

3-4 Tango

Polar Bear Club

Arthur climbs the stairs in the back
Wipes his feet on the welcome mat
Puts his keys on the shelf that he built
Checks and plants on the windowsill

Catches a glimpse of himself in the glass
Laughs 'cause his hair's stickin' up in the back
He can't cope his kids or his wife
Cus he drank 'till he cried to his daughter's forgotten life

A silhouette of innocence
A shaving cut of common sense
Holding what can't let you go
Laughing hardest to the comic's intro
A winter walk to clear your mind
Do your twenty suck until twenty-nine?
Holding what can't let you go
Dance your heart out to the 3-4 Tango

Sarah disowned her whole family
And then her brother, the writer, penned the story
She said, "you just sit there and think that you
Know about people, when really
You wanna hold the mirror to nature
Thinking you're the next Miller or Shakespeare
Will the glass, ever come to you?
Cause who knows what you'd do?"

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Do your twenty suck until twenty-nine?
Holding what can't let you go
Dance your heart out to the 3-4 Tango

It's that haunting thought and familiar ghost
That holds you hard and can't let you go,
Let you go!
(Hey!)

Some use crowds of strangers
Like a shield
From love and being loved,
Being loved

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A silhouette of innocence (the story shows, the story show!)

A shaving cut of common sense
Holding what can't let you go
Laughing hardest to the comic's intro
A winter walk to clear your mind (the stories show, the stories shows!)
Do your twenty suck until twenty-nine?
Holding what can't let you go
Dance your heart out to the 3-4 tango