

## **Bike For Three!**

### **"No Idea How"**

Visit "[No Idea How](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Steady. Unbreakable. Consistent. Fast.  
Dirt. Everything begins in the distant past.  
The sun rose. A clock started counting. A noise came.  
I got a crush on a girl with a boy's name...

Starting with nothing and building a tragic notion  
With sparks, a hammer and nails, a magic potion  
And drift wood. Ideas this good rarely fail.  
Anniversary time. A nursery rhyme. A fairy tale.  
The colour green. The greatest hits and worst misses.  
Laying down in the bed together and first kisses.  
Which way is up? And who's fingerprints is this?  
Being born is agony and ignorance is bliss.  
And I'm so lost...

And right now the night owl delivers us to bad dreams.  
Tears that turn into vapour and sad screams.  
War all the time. This is how the attack sounded.  
Objects of desire obscured and backgrounded.  
It's unfair. One pair tortured and separated.  
Red is the colour now - everything is decorated.  
It's the hand you're dealt and the card played.  
Burning the house down and learning the hard way.  
Digging the exact same hole that's been dug before.  
Sexual want - it's a perpetual tug of war.  
Exploding hearts and mistakes that spark demolition.  
Hunger with sharp claws and dark premonition.  
And I'm so lost...

Carefully organized cruelty and measured violence.  
Treasured silence. Stranded on dessert islands.  
Dull pain that holds me with deep persistence.  
Freezing cold and being told to keep your distance.  
The blood that won't stop bleeding is hell's prize.  
Cursing yourself and the mirror that tells lies.  
Voices are everywhere I look and keep talking.  
Memory serves and the whole world is sleep walking.  
Bad things, bad things on the check-list.  
Already checked off, random and reckless.  
Breathing fire and outrage, I swear and swear.  
It's everyday life - the jack hammer and wear and tear.

I question myself and the reply of the swarm.  
The slow death of the pen and the eye of the storm.  
Inside the lightning bolts and the snakes are woken.  
Feels like hell on wheels and the brakes are broken.  
And I'm so lost...

Here comes the end. It's the future. Belief.  
With it comes death and what a relief.  
It's night time. The colour is black. It's the void.  
And sometimes it's pretty when things are destroyed.  
This is what love looks like, it's unbearable.  
The sun is a constant. The moon is a variable.  
The shedding of skin, of time and regret.  
Remembering how good it feels to forget.  
I'm so lost...

Visit [Bike For Three!](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.