

Keys

White Denim

I've got a number of keys
No doors to unlock
There's a hole in my wall
That lacks the capacity to shock
I'm nowhere, looking at something
I oughta be seein'

What started up in my head
Ended out in my fingers
Now I'm sleepless in bed
As the last notes linger
In our mystery room
That's called a "winning combination"

With 14 pairs
Bringing 28 days
Filling every cup
Left in the hands of the saps that stay
We're all watching, waiting
For the building to crumble

And it's hard
It seems unnatural
And the best days aren't days at all
It's not
As if your violence and virtue
Is virtual, oh not at all

Go bye to your mouth
Stretching something to say
Fumbling around in the dark
As your hypnotist waves
You're towards a throne
That's up in flames
Away some distance

You got ahold of yourself
You got your imagery
You got a grip on your health
You got possibility
You're hoping for less collision
In your future

Watching you moving upward
You sing yourself out of the cold
You make a cut with your knife
Ah, you drink and you never get old
When your heart stops beating
That's when you start needing some real help

And it won't be hard
It'll feel so natural
And the best days aren't days at all
It's not as if your violence and virtue
Is virtual, oh not at all