

Powderfinger, Capocity

Honesty is out of style
So hammer in the coffin nails
A message sent across to land
With kisses for you

We'll tell them nothing
Our little secret
They'll never make us, ever open up

Tradition in and out the door
Family our fatal flaw
A future frameless in design
A seamless concept

We'll tell them nothing
Our little secret
They'll never make us
Ever open up
Never break our trust
Until we're coffin dust

When this feeling fades
It'll all seem like a waste

The fragile bond has shaken loose
This secret love a shrinking noose
Suffocated on the truth
Left with nothing