

Pony Pants, White Palace

we got eyes in the walls of the courthouse
and spies in spandex crawlin' through the floors of the white palace
we pinch a sack of classified files
some power doesn't start with a suit or a smile
it stops and it starts and it stops and it starts
with the insomnia inside of your heart

what happens when we're not mobile?
muscles get weak and feeble
what happens when numbers matter more than people?
suspensions rise
the oilfields are on fire
suspensions rise
your brain catches on fire

when the city's all blacked out
and the moon glows red
we're more alive than we've ever been
well i took him down before he frisked you
and grabbed your hand
we walked away doing the revolution disco

what happens when we're not mobile?
our muscles get weak and feeble
what happens when your numbers matter more than people?
all that anger materializes
it turns into desire

i know, it's complicated ain't it
and i know, it's complicated ain't it
pull your boots up, hang your banners up
baby chin up, tie your bandannas up
cause we're gonna make it