Hey You

The Thermals

spook in the back, bug in my head
the suit a prop, probably dead
now on the run, deep in the blame
i had a code, i didn't need a name
now the only hand left i can see
is pointing straight, straight to the grave
that is calling for me
hey youdog on the hunt, close to me now
picked up my scent, i don't know how
the charge is fake, born in a box
siren a decoy, loud and lost
now the only sound left i can hear
is the sound buried deep in the ground
that is calling me near
yeah it's calling me near
hey younow the only hand left i can see
holds the coldest, oldest truth i didn't wanna believe
oh i didn't wanna believe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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