

# Arcadia, Election Day

Wild kind of look to the day,  
opening eyes impale neon flickers  
She moon she turning away,  
the city's her slave but he's cheating his mistress  
She's moody and grey,  
she's mean and she's restless (so restless)  
All over you as they say  
rumours or rivals yell at the strike force  
Hi guys, by the way, are you aware you're being illegal  
It's making your savior behaviour look evil  
'scuse my timing but say,  
how d'you fit in with this flim, flam and judy  
Maximum big suprise your smile is something new  
I pull my shirt off and pray,  
we're sacred and bound to suffer the heatwave  
Pull my shirt off and pray we're coming up on re-election day  
Don't even try to induce,  
In all my restrain there's no hesitation  
All the signs on the loose  
'cause sanity's rare this end of the hard day  
(yeh)  
Shadows are crawling out of the subway  
Any way that you choose in every direction just to confuse me  
Maximum big suprise she knows something new  
I pull my shirt off and pray,  
i'm saving myself to suffer the heatwave  
Pull my shirt off and pray, we're coming up on re-election day  
By roads and backways a lover's chance down a wind  
Cut open murmurs and sounds be calm hands on skin  
Carry further oh...entangled strands all sing  
Saving some time to slip away we could dance oh..  
Shouldn't be asking wild and scheming  
Could be my election day  
Stretching my back down the way  
To your invitation stretching my body  
Use your intuitive play  
cause maybe we have more play time than money  
Maximum big suprise you know something new  
I pull my shirt off and pray,  
we're sacred and bound to suffer this heatwave  
Pull my shirt off and pray we're coming up on re-election day  
Re-election day