

# Beggin For Thread

## Banks

So, I got edges that scratch  
And sometimes I don't got a filter  
But I'm so tired of eatin' all of my misspoken words I know my disposition gets confusing  
My disproportionate reactions fuse with my eager state  
That's why you want to come out and play with me (yeah)  
(Why, why, why) Stooped down and out you got me beggin' for thread  
To sew this hole up that you ripped in my head  
Stupidly you think you had it under control  
Strapped down to something that you don't understand  
Don't know what you were getting yourself into  
You should have known, secretly I'm think you knew I got some dirt on my shoes  
My words can come out as a pistol  
And I'm no good at aiming, but I can aim it at you  
I know my actions, they may get confusing  
But my unstableness is my solution, to even space  
That's why you want to come out and play with me (yeah) Stooped down and out you got me  
beggin' for thread  
To sew this hole up that you ripped in my head  
Stupidly you think you had it under control Strapped down to something that you don't  
understand  
Don't know what you were getting yourself into  
You should have known, secretly I'm think you knew Hold it out, (woah-oah) try to hide it out  
But my tracks are better Hold it out, (woah-oah) try to hide it out  
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To sew this hole up that you ripped in my head  
Stupidly you think you had it under control Strapped down to something that you don't  
understand  
Don't know what you were getting yourself into  
You should have known, secretly I'm think you knew  
Secretly I'm think you knew  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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