

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 in And what a flammable heart I've been given
You could be in several different places
I am sensing your location I 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 in And what a ice box heart I've been given
You 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 now I 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 beret You 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 now Oh please believe the ghost in me
Is doing what I can to find you out

Songwriters

KEVIN JOSEPH READ, JUDAH DADONE, JACOB STUART HYMAN, NICOLE MOURELATOS,
CHARLES CRISS Published by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>