

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