

Whistle

Pile

It's like they were vampires
It's like they don't have a soul
It's strange, their way of letting you know
It's like they're poorly evolved
Like an ignorant, stubborn child
And their invasive ways are coming into their own

You signed up and now weep in line
What was all good you have blown
And you need someone to carry your load

You go find a way
To go out and start a war
I know I used to say when and now I say what for
Breaking bones like it was my goal
The hand I hold is my own
And how I'd love to carry your load