

The Thrill Of The Hunt

Kind of Like Spitting

She's bright and you're bleak
Then she kicked you out into the street
You call her when you're weary and weak
And the coma you slip into
Will hold all this against you
You will learn to bite your tongue when you speak
You resolve all your sings
Start it all over again
Don't go home,
If you need to, you can call me from the road.
If you only noticed
You're dressed up and you're nervous
And we've well-rehearsed our burdens
You feel like nothing is complete
You're soulless and you're worthless
You'll be nothing until you notice
You can find refuge in anyone you meet
But don't go home
If you need to, you can call me from the road
You might notice