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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