

I don't mind the sound  
Of a voice  
Of your voice  
When you use it like your gun  
So much fun  
Fire your gun

Casual as you are, gets hard to say  
I won't say  
'less you're going away

He's stringing himself on up to your front door  
You've been a wall of ideas about the rich and the poor  
With his car horn talk, you make your focus break  
When you're left to yourself you're going anyway

I don't differentiate  
We from they  
We from they  
Feel my appetite  
Wild light  
Sleepless night  
Lean my head against an angry moon  
Always room  
Angry moon

In and out of a metal chair  
In an unloved apartment where  
I can build myself up before I make the scare  
String myself up onto your front door

Street joy  
You adore