

# 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