

Faker, Fucking The Exhibits

Hold on to the things that you don't want to keep,
take what you want off the literature heap.
Catapult the things that you'd rather forget,
where absence of life lives in regret.

A bicycle stance is hell in your eyes.
If I could ride,
I'd ride and ride and ride and ride and ride.
One last chance is all I've found.
Hold me carefully,
and I'll lie and lie and lie.

Back where I belong,
a dissatisfied glance with a stern disrespect.
I'll give you an inch,
and how hard could it get?
I'll hold you to this like I did the first kiss.
I'm waiting outside,
I want to taste your abyss.

A bicycle stance, it's blood in your eyes.
If I could ride,
I'd ride and ride and ride and ride and ride.
One last chance is all we've found,
so hold me carefully,
and I'll lie and lie and lie back where we belong.

I'm a live wire,
I'm electricity,
and I'll be fucking the exhibits,
because they're in front of me.
You don't change a thing for me,
I'm here again.

You don't change a thing for me again.

I'm a live wire,
I'm electricity,
and I'll be fucking the exhibits,
because they're in front of me.