

Beggin For Thread

Banks

So, I got edges that scratch
And sometimes I don't got a filter
But I'm so tired of eatin' all of my misspoken words

I know my disposition gets confusing
My disproportionate reactions fuse with my eager state
That's why you want to come out and play with me (yeah)
(Why, why, why)

Stooped down and out you got me beggin' for thread
To sew this hole up that you ripped in my head
Stupidly you think you had it under control
Strapped down to something that you don't understand
Don't know what you were getting yourself into
You should have known, secretly I'm think you knew

I got some dirt on my shoes
My words can come out as a pistol
And I'm no good at aiming, but I can aim it at you

I know my actions, they may get confusing
But my unstableness is my solution, to even space
That's why you want to come out and play with me (yeah)

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Hold it out, (woah-oah) try to hide it out
But my tracks are better

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