

# ELECTRIC GUEST, The Bait

Talking about coming back to me today  
All of the bait  
The god of email wants me to stay  
I should obey  
My father told me: "Go for the pay"  
Go for the pay  
But god knows I just want to escape  
All of the way  
The more that I want what they tell me  
The more I can see  
Becoming a fool was half the fee  
Ugly indeed

Why can't we find home?  
Wandering on our own  
But we're still searching for a home  
And when it comes I know we'll  
I've seen everything pass through this town  
All of the new