

Pinhead Gunpowder "Landlords"

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Cold floors, landlords

Knocking knocking should we let him in

Should we lock the door + throw away the key
What should we hide first? Should we
Throw away every last comforting thing
Throw away the door, throw away the sink

Throw away the beds so no one can tell
This is how we, this is how well
Cut the power off, give me cold cramped rooms

Disconnected phones and leaky roofs

Give it to me in large unpaid bills

This is how we, this is how we will

Spend the rest of our days

Forever and always, this is

This is how we live
This is how we learn from our mistakes
Repeat them over + again

Put them all together, that's what we do
With a little curtain separating each room
Argue, bicker and fight

Everyone plots their escape

But in the end there's nowhere else to go

This is all we have, this is all we know
Noise spilling out from the traffic on the boulevard
Broken glass and hix in the towyard

Out back say, this is a declaration of war
We've heard that before
This is how we respond to a crisis

First we steal each other's stuff
Then we hide in all four corners of the house

Trying to pass the blame
We form another angry band
And locked them in his room
Brandon took all the pots and pans
Now what are we gonna do?

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