

# 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?  
suspicious rise  
the oilfields are on fire  
suspicious 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