

Dynamite

The Devil Makes Three

Well I been thinking the paint off these walls
Watching every single aspiration this fall
Why can't it be like it is in my dreams
Where I fly through the sky but ain't got no wings
I'm like a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true
You can straight feel the blast when we brush against you

Now hear me

I've been hearing the voices of the grave
Now every single one made me their slave
Pushing their music down into my veins
All that powder and all that pain
I'm like a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true
You can straight feel the blast when we brush against you

I know that it's coming, but I ain't worried none
'Cause we got enough here to go around
And every single person's gonna get them some
(2x)

I been watching the angels fly
Up inside that deep blue sky
They been whispering secrets down into my ears
Everything that I need to hear
Say, I'm a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true
You can straight feel the blast when we brush against you

Now I'm parking it side by side
Seems like demons don't give me no place to hide
Doesn't matter where I go, near or far
He always knows just where you are
I'm like a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true
It's like I'm gonna kill myself, but I'd rather kill you

I know that it's coming, and I ain't worried none
'Cause we got enough here to go around
And every single person's gonna get them some
(3x)

Now I'm just driving on the same old wings
Man, it seems they're the same old things
It don't matter how far that I try to go
Whether fast or whether slow
I'm like a sweating stack of dynamite, it's true
I'm gonna kill myself, but I'd rather kill you

Now hear me

I been walking the same old lines
Trying so hard to stay on the outside
But it seems it don't matter how hard I try
I always end up back up on the inside

Now you sing and now you don't
And now I will and now I won't
I'll wait right here and you will see