

Cold War Kids, Pregnant

Slither to sea
speakin' in tongues
Deft as a surgeon's knife
Carvin' through bone
Pregnant with doubt
You figured out
Tricks of the trade to make
whispers shout
Mouth full of sweets
Rottin' your teeth
Lift up the rug and sweep it underneath

You
were
dreaming
When
You
Don't
Believe

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