

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons "I Fought The Broad (And The Broad Won)"

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Words they shoot off of your tongue
meet my back and I must say
you have become now so courageous,
no longer polite and melancholy
if your mind could meet your mouth's movement
you might have something to say
you touch the blade - I touch the phone
and into it this is what I will scream

[Chorus:]

Operator, operator can you hear me
I think the line is dead on my side
Transistor, transistor I hear you fade in
don't let the words break this is my life

Traffic stops the car shows movement
from the fight that breathes within
you have stretched your tongue now I see it
I see everything for what it is
now my heart beats to movements
of your hand slipping away
you touch the blade - I touch the phone
and into it this is what I will scream

[Chorus]

So bite your tongue, your tongue:
every breath you breathe exhales arguments
These are the fights that are shaping me up and open
or shy [x4]

*This is the rhythm I was singing
to the beat of my feet as I walk away, walk away
[x2]
Whoa Whoa...[x2]*

And I'm not brain dead, I'm just shy

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