

Vixtrola, Gunboat

I've been crossed,
Like a river between you and I.
Now I am Wondering why,
I can't remember your name.
I can't remember.

I've been waitin',
I've been holding out.
If you think you have the slightest chance of swallowing me,
You should have your doubts.

And it's hard with your head in the ground.
What is lost,
What is lost may not ever be found.
I can't remember your face.
I can't remember.

I've been waitin',
I've been holding out.
If you think you have the slightest chance of swallowing me,
You should have your doubts.

When everything that you've been wantin',
Is so much more than you could give,
The pressure from the strain is frontin',
The battle of the wills you live.

I've been waitin',
I've been holdin' out.
If you think you have the slightest chance of swallowing me,
You should have your doubts.

I've been waitin',
I've been holding out.
I'm doubting you could take me down.

I've been waitin',
I've been holding out.
I'm doubting you could take me down.

I've been waitin' (I've been waiting),
I've been holding out (I've been holding out, and I'm doubting you can take me down),
If you think you have the slightest chance of swallowing me (I've been waitin', I've been holding out),
You should have your doubts (and I'm doubting you could take me down).