

Dead Man

Polar Bear Club

Sound the horns and hit the crashes
End this watch and unearth this, unearth this dead man

Don't lock the gates under the arch
Head stones, the perfect drums for this stoic song and midnight
march
My mind is as blank as canvas rolled
I'm here to shake the souls, the earth and prove my worth
So i check my list and run

Jack on my tongue, cheap oration
Eyes like brush fire and months of repression
I'll touchdown when, when we're fixed up
Nothing's stopping it. This dead man's bell has rung

I don't clean up so well you see
No I don't feel much like anything (anything)
When I'm home long enough for you
Will you care for me or stare at my phantom limb
I'm heading out and you're staying in tonight

Jack on my tongue, cheap oration
Eyes like brush fire and months of repression
I'll touchdown when, when we're fixed up
Nothing's stopping it. This dead man's bell has rung

Shadow boxing, no one watching
I'll be vexed for the ages, no chances left to change it

I'll touchdown when, when we're fixed up
Nothing's stopping it. This dead man's bell has rung