

Shadow Stabbing

Cake

Adjectives on the typewriter
He moves his words like a prize fighter
The frenzied pace of the mind inside the cell

The man on the street might just as well be
The man on the street might just as well
The man on the street might just as well be

Outside, outside the walls
Out there you don't hear the echoes and calls
But the steel eye, tight jaw, say it all, say it all
But the white paint, plastic saints say it all, say it all, say
it all

Say it all, say it all
Say it all, say it all, say it all
Say somebody forgot to say it all
Somebody got to say it all

I'm so nervous, I'm so tense
My heart can't forget about this self defense
When the air is so hot and my breath comes fast
I thumb the cool blade but I know this, it can't last
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