

Hope Sandoval & The Warm Inventions, Drop

The way you drop
Is like a stone
Making out you're flying
But you've just been thrown

'Til kingdom comes
And through bitten tongues
These eyes get stung
With every curse sung

These twisted times
Can't compare to mine
And heaven knows
Where loving goes

I should have guessed
When I took that girl
Do I love her still
Well that's just a chill