

# Kevin Drew, Fucked Up Kid

Skin stains are left across the floor  
And I know it's cause we didn't speak about the war  
My time is only a guess  
Faces are like art upon the wall  
And I hope the rumors will break your fall  
Guess it's gonna be a love for the fucked up kid  
Spoiled fingers in a club that's a mess  
I've separated their eyes from their chest  
And I think we look like the rest  
And if you seize the carrot from there  
He might take his words and wipe doubt with his plan  
I know ya did, cause he's in love with the fucked up kid  
And all the puddles that I decided to explain  
And I heard there's a funeral for your name  
And they say their lies are better than the tests  
And when you came back you killed me with a kiss  
Like a glorious fight I wish I missed  
Oh shit, I guess I'm in love with the fucked up kid