

Joseph Arthur, Hang Around Here

Your tongue is a razor blade
(should be) careful of the things you say
('cause you) you speak your mind at me all day
(of stitching) of stitching up the games we play

Hey yeah, don't have to hang around here
Hang around here
I keep getting left behind

Hey yeah, don't have to hang around here
Hang around here
I'll go someplace I can't be found

I'll hang like my picture of you
The one I took of you coming down
Your sitting on the sideways chair
My feet never touch the ground

Hey yeah, don't have to hang around here
Hang around here
I keep getting left behind

Hey yeah, don't have to hang around here
Hang around here
I'll go someplace I can't be found
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