

# Dillon, Thirteen Thirtyfive

Strongest taste  
Loudest drop  
Head is filled  
The thought, unlocked [x3]

Strongest taste  
Loudest drop  
Head is filled

You'd be thirteen  
I'd be thirty-five  
Gone to find a place for us to hide

Be together, but alone  
As the need for it has grown

You'd be thirteen  
I'd be thirty-five  
Gone to find a place for us to hide

Be together, but alone  
As the need for it has grown, yeah

Cha cha, cha cha, cha cha  
Cha cha, cha cha

A cave or a shed  
A car or a bed  
A hole in the ground  
Or a burial mound  
A bush or a tree  
Or the Aegean Sea, will do for me

Cha cha, cha cha, cha cha  
Cha cha, cha cha, ha

I can say that you look pretty  
You turn my legs into spaghetti  
You set my heart on fire

For you I found a vent  
In the bottom of a coal mine  
Just enough space for your hands in the inside

If you go  
Do let me know

You'd be thirteen  
I'd be thirty-five  
Gone to find a place for us to hide

A den or a desert  
Perhaps an ink squirt  
A cellar, a wishing well, a war  
Or a guarantee will do for me

For you I found a cell  
On the top floor of a prison  
Just enough space for you to fit your feet in

If you go  
Do let me know

For you I found a cell

On the top floor of a prison  
Just enough space for you to fit your feet in

If you go  
Please let me know

I go running with a heart on fire  
I go running with a heart on fire  
I go running with a heart on fire  
I go running with a heart on fire  
I go running with a heart on fire  
I go running with a heart on fire  
I go running with a heart on fire