

The Ataris, Connections Are More Dangerous Than

Electric windmill skyline
The cracking soil beneath my feet
It's pearls drenched with lust
This empty bed, the sweat soaked sheets
It's like they empty out the ocean
Bodies mending this scorched earth
It's like they empty out the ocean
Bodies mending this scorched earth
So call me on your long walks home
Where drunken voices bleed into one

If you're not in love, stay where you are
If you're not in love, stay where you are
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I will to you the smell of burning leaves
Rusted windchimes and the feverish glow of fireflies
We were such terrible liars
We were such passionate lovers
We were such terrible liars
We were such passionate lovers
So call me on your long walks home
Where drunken voices bleed into one

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We awoke on your cluttered bed
To the schoolchildren below
Our teeming hearts
Habitual words are effortlessly flung
We were such terrible liars
We were such passionate lovers
We were such terrible liars
We were such passionate lovers
We were such terrible liars
We were such passionate lovers
We were such terrible liars
We were such passionate lovers
(Call me on your long walks home
Where drunken voices bleed into one)

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