

## Keys

White Denim

I've got a number of keys  
No doors to unlock  
There's a hole in my wall  
That lacks the capacity to shock  
I'm nowhere, looking at something  
I oughta be seein'

What started up in my head  
Ended out in my fingers  
Now I'm sleepless in bed  
As the last notes linger  
In our mystery room  
That's called a "winning combination"

With 14 pairs  
Bringing 28 days  
Filling every cup  
Left in the hands of the saps that stay  
We're all watching, waiting  
For the building to crumble

And it's hard  
It seems unnatural  
And the best days aren't days at all  
It's not  
As if your violence and virtue  
Is virtual, oh not at all

Go bye to your mouth  
Stretching something to say  
Fumbling around in the dark  
As your hypnotist waves  
You're towards a throne  
That's up in flames  
Away some distance

You got ahold of yourself  
You got your imagery  
You got a grip on your health  
You got possibility  
You're hoping for less collision  
In your future

Watching you moving upward  
You sing yourself out of the cold  
You make a cut with your knife  
Ah, you drink and you never get old  
When your heart stops beating  
That's when you start needing some real help

And it won't be hard  
It'll feel so natural  
And the best days aren't days at all  
It's not as if your violence and virtue  
Is virtual, oh not at all