Catamaran

smoketernal

Got your bones spread out on the dance floor
Chomping bits on your way to the supermarket
Well respected, well received, the piano and the luggage
Own the reason that we all are faking it
Scene two got an itchy feeling pets are trapped in
Give the voice a document to photograph those still life imagesYou can't make me talk, fire couldn't make me talk, is any, is any, is any...
You can't make me talk, fire couldn't make me talk
They came in, they came in, through the window...I waited around for this clock for these dirty words
Take hold of my tongue when you're pressing it down
Against the floor of my mouth there's a pulse in every drop of history
Space is allotted for the questioner
At small things, the smallest things that could ever be stolen
Briefcases hold a piece of this a broken arm, a ratchet handMove right to the bushes with a light bulb overheadYou can't make me talk, fire couldn't make me talk, is any, is any, is any...
You can't make me talk, fire couldn't make me talk
They came in, they came in, through the window...Bury your knife, bury your knife...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/