

Fingers Never Bleed

Yeasayer

All alone, a boring job
Mincing words to fall asleep
Expertise on air guitar
So your fingers never bleed

I know you think you could do this without me
But I know I could do without you
Failed ambitions held up on a trident
Hope predictions of future come true

All the tin can buildings rattle the sidewalk
All the cars upturned talk like the trains
Ten thousand red balloons over New York
Hope the bridges all burn your life away

So you banned a friend from
Took the marrow from disease
White collar criminal
So his fingers never bleed

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