

Rilo Kiley, Portions For Foxes

There's blood in my mouth
Cause I've been biting my tongue all week
I keep on talking trash
But I never say anything
And the talking leads to touching
And the touching leads to sex
And then there is no mystery left

And it's bad news, baby, I'm bad news
I'm just bad news, bad news, bad news

I know I'm alone
If I'm with or without you
But just being around you
Offers me another form of relief
When the loneliness leads to bad dreams
And the bad dreams lead me to calling you
And I call you and say "come here!"

And it's bad news, baby, I'm bad news
I'm just bad news, bad news, bad news

And it's bad news, baby, it's bad news
It's just bad news, bad news, bad news

Cause you're just damage control
For a walking corpse like me, like you

Cause we'll all be portions for foxes
Yeah we'll all be portions for foxes

There's a pretty young thing in front of you
And she's real pretty
And she's real into you
And then she's sleeping inside of you
And the talking leads to touching
And the touching leads to sex
And then there is no mystery left

And it's bad news, I don't blame you
I do the same thing, I get lonely too

And you're bad news, my friends tell me to leave you
That you're bad news, bad news, bad news

You're bad news, baby you're bad news
And you're bad news, baby you're bad news
And you're bad news, I don't care I like you
And you're bad news, I don't care I like you
I like you