

Hey
My swan song sounds like a remedy.
Take your bat mitts and you can't catch me,
No you can't catch me.
Load me up.

Sometimes it fits like I wanna see.
But then these fits take a hold of me
And that news sounds like a record,
But the record don't move me.

It's alright, as long as it's black or white.
Except when they're grey. (Ok)
That's not my favorite colour.

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Hey.
Let's bake that egg like it's chemistry.
Know what, you can shake it.
But your hands can't touch what your eyes won't see.
Give it up.
Just scratch that itch or you'll let it be.
That burned out blitz, but it don't relieve.
That voice that howls what connects you,
what connects you don't move me.

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