

Wise Blood, Alarm

I can't think
Someone's sitting right in front of me
I need some personal space
Alright, alright, alright, alright.

Souls, keeping my fingers crossed
They'll get me out of this place
Alright, alright, alright, alright.

Licking gasoline off the walls and the floor
Only two lit sirens, but I'm looking for more
I've got a stack I'm placing, dried hands are made
For someone ready to hold my hand.

All the love in the miserable songs, turning things
I remember a story about a family tree
But I can't recall just how that story ends
But I can pretend, pretend, pretend .

I can't think
Someone's sitting right in front of me
I need my personal space
Alright, alright, alright, alright.

Souls, keeping my fingers crossed
They'll get me out of this place
Alright, alright, alright, alright.

I can't think
Someone's sitting right in front of me
I need my personal space
Alright, alright, alright, alright.

Souls, keeping my fingers crossed
They'll get me out of this place
Alright, alright, alright, alright.