

The Heist

A Boy and His Kite

How much longer till this safe is cracked
My feet are cold and my hands are shaking bad
How much longer till the cops arrive
To point their guns to catch us in a crime
And we've tried our best to conceal the threat
That in time the law will catch us where we sleep
And we've tried our best to conceal the threats
That in time the law will see us to our knees
How much longer till this engine starts
My heart is racing like a cannon ball
How much longer till we get away
And drive our crime through a different state
How much longer till this safe is cracked
My feet are cold and my hands are shaking bad
How much longer till our luck is dry
Till you point your gun and shoot me in the side
And I've tried my best to forget your threats
That in time your bullet would find it's way in me
And I'll try my best to hold my breath
In time the law will find me where I bleed

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