

## Mates Of State

### "The Re-Arranger"

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Red colonial houses  
lining all the snow-white streets.  
Working out all our problems  
there in the back of the house  
where the ghosts all sleep.  
I know it's impossible  
but you should try to shake it off.

With that shot to the chest, boy.  
I know you mean it,  
you mean it,  
you mean it,  
you mean it.  
Defining the problems here  
it's the threat at home  
of regret at home.

I know it's impossible,  
but you should try to shake it off.  
And if you really want to shake it off  
You're gonna re-arrange us.  
Just stop and shake it off.  
You're gonna re-arrange, re-arrange,  
re-arrange, re-arrange,  
re-arrange, re-arrange us.

You were turning in anger.  
She's staring at the back twin trees  
(you've got a fury for the smallest things.  
you've got to bury it in your head.)  
kicking back all the fury there  
to the part of your head  
where it can live and seethe.  
I know it's impossible,  
but you should try to shake it off.

With that shot to the chest, boy.  
I know you mean it,  
you mean it,  
you mean it,  
you mean it.

Now I know what's inside you.  
I know I don't want you.  
I know I don't want you.  
(staring at the back, twin trees  
while you're spinning your anger red.)

I know it's impossible,  
but you should try to shake it off.  
And if you really want her shake it off,  
you've gotta re-arrange us.  
Just stop and shake it off.  
You've gotta re-arrange, re-arrange  
re-arrange, re-arrange,  
re-arrange, re-arrange us.  
Re-arrange us.  
ooh.

Love loud, don't lose loud.  
Re-arrange us.  
You're the re-arranger.

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