

Sullivan, Florida Queen

Hold me down
Cause I'm about to fly by the seat of my pants
I can see the road through the crows
Picking off the flesh out of the palms of your hands

You could be the queen of my dreams
If you'd pull the leaves from the teeth of my rake
Would you just hold me down
Cause I'm about to makeshift another mistake

And I need a foolproof plan to clean up
All this mess I've made
But I'm running out of steam
It's not your love I want
But your breath is all I need
To tie this up

Sew me shut
Cause I got a gash on the side of my lip
I look like a king at his knees
At the wrong end of the governor's whip

And I need a foolproof plan to clean up
All this mess I've made
But I'm running out of steam
It's not your love I want
But your breath is all I need
If we can't work this out
Then I'm leaving here alive
To tie this up

Take my pulse
There's a slight knot and a swell in my glands
I can feel the cold in my throat
Working in ways not to disrupt my plans
And I need a foolproof plan to clean up
All this blood I've spilled
It's you I've killed

This mess I've made
But I'm running out of steam
It's not your love I want
But your breath is all I need
If we can't work this out
Then I'm leaving here alive
I'll carve your hands and feet
And the colors from your eyes
Could tie this up
To tie this up