Hallways

Excepter

they'll never find us
painting a self portrait
painting ourselves into position
we'll scare them off with word play and sweep them under the rug
my face is pushed against the glass
like a slowest-second-better off and thrown from the horse's back
but i know what i am, is there a trouble with that?
hanging round hallways
trying to get a bird's eye view
little by little (x2)
they bow their heads to pray for friday night
to save their lives and then
they go on through life armed with a scale from one to ten
hanging round hallways
like to feel like we're going somewhere
and the thinner the air becomes
the more we feel at home
the more we feel
i heard her on the phone
she said, you said, had a good day
didn't we? (x3)
and hanging round hallways
like to feel like we're going somewhere
and the thinner the air becomes the more we feel
she said that's entertainment
but he didn't wanna know
he carried the shopping bag
she carried them both

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