

Fist Fight

The Kite String Tangle

I tossed the keys to the valet
They rule the streets, the Calle
I had a dream of flying
I was a pizza man; and

Inside the words were hollow
Still a little ways to follow
Bath in the lights of a young night
You're too pretty for a fist fight

I'm no king I'm a soldier
Looking to get a little older
In my dreams you were insane
All sparks and butane

I was a piece of work; and
You were in a beauty pageant
You're too pretty for a fist fight

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