

Slo-Mo for the Masses

Beulah

Lipstick stains
And they're all in short hand where
Everything's a quarter my heart
The cut leaves, rings, and the sunshine pours in where
You can mine the glass box until it breaks
Broken hearts make a brand new tattoo with a rose
And a space that's just for you
Not succeedin' but doin' just fine and the more
that I know the less I care