

Fingers Never Bleed

Yeastayer

A lonely boring job
mid-summers to fall, asleep
Expertise on air guitar
So your fingers never bleed
I know you think you could do this without me
But I know I could do without you
A failed ambition's held up on tridents Hope predictions of future come true
All the tin can buildings rattle the sidewalk
All the cars upturned talk like the trains
Ten thousand red balloons all around New York
Hope the bridges all burn your life away
So you bank a friend front row
Took the metal from disease White collar criminal
So his fingers never bleed
I know you think you could do this without me
But I know I could do without you
A failed ambition's held up on tridents
I hope predictions of future come true
All the tin can buildings rattle the sidewalk
All the cars upturned talk like the trains
Ten thousand red balloons over New York
Hope the bridges all burn your life away

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