Beggin for Thread

Banks

So I got edges that scratch
And sometimes I don't got a filter
But I'm so tired of eatin'
All of my misspoken words
I know my disposition gets confusing
My disproportionate reactions fuse with my eager state
That's why you wanna come out and play with me, yeahWhy?Â Why?
Why?Stooped down and out, you got me beggin' for thread
To sew this hole up that you ripped in my head
Stupidly think you had it under control
Strapped down to something that you don't understand
Don't know what you were getting yourself into
You should have known, secretly I think you knewI got some dirt on my shoes
My words can come out as a pistol
I'm no good at aimin'
But I can aim it at you
I know my actions, they may get confusin'
But my unstable ways is my solutionÂ to even space
That's why you wanna come out and play with me, yeahStooped down and out, you got me beggin for thread
To sew this hole up that you ripped in my head
Stupidly think you had it under control
Strapped down to something that you don't understand
Don't know what you were getting yourself into
You should have known, secretly I think you knew
(Secretly I think you knew)Hold it out, whoa
Try to hide it out, but my tracks are better
Hold it out, whoa
Try to hide it out, but my tracks are betterHold it out, whoa
Try to hide it out, but my tracks are better
Hold it out, whoa
Try to hide it out, but my tracks are betterStooped down and out, you got me beggin' for thread
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Don't know what you were getting yourself into
You should have known, secretly I think you knew
(Secretly I think you knew)

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