

Our words move aimlessly through
Empty city squares,
Collecting into mobs and
Angry like their prayers.
They breathe the air we
Fought to leave behind.
This kind of blank adventure
Happens all the time,
Because nobody knows the wreck of the soul the way you do.

We fought to find our thoughts,
The runway walked us through.
The swimsuit portion of the evening
Cancelled due to rain.
The pageant's called again.
You'll find this kind of blank adventure
Happens all the time,
Because nobody knows the wreck of the soul the way you do,
Miss Teen Wordpower.

So we float through the streets,
Breathe city lights,
Claims of the crown forgotten.
So we float through the streets,
Float through the streets, the way you do, Miss Teen Wordpower.
Nobody knows the wreck of the soul the way you do, Miss Teen Wordpower.