

The Stills, Of Montreal

the falling freon
is turning me on
it drips on the street
the sun cries from the heat
i love feeling beat
kiss the lipstick on your teeth

friends gettin old
we all dig for gold
the crumbs and pieces
a dead mouse in the sink
are turning me on
are turning me on

the night so happy
the bass drum heavy
the photo glossy
the people pretty

turning me on
turning me on
turning me on
are turning me on.....

ooohhh