

I will hobble you around  
I may drive you down  
There are promises I'll make  
There are promises that I'll take away

But I won't beg for you on acetate  
I won't crawl on you to validate  
Tear those numbers down, I won't be having them around  
For now

You found me on the beach  
I was resting there for weeks  
I will never cauterize / I will never tow the lines  
I will never fortify

(It's one way or the other)  
It's shudders up under the covers  
I've tumbled up under frontiers row  
Wonder if I've recovered now

But I won't beg for you on acetate  
I won't crawl on you to validate  
Tear those numbers down, I won't be having them around  
For now

Shout it, shout it golden loud  
The apple's on the archer's ground  
No longer feeling tepid now  
SHOUT IT say it louder now

I wanna carry on ...  
Tear those numbers down