

# Cake, Shadow Stabbing

Adjectives on the typewriter  
He moves his words like a prize fighter  
The frenzied pace of the mind inside the cell

The man on the street might just as well be  
The man on the street might just as well  
The man on the street might just as well be

Outside, outside the walls  
Out there you don't hear the echoes and calls

But the steel eye, tight jaw  
Say it all, say it all  
But the white paint  
Plastic saints  
Say it all, say it all  
Say it all, say it all, say it all, say it all  
Say it all, Say it  
Somebody has got to say it all  
Somebody has got to say it all

I'm so nervous  
I'm so tense  
My heart can't forget about this self defense  
The air is so hot  
And my breath comes fast  
I thumb the cool blade  
But I know this can't last  
(so nervous)  
(so tense)  
I thumb the cool blade  
But I know this can't last  
(so nervous)  
(so tense)

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