

Visqueen, Lovely Guilty

You were the sun and I was moon
Then suddenly we were fine with it that way
I saw the two and they were withering
on the vine to be so happy
So happy, behind your face
An invention has taken your place

Sad, lovely, guilty when it's fish or cut line

You were the sun and I was moon
Then suddenly we were fine with it that way
I saw the stars and they were twinkling way
up high to be so happy behind your face
An invention has taken your place

Sad, lovely, guilty when it's fish or cut line