

Reprovisional

Fugazi

Somewhere in these private minds,
The last one comes just in time to
Clear out the chambers, sew up the lips,
That's the price to pay for hoping every slip's not a slide.
In other words not to get it wrong,
Pointless to walk, best time to run.
Secured under the weight of watchful eyes,
Lulled to sleep under clear expansive skies.
Somewhere in these private hearts
Conflicting histories tear us apart
And we hope we won't get what we deserve,
Hide behind the targets in front of all the people we serve.
Hey, oh yeah!
Hey, hey
Somewhere in these private minds,
The last one comes just in time to
Clear out the chambers, sew up the lips,
The price to pay for hoping every slip's not a slide.

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