The Rapture

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Whatever's dangerous to you
you plunge yourself into
sometimes a man can't know his pain
til someone probes the wound and satisfies his mind
and when you make up your own rules
with no regard for what you lost
you make mistakes of youth
i hear her calling me
you're not a prince
you are a son
you're not the only one
you see before your eyes
and when you take up too much space
put a frown upon my face
don't believe your own lies
my anger left without a trace
leaving me with bitter taste
i had lost so much time
i hear her calling me
yoo-hoo, ahhh
you-hoo, ahhh
i hear her calling me
i hear her calling me
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