

List Of Demands (Reparations)

The Kills

I want my money back
I'm down here drowning in your fat
You got me on my knees
Praying for everything you lack
I ain't afraid of you
I'm just a victim of your fears
You cower in your tower
Praying that I'll disappear
I got another plan
One that requires me to stand
On the stage or in the street
Don't need no microphone or beat
And when you hear this song
If you ain't dead sing along
Bang and strum to these here drums
Till you get where you belong

I got a list of demands
Written on the palm of my hands
I ball my fist, you're gonna
Know where I stand
I'm living hand to mouth
You wanna be somebody? See somebody?
Try and free somebody?

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Written on the palm of my hands
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I'm living hand to mouth
Hand to mouth

I wrote a song for you today
While I was sitting in my room
I jumped up on my bed today
And I played it on a broom
I didn't think that it would be a song
That you would hear
But when I played it in my head
I made you reappear
I wrote a video for it
And I acted out each part
And then I took your picture out
And taped it to my heart
I've taped you to my heart, dear
I've taped you to my
Heart and if you pull away from me
You'll tear my life apart

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Call the police
I'm strapped to the teeth
And liable to disregard
Your every belief
Call on the law
I'm fixin' to draw
A line between what is and seems
And call up a brawl

Call 'em right now
'Cause I'm about to go pow
I'm standing on the threshold
Of the ups and the downs
Call up a truce
Cause I'm about to bust loose
Protect ya neck 'cause son
I'm breaking out of my noose

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Hand to mouth
Hand to mouth
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