

If this is a prize it feels like a threat.
It hangs like a fist over my bed
So what are the odds if this is a bet
And whose is that voice I can't forget

How much did I find how much did you give
How much was forced or intuitive
Well who's got the gain and what will remain
When there is a hush that I contain

Chorus:

I won't blow smoke up the asses of people I don't know
How many fractured instant senses and how many yet to go
What are your worst fears and where do they hide

Here is that voice beginning to shout
I'll drop like a stone if word gets out
Cos it's never the hours that turn us into liars
But people the people you spend them with

Chorus:

I won't blow smoke up the asses of people I don't know
How many fractured instant senses and how many yet to go
What are your worst fears and where do they hide

No you don't know my relatives and that's as deep as you
get in