

Son, Ambulance, Sex in C Minor

Found my love in a lock of hair.
Quick key set, now she's changing guard again.
Tip my glass to the Range Rovers shaking their heads, wicks to burn it in.
Compassionately, oh you're 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.
I'll drive you till you don't know where you'll reach my voice across the universe tight.
Alright now, I'll write more hits for everyone.
We'll have our legs all tangled up.
Come on, no you're going to fuck us over my way.
It's the American way.
It's everything we're going through.
Scream it at cathedral walls, drips down the fucking diary text.
Find out what this turns into when there's no one to come next.
Once general of wooden men flipping through the dusty record binge,
you're just spinning my sex.
Did that drunken ministry shirt, prayers half-slurred the borders of my irony.
I'm 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 it'll get you.
I'm shaking off the bullshit trend.
If you'd stop meddling, always pedalling you're whatever comes about.
Come on, lets dance.
Come on, I want it.
Twist it.
Shout!
Work it out!
Cause I'm kicking it.
Screaming: breach into that secret heart.
Feel that precious poetry.
You know what you're going through.
It's 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 I'm becoming, strumming loud, mumbling proud.
Something!
So I am so quiet, quiet, quiet.
Oh! See who I let go!
(Betrothed to death)