

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
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 (Secretly I think you knew)

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