

Trophy Scars, Alchemist. Alchemists.

Oh, my god!
Let's do this again
Let's do this again, again, again, again, again!
How come I can't stop kissing you?
I can't stop kissing you
Oh, man! Oh, man! Oh, man! Oh, man! Oh, man!

And I've got headaches filled with time
Those dizzy numbers, dizzy numbers
Pictures, papers, pencils, razors
Blankets, lipgloss, whiskers, whispers
Liz tries to whisper:
"Promise that you won't fall for me."
What's that?
Didn't hear you, too late
Too late, too late, too late
Guess what? I'm drunk

I thought I'd never write a love song again
Then again I guess I'll never again
Well, well... too late
I gotta write about what I don't write about
It's just like me to let me destroy myself
Not fair... well, well

Hey check it out:
I don't got flowers for you
But I got dinner plans
I got my right hand
Hand in hand
And hands with plans
Wine and words, my pens and plants
Come on, kids, and clap your hands
Come on, Liz... just one last dance
Please?

Now,
I let the bed bugs out
I feel the time run out
Wait,
Time out! Time out!
Now,
I guess you're leaving town
Gonna put my face back down
I'm no alchemist, face down

It hurts enough just to say your name
I'm so happy that we met all the same
Black cat's mustache, ambiguous bowls
Last thing we ever wanted was somebody to hold her

We're not to blame
It happened just as soon as you said to your name
"Hi, my name is Liz, I think we should dance
Let's toast to happy endings and giving this a chance"