

The Hoodies, Baltimore

I'm shaking, I'm breaking down.
Everyone's around.
I'd like to spend some time alone,
maybe further away from home,
but that would be too much to ask.
Leave me alone.
Everyone is trying to pull us apart,
but you know we won't let them.
Will we sweetheart?
So build the walls and call the men,
our enemies march again.
The tide is coming in.
What I'd give to break their necks,
to put a bullet through their chests.
Violence to make a peace.
A dream of you and me.
I'd give them everything they wish,
down to that last timely kiss,
because they know what's good for us (don't they?).