

Selina Martin

"Public Safety Management"

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Blind man with frozen features
Sing high your flowered speeches.
Stand tall and they will follow
Hungry, ready to swallow.
Brace yourself for a subtle
Shift from private to public.
They come with altered landscapes,
dead eyes & wooden handshakes.

I feel it right to my toes,
oh. It sits right under your nose, oh. I've got the impulse
to go, oh.
I've missed the last train. I'll make my own way home.
oh-oh.

Think tanks of shifting justice.
Face masks, gunpoint discussions.
Safeguard your smokes & chocolate
In trap doors & hidden pockets.

I feel it coming for miles,
I. It's just a new sense of style, I. You've got a reason to
hide, I.
Including but not limited to everything inside.
oh-oh.

Blind man, blind man, can't see,
can't see my escape plan. We've gotta get out of here.
We've gotta get out of here.
We've gotta get out of here.
But the only road I see is cold & long,
and built on bones of those who've gone ...

Slide down, down the embankment.
Wait there while I untangle it.
Lead line from hidden branches.
Shed tears, but don't think twice about it.

I feel it right to my toes,
oh. It sits right under your nose, oh. I've got the impulse
to go, oh.

I missed the last train. I'll make my own way home. oh-
oh

Thanks to razvan

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