

Mates of State, Running Out

You have the upper hand to open up the door
Running out, running out.
Running out shouldn't give youth back.
I have a hardened chain connected to my arms.
Running out, shouldn't pull apart.
Let's trade this tired home, for all it's worth in paper.
Running out, you react.
Tired of singing.
Oooh oooh oooh.
You're tied up, (never) tied of singing.
Tired of singing.
Revolutionary minds, never know to draw the line.
Running out, like a fire so sweet.
This will bring you closer (you want it).
Imitating Bransby imitating them.
This will bring you closer, never have to say it.
Tired of singing.