

# Lemuria, Pants

You never missed a word I tried to fit  
Inside a chorus, inside a verse, all my intros and the bridge  
That's where I put all the awful things I think I am  
And if you still respect me I guess I'll have a second chance

I want my hands in your hair  
I want my hands in your hair  
Pulling your face closer

I told you last night you gave me butterflies  
You surprise me with new cocoons everytime they start to fly  
I instantly felt like an idiot  
Embarrassed of the person controlling my mouth  
My mouth it's always in a melee  
Figuring out how as it talks  
Your response was comforting  
I guess I gave you butterflies too

I want my hands in your hair  
I want my hands in your hair  
Pulling your face closer  
and closer  
and closer  
and closer  
and closer  
and closer  
and closer

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