The Church, Dropping Names

I want to break to be beautiful Seven long nights to think A handful of words, a sleeveful of birds Casually left on the sink Crimson beads, cut out your needs Leave you feeling more in the pink Seven long nights at a pre-announced site A head on my shoulders and I feel all right Alter the courses, stand near my flames Questionable sources, only dropping names Dropping names I taught her how to be hard or soft She never really needed to learn A trip into town, defenses are down I never ever need to return She holds me by the stars, says look at these scars Feel my longing burn Seven long days but I can't change my ways Look over my shoulder and I say hey hey