

## Number 9

Miguel

Wide awake, keep up  
Falling shapes, don't die  
On my tongue, a lap  
On my lap, a gun  
In the gun, a kiss  
Let it blow your mind  
Till the dust returns  
To the number nine

Brake lights off in the distance  
Don't follow me  
And the sky came crawling out beneath the waves  
Crashing into the sun  
Ain't no stopping me  
And when the checkered flags are waved  
There'll be no one else and nothing left of me

Wide awake, keep up  
Falling shapes, don't die  
On my tongue, a lap  
On my lap, a gun  
In the gun, a kiss  
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On my lap, a gun  
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Till the dust returns  
To the number nine

I am the grim reaper  
I'm the street sweeper  
I am the nightmare dream-stalker  
There's not too much that gets past my two eyes  
Even at night  
Better think twice  
Feel your deep-rooted emotions  
Fulfill the devotions  
Don't you get away, I'll be on your skin like lotion  
Living inside your brain  
(There'll be no one else and nothing left of me)  
I'm the rizz and your mind's open

Wide awake, keep up

Falling shapes, don't die  
On my tongue, a lap  
On my lap, a gun  
In the gun, a kiss  
Let it blow your mind  
Till the dust returns  
To the number nine

(With my eyes shut wide)  
Wide awake, keep up  
Falling shapes, don't die  
(And my mind goes blank)  
On my tongue, a lap  
On my lap, a gun  
(When I don't know time)  
In the gun, a kiss  
Let it blow your mind  
(And I need some space)  
Till the dust returns  
To the number nine