The Whistleblower

Paper Tigers

Hazed eyes
And Im running on empty
Still sharp; but something keeps on telling me:
Lets stain these windows with something really devout
Oh whereve we been
When left to my own devices Im so clandestine
Do you know just where we go?
Sharing smoke with these tombstones...Because we were never getting older-
We just became ourselves
My saviour looks so good
Hes saying do you feel the hunger?
And its time to swallow pride;
But it wont ever fill me up. It never does.
Do you know just where we go?
Sharing smoke with these tombstones
We only roll with the best to get byStrike a pose,
for every match you chose; hell wont warm us anymore.
But I wont think twice if his ears to the floor.
Will we ever feel like this again?Though green was never much our colour
We try this on for size
And burn inches to feel alive
Hes saying do you feel the hunger?
And its time to swallow pride;
But it wont ever fill me up. It never does.Do you know just where we go?
Sharing smoke with these tombstones
We only roll with the best to get highWhen its time for- the great escape,
Ill pull my very best Steve McQueen,
Very best Steve McQueen,
When its time for- the great escape
Two wheels are all we need,
All we need.

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