

Adam Green, We're Not Supposed To Be Lovers

Picture a place that's far from danger;
A nicer place to cash your chips.
I'm not the one holding you hostage
Squeezed in between my lips.

We're not supposed to be lovers,
Or friends like theyd have us believe.
We're not supposed to know eachother;
Accept my apology.

I was a babe stuck in a treebranch,
Banging on my rusty cradle bars.
Until I stole your middle finger.
Now who's the one in charge?

We're not supposed to be lovers,
Or friends like theyd have us believe.
We're not supposed to know eachother;
Accept my apology.

Vein underground,
Fist,
Face
Down
Ooze as they heal my pain.
Food on the flight,
Breakfast bite
Drop from the orange juice crane.

Picture a person you've forgotten
Kissing your brother or your friend.
Picture a wounded entertainer
Cutting his hair again.