

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 images You 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 overhead You 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

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