

# 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 stand So 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 something So 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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