

Of Montreal, Gallery Piece

I wanna be your love
I wanna make you cry
And sweep you off your feet

I wanna hurt your pride
I wanna slap your face
I wanna paint your nails

I wanna make you scream
I wanna braid your hair
I wanna kiss your friends

I wanna make you laugh
I wanna dress the same
I wanna defend you

I wanna squeeze your thighs
I wanna kiss your eyelids
And corrupt your dreams

I wanna crash your car
I wanna scratch your cheeks
I wanna make you sick

I wanna sell you out
Want to expose your flaws
I wanna steal your things

I wanna show you off
I wanna tell you lies
I wanna write you books

I wanna turn you on
I wanna make you cum
Two-hundred times a day

I wanna dry tears
Every time your sad
I wanna be your what's happening

I wanna be your only friend

I only go all the way
This time I'm not pretending

I can't take the trash
Your trashy friends are spreading about us
They've got like V.D. personalities
Oh girl, that's so messed up

You see that sculpture on the hill?
That's where she queered me out
Forever

They're monitoring my subconscious massacres I know
Bringing it closer to the surface so it's easily pervertible

I want to be a beast
I want to make you proud
And play with your head

I want to take you out
Make you feel adored
And buy you everything

I want to hurt you bad
Make you paranoid
And say the sweetest things

I want to help you grow
And for eternity
I want to be your what's happening

I see car bombs in your eyes
(Can you clap your hands?)
(Clap-clap!)
(Can you clap your hands?)
(Clap-clap!)
I hear angels apologize