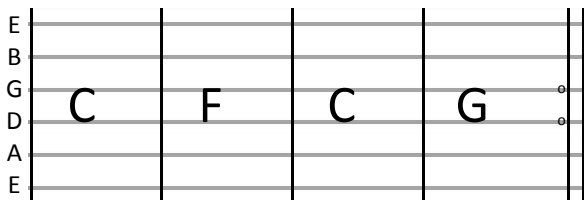


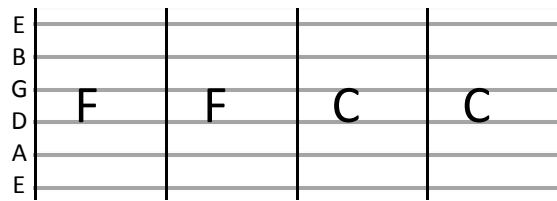
Freelance Whales – Location

Capot 3 (original capot 1)

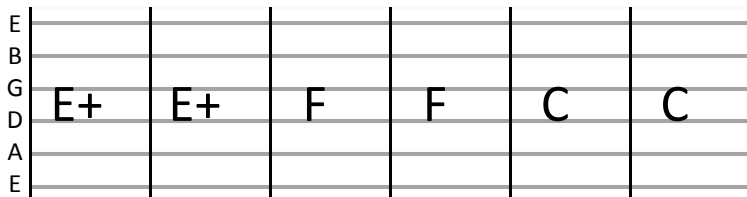
Verse A (repeat twice)



Verse B



Chorus / Outro



Verse 1

I am starting to sense your location, you are somewhere in the attic
Looking something close to tragic, knitting t-shirts in your mattress.
I'm floating up the stairwell with my toes grazing the cedar
Thinking softly what a tender box we live in
And what a flammable heart I've been given.

Chorus (1st line only)

You could be in several different places, I am sensing your location.
You could be in several different; I am starting to sense your locale now.

Verse 2

I am starting to sense your location, you are somewhere in the basement
Beating on a makeshift drum kit, songs that I can hardly stomach
I'm floating up the stairwell with my fingers shaking frantic
Thinking softly what a concrete mess we live in,
And what an icebox heart I've been given.

Chorus (full)

Verse 3

I am starting to sense your location, in an old abandoned mansion
In the country side of England, spirits trapped inside the land.
And you're feeling quite at home there, also feeling somewhat lonely
No one sees you in your pixelated fishnets
And your black and orange barrettes.

Chorus (full)

Outro

Oh please believe the ghost in me is doing what I can to find you out.