

Manchester Orchestra, Colly Strings

Take a leaf of paper and draw your mind,
Your bourbon brown that can burn my eyes,
I lost your presence underneath the bridge
Lock the door, let's talk it out,
Against the wall, hands on my mouth,
Could this be it, is it really over now?
You wore a pink t-shirt and khaki pants,
You played your songs and danced your dance,
I unwrapped your presents underneath your feet
Nine to eleven you're getting weak,
The tile is cold, I can barely speak,
And I think she's gone, but I'll be sure for safety's keeping
If you say no, then no it will be,
I'll stick it at our skin, pierced with colly strings,
Just play it cool yeah, and try avoid being seen
I'll stick it at our skin, pierced for nothing
Well yeah I saw inside the mirror and your smoking gun,
Along in the sign, the hours, the subscribing one by one,
And I fell so fast in Seth Ott's bedroom,
You said you saw it coming but you didn't see nothing,
Your eyes are on the living room your eyes are on the closet,
Don't worry about, don't worry about anything
A pity invitation to an awkward house,
For pseudo-boy who would rather wear a blouse,
I sincerely saw your skin for the very first time
My curly hair and a voting booth,
Confessingly, this is the first time I've loved you,
And God I mean, God I mean it, I hope that I mean it
'Cause like dying young, idols got the best of me,
Well don't stop calling, you're the reason I love losing sleep,
And the building collapse, we'll shop one for something
I'll stick it at our skin, pierced for something
Besides, don't release me until it's over
And besides, you can't believe without fear
And besides, you can't believe without fear