

Horse Feathers, Falling Through The Roof

Lady, you fondle then fight, tonight.
By tomorrow you should grow.
Hades, the place you reside tonight.
By tomorrow we should know.
It's likely you will lie
as your tongue will taste the sky.
Like it was once.
And maybe, you will bruise
as you fall right through this roof.
Like it was once.
It's likely you will prove
that these things they come in two's.
Like it was once.
And maybe, you will bruise
as you fall right through this roof.
Like it was once.