

So Many Dynamos, The Pros Of Being A Con Artist

Windows are shut, shades have been pulled down
Mission accomplished before it got off the ground
I'm wearing a wire
You're screeching the tires
We're kissing the liars
We're playing with fire
Ears are down to the ground so we can hear them coming now
And it's not like we've got all the time in the world now
And our toes, they are soaked in this dirty water
So so, why'd you go? why'd you have to
Turn the lights out turn the lights turn the lights out
Well I guess that's what you get
For speaking too, speaking too soon
You know what happens when you assume, You get
It appears we've come too late, the dam is breaking, we're to blame
And we're all knee deep in dirty water, this dirty water
Now our threads are soaking wet, but I guess that's what you get
We're up to our necks in dirty water, this dirty water
Drag your skeletons from the closet
And bury them under the driveway
No more swimming in dirty water
We knock on windows, throw rocks at windows
We break the windows then we hit the ground, hit the ground.