

Ugly Casanova, Cat Faces

my heart's stopped pumpin but my blood is still alive.
the rain hits the ground and the trees they dry it up.
(Swallows drop in and dash the sky)
my eyes wake up but my brain is sleeping fine.
(Tracing lines of cursive on the horizon)
one more thing for you and i to do before we shut our eyes
(Cuttin' cat faces in the pine)
you blame me and I'll blame you, and we're both right.
(Cuttin cat faces in the pine)
cuttin cat faces in the pines.
they say his teeth are wood and they want my pictures of him.
(Mark the path back to the point of departure)
the rain hits the ground and the trees they dry it up.
(Two by two and four by four, the pines lay down)
we're wood screws, all of our lives.
we're wood screws, all of our lives.
the rain hits the ground and the trees they dry it up.
(I lay down with southern range)
my chain hits the wood and the wood it turns to dust.
(swallows drop in and dash the sky)
I picture you as if you were a pine.
(tracing lines of cursive on the horizon)
my heart's stopped pumping but my blood is still alive.
we're wood screws, all of our lives.
(Cuttin cat faces in the pine)
and we're wood screws, all of our lives.
(Mark the path back to the point of departure)
well my heart's stopped pumping but my blood is still alive.
I lay down with the southern range.

swallows drop in and dash the sky,
tracing lines of cursive on the horizon.
cutting cat faces in the pines.
cutting cat faces in the pines.
cutting cat faces in the pines.
mark the path back to the point of departure.
two by two and four by four the pines they lay down,
we're wood screws, all of our lives.
we're wood screws, all of our lives.
and i lay down with the southern range.
swallows drop in and dash the sky,
tracing lines of cursive on the horizon.
my heart's stopped pumpin but my blood is still alive.
cutting cat faces in the pines.
mark the path back to the point of departure.
two by two and four by four the pines they lay down,
I lay down with the southern range.