

A Jealousy Issue, Who Crucified The Chaperone

COME ON!

just grab my hand baby
sitting down is giving up
just this once baby
shutting up is giving in
pry those petals from their wet walls
so we can hit the floor
it's the rhythm of rebellion
a reason for celebration
let the volume do the talking
with the force of an explosion
come on and place those
nervous palms in mine
we'll drive the fear from both our frames
sending bitten bullets through those bitter pills
in an unexpected plot twist
you've stunned me with a kiss
that felt like a runaway wrought iron fist
don't hang the dj yet
this song deserves a second spin
if you feel the need
switch those lips to repeat
before the needle leaves the surface
and the night has left us speechless
we'll go home when we've burnt yours
dancing amongst the cinders with your daughters
buried regrets in all the rubble
the friction in the scheme of things.