

# White Denim

## "Keys"

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I've got a number of keys  
No doors to unlock  
There's a hole in my wall  
That lacks the capacity to shock  
I know we're, looking at something I already seen

What started up in my head  
Ended out in my fingers  
Now I'm sleepless in bed  
As the last notes linger  
In our mystery, that's called "Winning Combination"

With 14 pairs, ringing 28 days  
Feeling every cup left in the hands of the sights I've  
stayed  
We're all watching, waiting for the building to crumble

And it's hard  
It seems unnatural the best days  
Aren't days at all  
Oh it's not as if your violence in virtue is virtual  
Or not at all  
Ahh ahh ahh ahh

Oh body of mine  
Stretch into something to say  
From layin' around in the dark  
As your hypnotist waves you towards the throne  
Legs up in flames  
Away in some distance

You've got a hold of yourself  
You've got your imagery  
You've got a grip on your health  
You've got possibility  
You're hopin' for less collision in your future

Watchin' you moving upward  
You see me step out of the cold  
You make a cut with your knife  
Are you drinking? You'll never get older  
When your heart starts beating

That's when you start needing some real help

And it won't be hard

It feels so natural, your best days

Aren't days at all

Oh it's not as if your violence in virtue is virtual,

Or not at all

Ahh ahh ahh ahh

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