

Bishops Knife Trick

Fall Out Boy

I'm pedal to the metal make no mistake
This is my pity party, pity party
And I'm living out of time, eternal heatstroke
Spiritual revolt from the waist down
From the waist down
I'm just a full tank away from freedom
Spitfire

These are the last blues we're ever gonna have
Let's see how deep we get
The glow of the cities below lead us back
To the places that we never should have left
The last blues we're ever gonna have
Let's see how deep we'll get
The glow of the cities below lead us back
To the places that we never should have left

The last, the last, the last
The last, the last, the last
The last, the last, the last
The last, the last, the last

I got a feeling inside that I can't domesticate
It doesn't wanna live in a cage
A feeling that I can't housebreak
And I'm yours
'Til the earth starts to crumble and the heavens roll away
I'm struggling to exist with you and without you, yeah
I'm just a full tank away from freedom
Spitfire

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I'm sifting through the sand, sand, sand
Looking through pieces of broken hourglass
Trying to get it all back
Put it back together
As if the time had never passed
I know I should walk away, know I should walk away
But I just want to let you break my brain
And I can't seem to get a grip
No matter how I live with it