

## Secret Lives Of The Freemasons "I Fought The Broad"

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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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