

Noah Gundersen, David

I keep kicking at the curb with my worn out shoes
I keep running into strangers that say i know you
I don't want to be a proud man, I just want to be a man
a little less like my father and more like my dad

I want to hunt like david
I want to kill me a giant man
I want to slay my demons
but I've got lots of them, I've got lots of them

I try to keep my conscience clean
I try to keep myself out of your bad dreams
I try to wash my hands for you every night
lest you find my strangling fingers wrapped around tight

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