

Bright Eyes, Pull My Hair

is the passion all gone?
or is it still newly wed?
if all this heat is doing is making us stick to the bed
then there is no life to revive.
but if the hunger is still there, buried somewhere inside
covered up by the boredom we've been trying to hide
then dig it up and devour
and it will be more like a song
and less like its math
if you pull on my hair, and bite me like that
and the truth is that i can't hardly wait
and i don't care if we stay up too late
don't answer the phone
don't answer the phone
and it will be more like a song and less like its math
if you pull on my hair and bite me like that
and the truth is that i can't hardly wait
it itches so bad that i can't concentrate
don't answer the phone
don't answer the phone
and it will be more like a song and less like its math
if you pull on hair and bite me like that.