

Everything Everything, No Reptiles

I was on my knees
You were on your knees

And no reptiles, just soft boiled eggs in shirts and ties,
waiting for the flashing green man
quivering and wobbling just like all the eggs you know.

I'm going to kill a stranger,
So don't you be a stranger.

Oh baby it's alright, it's alright to feel like a fat child in a pushchair old enough to run.
Old enough to fire a gun.

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Oh baby it's alright, it's alright to feel like a fat child in a pushchair old enough to run.
Old enough to fire a gun.

Just give me this one night, just one night to feel like I might be on the right path - the path that takes
Wise enough to know myself.

Just give me this one night, just one night to feel like I might be on the right path.
Old enough to fire a gun.

Just give me this one night, just one night to feel like I might be on the right path - the path that takes
Wise enough to know myself.

Just give me this one night just one night to feel.