

# King Kong

Psapp

Don't come to my room  
If you've got nothing good to say  
Can't run me over in a parked car

You're always speaking for sound  
Tripping over words  
I know it's habit and you mean well  
you mean well

One of us is leaving  
And it won't be me  
You take my drum and you beat it  
So it never heals

We know our lines too well  
We are water tight  
And all the good things that you mean to say  
they get lost

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Can't run me over in a parked car  
A parked car

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So it never heals