

Useless Talent #66

For Our Hero

Were stuck on arms like track marks
Hooded under the hum of lamp-posts
 You're turning heads like a latch
That stir boys like me from their sleep
On, on tiptoes peeking in on, on the high life
 'Till the blinds pull in, I'm just fine
 Check, check-check, check
The madness came with a mic standSo graceful, So gutless
 So graceful, So gutless
 Seems everybodys got a dance to this beat
 Uhuh and tongues are drumming on the necks of...
 Little baby, can you keep your composure?
 Uhuh, I think I lost it on the lips of...I just need to start over
 said like a sinner in shallow water
Seen pretty birds pick at the bones of bees singing dance with me
 Tuck me in before the charm wears off
 To bed with whoever just to get lost
I wanna be nothing more than somethingSo graceful, So gutless
 So graceful, So gutless
 Seems everybodys got a dance to this beat
 Uhuh and tongues are drumming on the necks of...
 Little baby, can you keep your composure?
 Uhuh, I think I lost it on the lips of...

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