

Pretty Girls Make Graves, Something Bigger, Som

Close my eyes and swallow
Figure out that I am not blind
Or broken eared
Just need to diappear (to get up out of here)

I know, by the look in your eyes it's time to go
We rub our legs like crickets
Kicking cans and stones
Make it electric
I've got to know I'm still alive

Tonight I want to make it real
Close my eyes feel it ride up my spine
Radiate out my limbs into air
Make it electric
I've got to know I'm still alive

Two knuckles gone, bitten from the thumb
Of the digit meant to keep us satisfied

So raise a glass, to those who finish last
And here's to us because we got all night