

# 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  
And if the timing is right  
To sneak off into the night  
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