

Disarm

Bad Astronaut

(Houston)

I'm coming home,
I'm not bound anymore on the brink of nothing
I'm just starting something.

I am dog boy, overwhelmed, unemployed, an arsenal of outbursts
But I'm just saying it first.
I don't want to lose everything that we grew.
I'm not cutting you down, I'm just carrying the axe.

Knowing it's half bad, knowing its a little sad
And there's blood on our hands. I hate this.
No one at the wheel, everyone is here to feel:
I'm coming home. We aren't sound anymore,
I can't build a purpose in this falling structure.

I'm not tearing it down, I just can't find the sound.
I'm disarming the bomb before it goes off.

Knowing it's half bad, knowing it's all smiling sad.
And the gun in my hand is empty.
I am Mr. Guilt, everyone is here to feel.
I thank you all so much for my next trick, next trip, drive home.
e.

(What's happening)
(Let's go)

No hard feelings.