

Hawksley Workman, Little Tragedies

You bought a gun. 'cause you thought I wouldn't listen.
To your mouth full of nails shining like the afternoon.
With a face that would topple tidal waves.
And takes the time away.
And every pilot learns to fly to steal the blue with pirates eyes.

Whaa

I better be careful that I don't, I better be careful that I don't, I
better be careful that I don't slip into one more of you little
tragedies.

You took off your clothes, to remind me of the ocean.
Then set fire to your hair, and went dancing like a daisy.
Sha la la la. And broken bodies bait, it leaves less aftertaste.
And early warning weather flies. With rusty comets seen by
naked eyes.

I better be careful that i don't, I better be careful that I don't, I
better be careful that i don't slip into one more of your little
tragedies.

'Cause that would be no (no) good for me right now
That would be no good for me.

That would be no (no) good for me right now.

That would be no good for me.

And this one gives you super strenght.

And a yaaaaa whoo

I better be careful that I don't, I better be careful that I don't, I
better be careful that I don't slip into one more of your little
tragedies.

Whooo-ooo

I better be careful that I don't, I better be careful that I don't, I
Better be careful that I don't slip into one more of your little
tragedies.