

Son Ambulance, Sex In C Minor

Found my love in a lock of hair.
Quick key set, now shes changing guard again.
Tip my glass to the Range Rovers shaking their heads, wicks to burn it in.
Compassionately, oh youre lashing out my deepest depth of relationship.
Made that bed, now get in it.
Bedroom has been barren for some audience stolen away,
my spot lights out for all your applause.
Just get in back of my black hearse.
Ill drive you till you dont know where youll reach my voice across the universe tight.
Alright now, Ill write more hits for everyone.
Well have our legs all tangled up.
Come on, no youre going to fuck us over my way.
Its the American way.
Its everything were going through.
Scream it at cathedral walls, drips down the fucking diary text.
Find out what this turns into when theres no one to come next.
Once general of wooden men flipping through the dusty record binge,
youre just spinning my sex.
Did that drunken ministry shirt, prayers half-slurred the borders of my irony.
Im just being yourself.
Always looking over my own shoulder at then bench of a Wurlitzer.
Hammer strong and swift and pure (heart so true and feet so sure).
You could go effortlessly itll get you.
Im shaking off the bullshit trend.
If youd stop meddling, always pedalling youre whatever comes about.
Come on, lets dance.
Come on, I want it.
Twist it.
Shout!
Work it out!
Cause Im kicking it.
Screaming: breach into that secret heart.
Feel that precious poetry.
You know what youre going through.
Its just something I had to do.
Rapping at your chamber door, naked as when I was born.
Finding out what this turns that into.
Dying to be what Im becoming, strumming loud, mumbling proud.
Something!
So I am so quiet, quiet, quiet.
Oh! See who I let go!
(Betrothed to death)