

# Hallways

## Pocketknife

they'll never find us  
painting a self portrait  
painting ourselves into position  
we'll scare them off with word play and sweep them under the rug  
my face is pushed against the glass  
like a slowest-second-better off and thrown from the horse's back  
but i know what i am, is there a trouble with that?  
hanging round hallways  
trying to get a bird's eye view  
little by little (x2)  
they bow their heads to pray for friday night  
to save their lives and then  
they go on through life armed with a scale from one to ten  
hanging round hallways  
like to feel like we're going somewhere  
and the thinner the air becomes  
the more we feel at home  
the more we feel  
i heard her on the phone  
she said, you said, had a good day  
didn't we? (x3)  
and hanging round hallways  
like to feel like we're going somewhere  
and the thinner the air becomes the more we feel  
she said that's entertainment  
but he didn't wanna know  
he carried the shopping bag  
she carried them both

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