

Piebald, Mess With The Bulls

I've got your name across my hands, got a minute to understand
The sparks were flying through the poles, a circle is a circuit now
You can't mess with those crossed wires,
It's just the way the pressure lies
You're among the engines now, congratulations you real live wire
It's not funny like ha ha, it's funny like I told you so
Why do you have to write your name all over everything
I can't believe this
Mess with the bulls you get the horns, it's not funny anymore
The perfect place for friend or foe
Boys can't whine
Girls can't cry
I feel fine
My hands are tired
Your name is fading from my hands, I can't believe I understand
Look at yourself you real live wire,
Sometimes you suck sometimes you do
I feel fine.