

Architecture In Helsinki, Scissor, Paper, Rock

If you're seeking repair,
For figure eights in the ice in your stare,
Seven stories we're climbing tonight,
So if you're angry about the fact that it's red,
I'll surrender,
I'll change it to white.

Sneaking looks at you sleeping around,
At you grass stained and runk on the ground,
So we're taking you down with the scissor, paper, rock again