

Point of Collapse

Wire

They're checking for traps for one of the chaps
In the backroom Jimmy's counting the stamps
Death in the living room, his favorite sport

A happy end
The point of collapse

There's no space in my car, all my papers are false
What am I doing? You're carrying a bag

In a free climbing, two-timing
Three legged waltz

Can I leave a message? But don't use my voice
Don't trust a man, don't give him the choice
Of removing his jacket when he says he's one of the boys