

# Disarm

## Bad Astronaut

I'm comin' home, I'm not bound anymore  
On the brink of nothin', I'm just startin' somethin' I am dog boy, overwhelmed, unemployed  
An arsenal of outbursts but I'm just sayin' it first I don't want to lose everything that we grew  
I'm not cuttin' you down, I'm just carryin' the axe Knowin' it's half bad, knowin' it's a little sad  
And there's blood on our hands

I hate this  
No one at the wheel, everyone is here to feel I'm comin' home, we aren't sound anymore  
I can't build a purpose in this falling structure I'm not tearin' it down, I just can't find the sound  
I'm disarming the bomb before it goes off Knowin' it's half bad, knowin' it's all smilin' sad  
And the gun in my hand is empty

I am Mr. Guilt  
Everyone is here to feel I thank you all so much for my next trick  
Next trip, drive home [Incomprehensible]

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