

Black scene leather kid, real ameri-kid
Shove off or move my mountain
Calm these bitter bears and i'll thank you for punching a hole
And sinking my balloon. hey!

Nag my conscience, inferior conscience
Like i'm a lunatic waiting to scream
Henpecked by heroes with kingdoms of none
We're baking black mice in the sun

You are following, you are following
You were hoping to find something to shine
But you are out of your mind
To be so in love with this capital world

Searching, you go searching for fawna
With absinthe in your coffee and a gun in your hand
You should not be hunting for ghosts in this land
I say, i say .. my god! i say!

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Skeletons in your head, open your mind and you'll find
Skeletons in your head, open your mind and you'll find..

Swing high, swing low
Swing high, swing low
Swing high, swing low
Swing high, swing low

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To be so in love