

I might not earn it but it's what I deserve.  
I married hours into dusty papers.  
My friends in ink defend the way I think.

Your civil servant I'm not civil to serve.  
My rival head is out but I'm the loser.  
Keep on screaming till you say what you think.

"Close your lips, stop when you're ahead,  
'Cuz I've heard your stories I have heard them all,  
And there's no, no need, no need for excuses  
When I've heard your stories I have heard them all."

You lust for anywhere that's not your home.  
It's been awhile since you leapt from the throne,  
I hear something, this street is quivering.

It sounds like bodies learning bodies for sure.  
It sounds like us back in the basement after  
The liquid-loving judgement, and our troubles.

"Close your lips, stop when you're ahead,  
'Cuz I've heard your stories I have heard them all,  
And there's no, no need, no need for excuses  
When I've heard your stories I have heard them all."

Wait, you say, you lost yourself.  
You want to know why?  
You don't know anything!  
We don't need anything!