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.