

Honeydogs, Wilson Blvd

A piece of string
Holding everything, together
Unraveling
About to give way
A silver sphere
Baring scar
There's a wheel somewhere, about to lose control

I wanna hear my voice
In the den
I wanna hold your hand
Touch your skin
Wilson Boulevard
Camera 1-A

The kettle boils
And overflows
They paint the prison walls pink
Flood gates are opening
The ivory tower sings

I wanna hear my voice
In the den
I wanna hold your hand
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Camera 1-A

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