

Hoarding It For Home

Mates of State

Never seen you run so fast
Never seen you turn in the middle of your laugh

Never once settle down
Everyone settle down

Where's my arm?
In this coat of arms it is a black arm
And where's my prize?
This little prize, it is a clear prize

I'm watching as the arms lay down
And measuring your prize
And hoarding it for home

Never once settle down
Everyone settle down

And when I stand here alone
I know speaking comes easy to you but I choke
And when I stand here alone, I know this
I know that since I'm leaving so soon
I owe what I know

And yes of course, I told you I felt it
Like the top of the tower and changing the guard
Delta it first and adjust it right later
I would like to extend a conclusion
And yes of course, I told you I felt it
As long as the flasks, they're staged and they're brimmed
State just the facts, and the status you're after
It's just the medicine and our time alone

Is that the same charm from way back when?

As you make space on the floor
I form words that fit right next to yours 'cause I know

And oh, of course, now I surely felt it
As the top of the tower, it feigns and it swells
Give up the back and expect all that's coming
It's just the medicine and our time alone

That's the same charm from way back when

And when I stand here alone
Whatever it takes, I will supply you
Thank God, these times are gone and behind us
I know
Boom