Built and cemented  
I gave you my name  
You went and spent it, I was offended  
I can invent it  
Built and cemented  
I gave you my name  
You went and spent it, I was offended (I was offended)

We've come across feelings of knowing  
Left on the table the objects were looking at me, look at me  
The sun breached through  
As God as my witness  
I'll storm past the guards and live out my delusion  
I don't care, I'll take you with me  
I've done it again  
In the wake of a whisper  
I took all the pain at the wrist  
Information blacks out  
I'll deny it until I die

Right, right  
Always right, right

I'll say it, everything that you think will be mine  
Underneath the stained glass coffin  
Where the light will meet the earth  
I'll say it, everything you think