

Grace

Moby

Locked in a kiss, outsiders cease to exist
We'll shut it out (of the fist)
Outsiders cease to exist
We'll shut it out

Eight o'clock, the lights are on at Shea
Phone turned down, we've nothing much to say
Dozing off the TV drones
House key makes them turn and glance for home

Locked in a kiss, outsiders cease to exist
Flayed of the fist
Outsiders cease to exist
We'll shut it out