

# 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 you dog 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 you now 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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