

Pride

Manchester Orchestra

Finally I felt the calming breeze
Stepping out to watch the final scene
After all, it's you, my pride, and me
I can't speak, whatever I can speak
Now I found the way to meet the means
Fake a face to make the kingdom clean
After all, it's me and the king and the beast
Whatever, whatever I can't speak a thing
How can I explain my wounded feet?
We cut them off in second market scenes
You cut me off before I start to sing
But I can cry as long as money's seen
You see me
See me, me, me
Sound, I'm a dead neck
What a habit, so I'll dig it up and bury it in ground
What a broke head, I think I'm dying
I need another one to incubate
The sound, what a broke head
What a habit, I need another and another one
The ground, what a dead head
I think I'm dying, I think I'm dying for another one
The sound, what a broke neck
What a lion, I need another and another one
The sound, what a cheap trick
What a habit, what a habit when I needed you
The sound, what a dead neck
What a lion, I need another and another one
The sound, what a cheap trick
What a habit, I think I'm dying for
The sound, what a dead neck
What a habit, I think I'll dig it up and bury it in ground
What a broke head, I think I'm dying
I think I'm dying

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