

The Wrongest Thing In Town

The Electric Soft Parade

Lock the door and keep the key
Your broken language could never sway me
You must be invisible
You must be on your knees

Pick emotions from a tree
There are places that I'd rather be
I don't need broken theories
Don't need out of line beginnings

In time
Running through the finish line
I'm not the only one who can help
I'm down
With the wrongest thing in town
But I won't end up by myself

Twenty-five and wide awake
One good reason to have what it takes
I can settle on this flight
To winter in the summertime
Lock the door and keep the key
There are places that I'd rather be
You must be invisible
You must be on your knees

In time
Running through the finish line
I'm not the only one who can help
I'm down
With the wrongest thing in town
But I won't end up by myself