

# Action Action, Eighth Grade Summer Romance

Hold your knife against my throat, cut me deeper  
Feel the blood drip down your arm, darling  
I paint this picture on the back of my mind,  
But it's fading quickly like an eighth-grade summer romance

The sleeping pills are mixing nicely with red wine  
Catch them all, before panic hits monday  
Trapped like rats, and oh the water is rising  
We'd use the life boat, but we gnawed through the tubing

You're a drug, like the gun inside my mouth  
I know it's wrong but i just can't spit you out  
Happiness is a warm pun  
And i love the taste of steel tonight  
I know it happens for the rest of your life  
Not asking, just doing darling

I know it happens for the rest of your life

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