

Interpol, Obstacle 1

I wish I could eat the salt off of your lost faded lips
We can cap the old times, make playing only logical harm
We can cap the old lines, make playing that nothing else will change
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she's bad
She can read, she can read, she can read, she's bad
Oh, she's bad
But it's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this face again
You go stabbing yourself in the neck
And we can find new ways of living make playing only logical harm
And we can top the old times, clay-making that nothing else will change
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she's bad
She can read, she can read, she can read, she's read
Oh, she's bad
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this place again
You go stabbing yourself in the neck
But it's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this place again
And you go stabbing yourself in the neck
It's in the way that she posed, it's in the things that she puts in my head
Her stories are boring and stuff, she's always calling my bluff
She puts, she puts the weights into my little heart
And she gets in my room and she takes it apart
She puts the weights into my little heart
I said she puts the weights into my little heart
She packs it away
It's in the way that she walks
Her heaven is never enough
She puts the weights in my heart
She puts, oh she puts the weights into my little heart