

## The Church

### "Maybe These Boys"

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Framed up baby, know her place  
Slippery salmon all over her face  
Browsing down through the mirrored hall  
See Arizona standing ten feet tall  
Her father's smart, plays his part  
Twirls his star and watch them start  
Oh no no don't wander off the set  
We haven't reached the borders yet  
Then into town he rides in grim  
All the mercenaries are following him  
Ripped and raw, lays his glove on the door  
Walks in and tells the man on the floor  
Maybe these boys want to do some talking  
Your room's a mess, it's ugliness  
But I go on living in it till you say yes  
The curtains are new, but the windows are old  
All the stories passing through already been told  
We live in a style where trust is a drag  
To hold up your end means the middle will sag  
Some blackhearted actors interfered in your scene  
And you can't stand success or the place where it's  
been  
The fader's been placed, judgment passed down  
Staying up all night till pure sleep drags you down  
Ripped and raw, her voice at the door

Walks in, expecting him, finds something more  
Says maybe these boys want to do some talking

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