

## **Polar Bear Club**

### **"Dead Man"**

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Sound the horns and hit the crashes  
End this watch and unearth this, unearth this dead man

Don't lock the gates under the arch  
Head stones, the perfect drums for this stoic song and  
midnight march  
My mind is as blank as canvas rolled  
I'm here to shake the souls, the earth and prove my  
worth  
So i check my list and run

Jack on my tongue, cheap oration  
Eyes like brush fire and months of repression  
I'll touchdown when, when we're fixed up  
Nothing's stopping it. This dead man's bell has rung

I don't clean up so well you see  
No I don't feel much like anything (anything)  
When I'm home long enough for you  
Will you care for me or stare at my phantom limb  
I'm heading out and you're staying in tonight

Jack on my tongue, cheap oration  
Eyes like brush fire and months of repression  
I'll touchdown when, when we're fixed up  
Nothing's stopping it. This dead man's bell has rung

Shadow boxing, no one watching  
I'll be vexed for the ages, no chances left to change it

I'll touchdown when, when we're fixed up  
Nothing's stopping it. This dead man's bell has rung

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