Locked Out

Freelance Whales

I am starting to sense your location
You are somewhere in the attic
Looking something close to tragic
Knitting t-shirts and your mattress
I'm floating on the stairwell
With my toes grazing the cedar
Thinking softly what a tinder box we live inAnd what a flammable heart I've been given
You could be in several different places
I am sensing your locationI am starting to sense your location
You are somewhere in the basement
Beating on a makeshift drum kit
Songs that I can hardly stomach
I'm floating on the stairwell
With my fingers shaking frantic
Thinking softly what a concrete mess we live inAnd what a ice box heart I've been given
You could be in several different places
I am sensing your locationYou could be in several different places
I am starting to sense your locale nowI am to starting to sense your location
In in an old abandoned mansion
In a country side of England
Spirits trapped inside the linens
And you're feeling quite at home there
Also feeling somewhat lonely
No one sees you in your pixelated fish nets
And your black and orange beretYou could be in several different places
I am sensing your location
You could be in several different places
I am starting to sense your locale nowOh please believe the ghost in me
Is doing what I can to find you out

Songwriters
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