

Paper Tigers "The Whistleblower"

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Hazed eyes
And I'm running on empty
Still sharp; but something keeps on telling me:
"Let's stain these windows with something
really devout"
Oh where've we been
When left to my own devices I'm so clandestine
Do you know just where we go?
Sharing smoke with these tombstones...

Because we were never getting older-
We just became ourselves
My saviour looks so good
He's saying do you feel the hunger?
And it's time to swallow pride;
But it won't ever fill me up. It never does.
Do you know just where we go?
Sharing smoke with these tombstones
We only roll with the best to get by

Strike a pose,
for every match you chose; hell wont warm us
anymore.
But I wont think twice if his ears to the floor.
Will we ever feel like this again?

Though green was never much our colour
We try this on for size
And burn inches to feel alive
He's saying do you feel the hunger?
And it's time to swallow pride;
But it won't ever fill me up. It never does.

Do you know just where we go?
Sharing smoke with these tombstones
We only roll with the best to get high

When its time for- the great escape,
Ill pull my very best Steve McQueen,
Very best Steve McQueen,
When its time for- the great escape
Two wheels are all we need,

All we need.

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