

I'll Not Contain You

The Microphones

I'll not contain you
I won't look for you in my room

Through lengthy talks I'll not contain you
Through climbing arms I'll reach my loft
Through rotting skin I'll leave my coffin
Through calloused work I will grow soft

My eyes narrow on a light
A blurry place where we hotly radiate
Things are not concrete there and we fastly glide

To get there, to get there
To get there I'll not contain you
I'll not contain you
To get there I'll not contain you