

## Point of Collapse

Wire

They're checking for traps for one of the chaps  
In the backroom Jimmy's counting the stamps  
Death in the living room, his favorite sport

A happy end  
The point of collapse

There's no space in my car, all my papers are false  
What am I doing? You're carrying a bag

In a free climbing, two-timing  
Three legged waltz

Can I leave a message? But don't use my voice  
Don't trust a man, don't give him the choice  
Of removing his jacket when he says he's one of the boys