

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