

Bain Mattox

"Republic Of You"

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And you wind me up like a toy soldier
Straight lined marching 'til I fall over
I am fighting for the republic of you
It's what I intend to do

Cake it in grime.
Cake it in grime.

From the subterranean train line
And the north south wind
Tunneling through the Brooklyn Bridge
And I pirate your apparel with my own two eyes
I am loving the idea of red lights
Interrupting dry spell night drives
Pirate your apparel with my eyes
Loving the idea of red lights
Interrupting dry spell night drives
And we set fire to us breathing

Bathe in ambrosia with me
And soak in sleepy leaves
I think God has given me angel wings

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Pirate your apparel with my eyes
Loving the idea of red lights
Interrupting dry spell night drives
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