

ELECTRIC GUEST, The Bait

Talking about coming back to me today
All of the bait
The god of email wants me to stay
I should obey
My father told me: "Go for the pay"
Go for the pay
But god knows I just want to escape
All of the way
The more that I want what they tell me
The more I can see
Becoming a fool was half the fee
Ugly indeed

Why can't we find home?
Wandering on our own
But we're still searching for a home
And when it comes I know we'll
I've seen everything pass through this town
All of the new