

Now he's alive, while he sees he knows  
He don't need a word from this fucking tease,  
He just needs some space and a lot of trees,  
A place to sleep, place to breathe.

Cruising out of third and strapped to the mountain side,  
Reaching for the sun, it tells him something's right.  
Come into my mind where I can't feel you.  
The cat is in my head and I'm fucking wide awake.

Image in the sky tells me I'm not alive,  
Smashing suns and you smashing out his brains,  
Come into my mind where I can't feel you.  
The cat is in my head and I'm fucking wide awake.

I win, I win, I win.  
It sure gets lonely at the top, sure feels weird, you're fallin  
g out.  
It sure gets lonely at the top.  
I win, I win.