

Hate Chase

Pianos Become the Teeth

A spoonful of water for all the spins
A spoonful of understanding for all my sins
Just a little more, just a little more
Just a heavy pour for the night
Just a little more, just a little more
Just a little, oh, make it just right
I think they know something
My crows weren't singing for me this morning
I think they know something
They know something good

Shame stays quiet
Stays harsh and bright
Chases the hate
And loves the ride

Well saint, if only your head had been healthy
Saint, if only your head had been healthy
They tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, I
They tell me I make for all the lost time

Shame stays quiet
Stays harsh and bright
Chases the hate
And loves the ride