

## Spaseboy

### "4 Rent"

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sirens ...signs ...insane condition  
i trust your eyes there is no ambition  
i know, i know i overflow  
and find my own way home  
its not a contest

the wounded traces of love embraces  
time to heal and different places  
if you weren't there i wouldn't care  
you never were  
you never air yourself out

time  
you bastard  
i'm alone  
i never found my way back home  
you smothered me and i smothered you  
i ran away right back to you  
and nothings changed  
the same old news  
this isn't right but it hurts to be away from you

it's not a contest  
it's not a home  
it's not a contest  
it's not a home

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