

Dog Years

Black Lips

I love you but your heart is made of gristle
I love you like a missile
And when I come, I always whistle
It's the liquid on your tongue, it always ripples

Don't dial, dial
Don't dial
Don't dial, dial
Don't dial

I love you for my cuts, it makes me wanna throw up
actin' like a grown up
I hate my teachers, they always get shown up
And now I got the math skills of a cup

Don't dial, dial
Don't dial
Don't dial, dial

Don't dial

You came to party
And you stepped outside
You grabbed your Virginia Slim ultra light
Menthol 100s, kush, soft pack
You lit a match
And the puny flame could barely withstand the wind
You looked at me so wild
You blew smoke in my twinkling eyes
And it burned as the carbon dioxide
Activated into my pulsating retinas
Staring back at you in awe
Like some cutting-edge piece of technological equipment
I knew you were the one