

## **Mewithoutyou "Disaster Tourism"**

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Call me outside I'll come running down.  
When I satisfied each need invented by my eye  
I was a nest by a fox's hole or dirt underneath your  
boots soles  
When I satisfied each need invented by my eye  
It was nothing like I'd imagined.  
Like cocaine, their green eyes fixed on the television to  
pass the time  
Until their two miles of elegant blinds halfway raised  
for the watching as you walked by  
"Look, come to the window  
She carries a candle at mid-day while the sun's still so  
high!"  
But you knew better than to pay mind to what to people  
and the devil say call me outside,  
I'll come running down into the vacant, intoxicating  
night,  
Call me outside to their haunted streets, their red  
electric lights,  
I'm on the sad side of a nowhere town,  
But sister I'm all you got so call me outside,  
I'll come running down - Then, not another word.

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