So Many Dynamos, The Pros Of Being A Con Art

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.