

Imperial Teen

"Hanging About"

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Hanging about and you'll stay no doubt
With your tongue hung out
With your sung not shout
In the folds of the sheet, in the flat of the pleat
The milk of the teat or the pants of the seat if you will

Shocked and enthused by your yesterday's news
And your role as a muse
In a robe that you dis'd on a whim
Of a sketch of your hair in a bun
Your stature undone and unbuckled of knuckles and
limbs

Moved and abused by the craft of a stitch
A son of a b*tch or a bastard that's bred just to kill
It aghast in the sail of a mast
That's forcing a fast
On the strike of a hunger to fill

Stretching to last with your arm on a cast
A half-finished task and a bucket that's filled to the
brim
Of a cup that's been drained its remains
The half that's poured out is the song that we shout,
let's begin,

The sun is melting the butter
It melts into the ground
The paper sticking together
It doesn't make a sound
[x2]

Hanging about and you'll stay no doubt
With your tongue hung out
With your sung not shout
In the folds of the sheet, in the flat of the pleat
The milk of the teat or the pants of the seat if you will
[x5]

