

# TV On The Radio, Young Liars

My mast ain't so sturdy  
My head is at half  
I'm searching the clouds for the score

My lady avails herself  
Of marked down freedom  
Forever cashed out to no more

She put the blam in the blame  
Bullets bearing the name  
Of each tigress who's left you a tooth  
Save the skins for a pelt  
And the rest for a belt  
That can't open  
No nothing  
Can't open  
No nothing

Young liars  
Thank you for taking my hands

Young liars  
Oh thank you for taking my hands

Well it's cold and it's quiet  
And cobblestone cold in here  
Fucking for fear of not wanting  
To fear again  
Lonely is all we are  
Lovely so far  
But my heart's still a marble  
In an empty jelly jar

Someday suppose that my  
Curious nervousness  
Spills into prescience  
Clairvoyant consciousness  
I will be calmer than cream  
Making maps out of your dreams

But will psychic ability  
Clinch the nativity  
Or simply diminish the flinch

Oh young liars  
Thank you for taking my hands

And burying them deep  
In the world's wet womb  
Where no one can heed their commands

Except young liars

Voice string trombone  
Pull me forward onward  
To the sea

Take my picture  
Soon all I will be  
Is my disease

Voice string trombone  
Pull me forward onward  
To the sea

Take my picture  
Soon all I will be  
Is my disease