

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 surprise 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 restraint 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 surprise 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 surprise 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