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## Close Lobsters "Loopholes"

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I discovered it was just a position Of red and it sorted out A theater as big as a cathedral But when I went out, my shoulders caved in

Speak to myself (as old as you know) It'll never get better, why bother? And rule out the possibility to walk back home Speak to no one

Anna took the edge off of it Can't believe just what you're saying Broke a six inch nail through my hand It swelled up like a beach ball There's light at the end of tunnel vision Fireworks can be reconquered With acrobatic precision Pure mind-bend

I discovered it was just a position Speak to myself as old as you know It'll never get better, why bother? And rule out the possibility to walk back home Speak to no one

Everything turns 'round in circles Most things are best left unsaid

Broke a six inch nail through my hand It swelled up like a beach ball There's light at the end of tunnel vision Fireworks can be reconquered With acrobatic precision Pure mind-bend

I discovered it was just a position I discovered it was just a position I discovered it was just a position I discovered it was out of proportion

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