

Provisional

Fugazi

Somewhere in these private minds,
the last one comes just in time to
clear out the chambers and sew up the lips,
'cause that's the price to pay
for hoping every slip's not a slide.
In other words not to get it wrong,
it's pointless to walk when its past time to run
secured under the weight of watchful eyes,
lulled to sleep under clear expansive skies.
Somewhere in these prying hearts
conflicting histories tear us apart
and we hope we don't get what we deserve,
hide behind the targets in front of
all the people we serve.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>