

Temper Trap, The "Peter Parker's Alter Ego"

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I wish I was a pilot
Flying on a paper plane
Standing on the shoulders of giants
To be seen by every man

I'll be good as long as I am sinner
My intentions was on the times
We'll slap on the wrist
A kiss on the cheek
You give to me what's mine...
Come in
What's mine
You can come in

Skip down open and naked
No one really seems to care
Apparently you know the difference
Between the money and a million

I used to want to be a hero
Until I found that even heros die
I'm Peter Parker's alter ego
Waiting on the telephone line

The devil may be a sinner
But the good girls always say it's time
As you turn your head you go walking in the den
You leave when you know what's mine...

Come in
And take what's mine
To keep
I'll tell the sorrows that tomorrows dream can bring
But I'll live it all

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