

Of Montreal, And I've Seen A Bloody Shadow

Turning tricks on the hood of Jasmine's car
That whole summer was really just too peculiar
You know I would of given it up to almost anybody
That had a little money and was sweet to me
Yeah I was down to give it up to almost anyone
Who was sweet to me

It was rough we had to crawl down to the basement
For to hide from this digital wolf
He had no eyes but he could see using electrical force

Biting the prick that feeds me in my sister's bathroom
How can I function man in the face of all this butchery
My mind is exploding with sappy murders they
really poison my sexuality
How can I function there's no more Appalonian beauty to behold

Lillivan the heart is not dead
It's just bad weather in my temporary head
In my temporary head
Mama my heart's not dead
It's just really bad weather in my temporary head