

Believe, believe that's how they teach you to breathe
But what do they expect when they say decide
You say it's your right
Well it's mine too
You say you go out every night
What's a boy to do?
Are we waxing or waning or is that just the choice of the moon
Or do we need mooring tie yourself to the nearest tree
Everyone is tumbling yeah
Adjust your straight-ahead
A sharp edge needing blunting
Make it round as a ball