

Making Gestures

The Pack A.D.

I'm making a coat out of all the youth in the parking lot
They're so cool, they look chic
With their hair in their eyes
Hair in their eye
Somebody gotta be reckoned with
Reason's out the window
And everyone's writin' letters to ex-lovers, I don't know
There are animals in my head, in my head
There are objects fallin' from the sky
And it's not rain
No, it's not rain
Oh, it's not rain

The children in the playground are laughin'
'Cause everythin' around them is so brand new
It's so brand new, so brand new
Now they're passin' notes in the classroom about their feelings
Now they're passin' notes but their teacher knows
There are animals in my head, in my head
But there are objects fallin' from the sky
And it's not snow
No, it's not snow
Whoah-oh, it's not snow

All these people they got their minds made up and nobody's ever
gonna take 'em
All these people they got their heads right up and nobody's eve
r gonna forsake 'em
All these people they got their notions built up and nobody's e
ver gonna deceive 'em
And death will be the only thing to break 'em

I'm making gestures and implicating and counteracting
And everyone nods in understanding as if I actually make sense,
Actually make sense
Now it's just me and you, everything is perfect
I should strike up a conversation
But I'm too afraid
Now it's just me and you, everything is perfect
I should say somethin' or make a move
But I'm too afraid
No, I'm too afraid
Oh, I'm too afraid