

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