

For Our Hero "Useless Talent #66"

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Weâ€™re stuck on arms like track marks
Hooded under the hum of lamp-posts
Youâ€™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 everybodyâ€™s 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

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