

Go back to those gold soundz and keep my anthem to yourself
Because it's nothing I don't like, is it a crisis or a boring change?

When it's central, so essential, it has a nice ring when you laugh

At the lowlife opinions, and they're coming to the chorus now

I keep my address to yourself
'Cause we need secrets
We need secret cret cret cret crets
Back right now

Because I never wanna make you feel that you're social
Never ignored soul, believe in what you wanna do
And do you think that it's a major flaw when they rise up in the falling rain
And if you stay around with your knuckles ground down, the trial's over, weapon's found

Keep my address to myself
Because it's secret
'Cause it's secret cret cret cret cret cret cret cret cret cret cret
cret cret cret
Back right now

So drunk in the August sun and you're the kind of girl I like
Because you're empty and I'm empty and you can never quarantine the past
Did you remember in December that I won't need you when I'm gone?
And if I go there, I won't stay there because I'm sitting here too long

I've been sitting here too long
And I've been wasted
Advocating that word for the last word
Last words come up, all you've got to waste