

Shoulda Known

Atmosphere

Naked in the bathtub, sittin' on the porcelin
Waitin for that little hurricane to pull your torso
And the water don't run; just drips like rain
Still drips like a painkiller drips to the veins
Fill it up with a bag of that happy stuff
Cause the way she runs out you can tell she ain't had enough
Good times goddess, my goodness
Goth fingernail polish autopilot footprints
With a smile that's stitched to the fabric
Of bedtime tales that keep them kids out of the attic
The mouth of madness, loud and manic
The motive of the word, hold it south on the atlas
Picture a hole, put your hero in
Envision the goal, now zero in
Been watchin' your night train track for the last few stops
With no desire to hop in
How did we end up in your apartment?
Pocket full of gossip says this ain't smart
When it's all said and done can't hit restart
But I'll be damned if I don't wanna kiss you (hard)

Shoulda known better not to fuck with you
Ain't got nothin' but too much to lose
Lost in the rush, don't know what to do
That drug got you like I want you

I've got a restraining order against satan's daughter
And I keep it at the bottom of this Jamieson & water
And when we get there, just sit there and stare
From behind your mascara and your thick hair
I'm aware of that pain you harbor
The same that give game to the names you martyr
Apart from the details of substance and what not
I fucks wit that hunger of love pistol gut rot
Blodshot, gimme one shot, my shot
Propped up on enough talk to make the time stop
The lines of chalk that that Benjamin might cop
Killed the illustrations on them neighborhood sidewalk
Then all of a sudden she got silent
Pupils like marbles hide behind the eyelids
Getaway sticks, go limp in ?ho? place
That fucked up smile sucked up most her face
Truly beauty, seemed serene, each criticism becomes redeemed
Swollow my words no more judgement is through
Cause you look like what I feel like when i'm with you

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