

M**"Running For Home"**

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They beam things into your head
The ghosts of your pleasure in contempt
When we were liars things were seamless
When we were wired the world was like a secret

I close my eyes now and I scream
I turn the light on and there's nothing left redeeming
I saw your face before it changed
The gun it makes you look nicer in a bad way

So low for how high
Well it's too late tonight
And I'm sure you're right
So low for how high

And after this there's just the circus
And every morning your carnie heart stops workin'
It gets tight in there sometimes
Looking for those defects
Talking like it's a reflex

I close my mouth now and I scream
I open the door and there's nothing left redeeming
I saw your face before in rough
You should wait around awhile
Cause you'r body's bound to turn up

So low for how high
Well it's too late tonight
And I'm sure you're right
So low for how high

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