

Psapp, Parker

A witch hunt
A sip of cream
A hot tempered bleeding queen
I sit away from you
Can't tell you what to do
You make my seasons
You make my black bells chime
And I can't help it
I want to make you mine

I see your spinning mouth
Can take us what it can
And in the dark of night
He'll scribble out of line
The concertina squeezing out my woe
There are some things that
I hope I never know

Take me and tangle me
I don't know what to believe
Glass eye, a flash of green
I'm more jealous than I seem
Oh, when I watch you
I see what you can do
And, though I'm trying
There is no pleasing you
Oh, when I watch you
I see what you can do
And, though I'm trying
There is no pleasing you