

Given Life

The Number Twelve Looks Like You

When your head is on back, is on backwards
Where do you see, do you see?

When your head is on backwards, where do you see?
If your lungs begin to wilt like mine, how will you breath?
You can't drop your past without digging a hole
The sky opens up and my pulse drops
Always plummet when I see your rain
No one has your back in a bar full of strangers
No one takes your blood pressure at a college play
If Lola could see this now, we'd have to stitch her back up
Dragging your thimble across the blackboard, don't drink from that cup
When your legs turn to arms, will you lift the ground?
Dig her up and polish her clean
Sharpshooter behind door number one
Monty, Monty, Monty

Just blowing in the breeze

You can't drop your past without digging a hole
The sky opens up and my pulse drops
Always plummet when I see your rain

No one has your back
No one takes your blood
No one takes your hand
No one
No one has your back in a bar full of strangers
No one takes your blood pressure at a college play
No one takes your hand when you need it most
No one

If Lola could see us now
If Lola could see us now

If Lola
If Lola (could see us now)

When your legs turn to arms, will you...
Lift the ground, dig her up, and polish her clean?

Behind door number one, number one
Behind number one, number one
Behind number one, number one
Behind number one, number one

When your head is on back, is on backwards
Where do you see, do you see?

Don't drink from that cup

When your head is on back, is on backwards
Where do you see, do you see?