

Mates of State, Whiner's Bio

You can wait all night
I'll never stop complaining
As I look into those eyes, I can't behave
'Cause this song's not right
It's the legend that you're after
I'm occluded 'round the clock a central shame

This is the writing of the whiner's bio
Who wants to win them over

I can relate when everything stays the same
To achieve gall and orders first

Kori:
We all join hands the whistle blows
What's with this competition though
Let's all join hands the whistle goes
No need for competition though

Jason:
This jag it's a positive force that won't budge
These tastes of silver belong on a ship
And if I had any language it's yours
This jag it's a positive force that won't budge

I can relate when everything stays the same
The answers are beneath you, sweet

We all join hands the whistle blows
This jag it's a positive force that won't budge
This is the writing of the whiner's bio
What's with this competition though?
These tastes of silver belong on a ship
That was the writing of the whiner's bio