

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
Let it blow your mind
Till the dust returns
To the number nine

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On my lap, a gun
In the gun, a kiss
Let it blow your mind
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