

Young man with a bruised old soul
One snap to bring you back
Hands black with smudging the night into day
There's lend time in the alley, you could slip away
But there are still fences to squeeze through
And I'll reach you, spirits to cancel

Come to the river sun
Let your obsession go
Gone to the river sun
What does it prove if you die for a tune
It's really all disco
Everything
Everything

Let's join the yellow eyed snuck flies
Rejoicing in choices they made
Let's be a bird laughing at not having learned
Let's be a hundred and five you and I
And sing out a tune of regret to the moon
Perverted old timers
I'll feed you one liners

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What does it prove if you die for a tune
Don't you know it's all disco
Everything

I can hear how deep you're going
Pull the cord
I can feel your tempo slowing
Pull the cord

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