

# Bonham Tracy, Kisses

She'll suck the living down to size three  
She'll suck the living and she'll kill me  
Necks are crooked and it's time to sing  
Her beak is wide open at the sound of wings

Oh ay

She kisses harder than me

She kisses harder than me

I guess I'm not that hungry

Veins are rivers flowing to the sea

Fish will eat it, but don't ask me

Angels looking make it hard to cry

People looking make it cool to die

Oh ay

She kisses harder than me

She kisses harder than me

I guess I'm not that hungry

She kisses harder than me

She kisses harder than me

I guess I'm not that hungry