

Russian Red, Walls Are Tired

Walls are tired, of holding the same old ceilings
words have found their way to stay in
and they don't let out feelings

It's written badly but verses say shes mad and creepy
and the rest of things we kind of know.
They say there'll never be a girl like her again
with her socks up to her knees and her obsession 'bout bees.

And with her eyes that she uses to touch
Everything, everything she looks at.

Cups are tired of being filled with the same coffee.
The floor can't stand that people stepping on won't even say sorry.
They say there'll never be a girl like her again
with her socks up to her knees and her obsession 'bout bees.

And with her eyes that she uses to touch
everything, everything she looks at.

Don't stay longer staring at her eyes.