

## **Strike.Fire.Fall**

### **"Awkward Pose"**

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He was heading west to downtown  
When he should have made a right.  
He told the first girl that he saw  
He'd have her home by midnight (midnight).  
Came and went, now they're dancing like a drunken  
mess,  
In the streets where the junkies get their fix for sex.  
There's a place on the side of the road,  
He can use her like a paperback novel with a crooked  
edge.

Singing, "This is not your fault."  
She's got a secret no one knows.  
She's got a secret no one knows.

He's been (he's been) waiting (waiting).  
She's got the hidden intent,  
To end the story no one told.

They were heading southbound,  
On the way, on the way to Baha, Mexico.  
He's travelling roads that no one knows,  
Unless you're from the city where the angels roam.  
The dust lines are getting too deep.  
There ain't a soul within a mile to hear a scream.  
There's a place on the side of the road,  
She's got a five o'clock shadow and an awkward pose.

Singing, "This is not your fault."  
She's got a secret no one knows.  
She's got a secret no one knows.

He's been (he's been) waiting (waiting).  
She's got the hidden intent,  
To end the story no one told.

Singing, "This is not your fault."  
She's got a secret no one knows.  
She's got a secret no one knows.

He's been (he's been) waiting (waiting).

She's got the hidden intent,  
To end the story no one told.  
He's been (he's been) begging (begging),  
"Just spare me one more minute."  
Another victim, another night.

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