

The Hush Sound, The Boys Are Too Refined

The boys are Kissing bright
They are the pretty ones who sleep in white
The silver while
They're singing clever taunts
Oh well my knees are ready to bathe in wine
Just to kiss the butt
Oh baby It's a pedophile
The boys are too refined
No baby I'll see you tomorrow
Oh can't we eat this mime?
And if the timing is right
To sneak off into the night
I'll let myself be taken just for the thrill
And If I'm given the chance
To be a dollanasans
I will be sure to shake the mountains round these ends
To get a sing or squee
With out the basketball
His credits stink
It's a golden lion.
To be a drifting car
It's saturday off, We can't just go this far
I'll take out his wife
Oh baby his creature follows
Dumb boys are too refined
Whoa baby that's in tomorrow
Boys can't be hit with flies
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