

# Anarbor, Passion For Publication

it's the calming before the storm  
alcohol sits nicely in your stomach warm  
when you wake up hungover  
you wish you were sober  
I dance with the devil and drink with the demons  
that'll sleep with death and fell short of breath  
when you wake up hungover  
you wish you were sober  
just be pretty but naive  
anything here is what you'll believe  
let the rhyme get stuck in your head  
wish you had undressed me in your head  
it's the low before the high  
it's been so long, I thought you were dead  
when you wake up hungover  
you wish you were sober  
and I'll be counting the days that the sun goes past  
with the clouds beneath my feet(?)  
just be pretty but naive  
anything you'll hear is what you'll believe  
let the rhyme get stuck in your head  
wish you had undressed me in your bed  
'cos we've been falling apart  
built to crumble from the start  
I'm a cold metal machine  
and I'll do things you've never seen  
just be pretty but naive  
anything you'll hear is what you'll believe  
let the rhyme get stuck in your head  
wish you had undressed me in your?  
just be pretty but naive  
anything you'll hear is what you'll believe  
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wish you had undressed me in your bed  
'cos we've been falling apart  
built to crumble from the start  
I'm a cold metal machine  
and I'll do things you've never seen  
and what they don't tell you in church is saints are sinners too