

# Nickasaur, Telephone Wires And Dial Tones

she whispered me melodies  
while screaming infidelities  
passing through telephone wires and dial tones  
she makes out in blackouts  
she backstabs to passout  
then drifts off into the night  
shes looking  
for her next victim  
and supposedly im the next  
its a change of pace  
so lock the doors  
her contaigous kisses  
leave you no remorse  
put your foot on the gas  
and just go go go