

# Capoicity

## Powderfinger

Honesty is out of style  
So hammer in the coffin nails  
A message sent across to land  
With kisses for you Well tell them nothing  
Our little secret  
Theyll never make us  
Ever open up Tradition in and out the door  
Family our fatal flaw  
A future frame less in design  
A seamless concept Well tell them nothing  
Our little secret  
Theyll never make us  
Ever open up Never break our trust  
Until were coffin dust  
When this feeling fades  
Itll all seem like a waste The fragile bond has shaken loose  
This secret love a shrinking noose  
Suffocated on the truth  
Left with nothing

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