

Building 650

Squid

Show me around, show me around, show me around
All the noble gas just powers the town
Frank's my friend
He's my friend
We are friends
There's murder sometimes
But he's a real nice guy
Well Frank's my friend
We tie them up

A flame could melt
His nose and mouth
A flame could melt
Almost anything
A shopping mall
Some kerosene
Light the shoes
'Cos I've seen rarer things
Like a murderer
Saying lovely things

A flame could melt
His nose and mouth
A flame could melt
Almost anything
Those plastic foods
On the windowsill
There is no taste
Just an empty gaze

Frank's my friend
No true American

No true American
No true American
The lights are on in building 650
The lights are red, where we go

Frank's my friend
No true American
Frank's my friend
No true American