

Lonely Kings, Santa Cruz

Crosswed wires inspire a subtle sting
Stop when you've spoken a mouthfull
Stop when you choke it down
Sold when you have expensive tastes
I bit this silver tounge
It tasted bittersweet
And if I'm lost for words I'll say it one more time
I told 10,000 stories the one I heard last night
They'll hunt for the weakest one
And what have you, and what have you
There's smoke theres fire inside of me
I tried to put it out
I should've let it breathe
And I shut my eyes yet still I see
What are you running from?
And if I'm lost for words I'll say it one more time
I told 10,000 stories the one I heard last night
They'll meet under the boardwalk; they'll meet about midnight
Whisper sweet sweet words together
And then they'll say good bye
They tought no one could understand
They both had problems afraid to make demands
Trapped in a world they did not choose
Like a spirit caught on a runway
In a warm unending night