

# Bad Astronaut, Disarm

(Houston)

I'm coming home,

I'm not bound anymore on the brink of nothing

I'm just starting something.

I am dog boy, overwhelmed, unemployed, an arsenal of outbursts

But I'm just saying it first.

I don't want to lose everything that we grew.

I'm not cutting you down, I'm just carrying the axe.

Knowing it's half bad, knowing its a little sad

And there's blood on our hands. I hate this.

No one at the wheel, everyone is here to feel:

I'm coming home. We aren't sound anymore,

I can't build a purpose in this falling structure.

I'm not tearing it down, I just can't find the sound.

I'm disarming the bomb before it goes off.

Knowing it's half bad, knowing it's all smiling sad.

And the gun in my hand is empty.

I am Mr. Guilt, everyone is here to feel.

I thank you all so much for my next trick, next trip, drive home.

(What's happening)

(Let's go)

No hard feelings.