

# Whiner's Bio

## Mates of State

You can wait all night  
I'll never stop complaining  
As I look into those eyes, I can't behave  
Cause this song's not right  
It's the legend that you're after  
I'm occluded 'round the clock a central shame This is the writing of the whiner's bio  
Who wants to win them over I can relate when everything stays the same  
To achieve gall and orders first We all join hands the whistle blows  
What's with this competition though  
Let's all join hands the whistle goes  
No need for competition though This jag it's a positive force that won't budge  
These tastes of silver belong on a ship  
And if I had any language it's yours  
This jag it's a positive force that won't budge I can relate when everything stays the same  
The answers are beneath you, sweet We all join hands the whistle blows  
This jag it's a positive force that won't budge  
This is the writing of the whiner's bio  
What's with this competition though?  
These tastes of silver belong on a ship  
That was the writing of the whiner's bio

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