

Blueprints for Lost Sounds

Raunchy

Lay down and wait
Save your guns for the night

There's a pink sound in the sundown
Let's step off for a second
Let's think about it

You can tame it, but you cannot keep me
This city bears my name

Death. Life. Good sons. Girls!

I'm not for keepers
It is in my blood,
But there's something about you

You can move me with your style
It's the sex and the wild

Death. Life. Good sons. And girls!

It's so natural
This thing between you and I
It's all that I am a good son
Might be the last time
I'll be coming home
Think I might hurt you,
Might hurt you badly
It's all that I am a bad son

I am the good son
It's all I am
Sound the bells
I'm off hook tonight
Oh how, pathetic is the life I've led
All I do is wrong, but I seem to do it right

It's so natural
This thing between you and I
It's all that I am a good son
Might be the last time
I'll be coming home
Think I might hurt you,
Might hurt you badly
It's all that I am a bad son

Might be the last time
I'll be coming home
Think I might hurt you,
Might hurt you badly
It's all that I am a bad son

Lay down and wait
Save your guns for the night

Wake me when I am
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