Fighters Foo

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Call and I'll answer at home in the lost and found

You say that I'm much too proud

Someone who's taking pleasure in breaking down

Nevermind the mannequins, drunk in their hollow town,

Drinking their spoils down, cheap imitations

The revelation is now.

You wont find me I'm going MIA

Tonight I'm leaving going MIA

Getting lost in you again is better than being numb

Counting every minute till the feeling comes crashing down

Run when it hit's the ground, I'm good at escaping

But better at flaking out

Calling unanswered the center becomes blown out

Stuck on the inside now

It's fear I'm embracing

I never could face you down

Red, red, laced around your head

Cold and rescued

You wont find me I'm going MIA

Tonight I'm leaving going MIA

So you don't find me I'm going mia

Tonight I'm leaving going MIA

Say good-bye to me I'm going MIA

I can find relief I'm going MIA

Getting lost in you again is better than being numb

Better than playing dumb

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