

The Meddler

A.M.C, Mattix & Futile

You had that nighttime confidence /

Yet again

Like when you tear us all to bits

Yet again

If you really want advice here

You're too much like a wall

If you're gonna light those fires /

We're all up in arms again

Well I don't belong here

Don't fit your style

Felt your left foot

Now meet my right

See now over this, you meddler

Feed off all the rest, you meddler

Talking so close, you bring to mind

No fun to be behaving

But you really lit a fire

All up in arms again

Why don't you feed off all the rest

Well, I don't belong here

Don't fit your style

Felt your left foot

Now meet my right

It's now or never

More difficult

Those midnight answers

And stray arrows

Never, never

Lean on you

Clever, clever

One on two

You're mine

Finite

Imagine this

It's sad

To say

It's simple

When still we want to watch

Well, I don't belong here
Don't fit your style
Felt your left foot
Now meet my right
It's now or never
More difficult
Those midnight answers
And stray arrows
I don't belong

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