

# Test Icicles, Catch It!

That's right.

I met a girl that's the color of piss  
And sucked her dry for the acidic taste.  
Cash in hands cold hearts in bank  
And bile kisses I hate the taste.

Yeah, Yeah... Bitches don't know me.  
Yeah, Yeah... Bitches don't own me.

I sold my soul  
And stuck my tongue in a hard drive  
And was ashamed that I loved the taste  
Ivory lines and melodic scars

I am afraid that this is the end  
They all scream "bleeding's so appealing  
When you've got no heart."  
Cash in hands cold hearts in backs.

Catch it.  
I'm on top of that trick.  
I'm gonna stack those chips.

Guitar?

Catch it