

Hoarsebox "No Pants Island"

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Left me in cold seas,
To look after myself,
Kicked me out with ease,
As I dodged well-aimed delph,

Now all your music's tasteless,
All your rhythms cheap,
All your money's worthless,
And I can't even sleep.

I can't even sleep, I can't even sleep,
I'm still awake to hear my alarm go beep, and I can't
even sleep.

Come and lie in my hand,
I Will not clench my fist,
Come and walk on my land,
And see how the road twists.

Baby Got to get through,
Now or otherwise,
Baby Got to find new,
Wisdom and highs.

CHORUS

I've had enough of the hugs, had enough of the hugs,
I'm sick of pulling the plug, sick of pulling the plug,
Gotta gimme some love, gotta gimme some love x2

Pushed me on a bus,
And called me at the border,
A hand over my mouth,
To keep in the disorder.

Now I've got to pass the days,
I can't let boredom in,
I said I've got to find ways,
My time no giving in,

I ain't giving in, I ain't giving in,
I see your clock but I've got to rock on in,
I ain't giving in

Good ol' solitude,
Made my home a shed,
Bled the radio,
Of humour, love and bread.

Saying that I love you,
Surely understates,
Saying that you love me,
Would surely seal our fate.

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