

# I Got

## Young the Giant

In the night where I live,  
There's strange force in your kiss oh  
All's divine in desire With an ire of philosophy,  
Burning scrolls in the naked heat,  
Oh how coy is your little boy. No! Cause I know it don't read that well. Yeah!  
I got buried  
No it won't be long before I rise in  
I got buried  
No it won't be long. Yeah! In the night where I live,  
Your children sway they fuel the kitch  
Raise their glass to Soviet cries in the ward,  
And in shadows Outright, in times of old,  
Fumes are falling, smell them burn,  
Like always, yes always.  
Now here! Cause I know it don't read that well.  
And I know, only time will tell me  
I got buried  
No it won't be long before I rise in.  
I got buried  
No it won't be long before I rise in song And I know it don't read that well, yeah  
I got buried  
No it won't be long before I rise in.  
I got oh buried  
Oh no  
Cause I know I got you

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