

Heather Hates You "Captain I'm Tired"

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Boring is the new black,
The city's slick with slack
I must advance the track
Climb the bricks to kiss your back.
I have to testify
I've suspected this for quite some time:
It's time to cut our ties,
Like well-advised samurais.

We will be wrong and rare
In the space between millionaires;
So many ways to whisper
"lets get out of here."
We don't need radio
To tell us what we know we know:
"the timbers are on fire!"
Now, we raise the roofbeams higher!

Captain, I'm tired
Sister, I'm on fire
There's silence in the choirs
Revolution in the wires
(heres a quick summary
If you haven't followed me:
Signora, be my signatory.
Take my hand on the second story
Hurry your mouth to mine!)
Illuminated and aligned,
Our hearts are pines
And theirs are turpentine!

Captain, I'm tired
Sister, I'm on fire
There's silence in the choirs
Revolution in the wires
Captain, I remain
Sister, I maintain
There's science in the choirs
Revolution in the wires

There's silence in the choirs
Revolution in the wires

Captain, I retire!

There's silence in the choirs
Revolution in the wires

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