

# Hit Man

## Rustic Overtones

He whispers in the phone, all lips and teeth and tongue  
Sounds like his first kiss mixed with his first cigarette burn  
Sometimes when its not raining, I'll burn down the diner  
Sometimes I'll play the jukebox or watch it burn down to the vinyl

It's what somebody wants; these are not my thoughts  
These are not my hands when they're in gloves  
It's what somebody wants; these are not my thoughts  
These are not my hands when they're in gloves  
It's what somebody wants;  
It's what somebody wants

I feel no remorse  
Something's will run their course  
But sometimes you go to make the way just to let the nature work  
You can keep on crawling  
I can keep on walking

It's what somebody wants; these are not my thoughts  
These are not my hands when they're in gloves  
It's what somebody wants; these are not my thoughts  
These are not my hands when they're in gloves  
It's what somebody wants;  
It's what somebody wants

It's what they want  
It's what they want

It's what somebody wants; these are not my thoughts  
These are not my hands when they're in gloves  
It's what somebody wants; these are not my thoughts  
These are not my hands when they're in gloves  
It's what somebody wants;  
It's what somebody wants

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