

Stitch

Allan Rayman

Hey

Before you hand me down, try me on
Trim the sleeves if they hang too long
Inside out, you see the stitch
Inside out, you see the stitch
Inside out, don't wear the inside wrong

Pretty, little wrong thing singing Hallelujah
Sucker punch, I saw the sucker sucking on a Luger
She don't have the guts, she coulda nearly pulled the trigger
No matter what I do, I am the bullet going through her

Are you drawing people again?
Do the threads of their sweaters
Hang past the rips in their jeans?
Are you drawing people again?
Would that turn you inside out?
Have you showing the stitch?

Inside out, you see the stitch (Showing the stitch)
Inside out, you see the stitch (Showing the stitch)
Inside out, don't wear the inside wrong
You see the stitch

Hey

Before you hand me down, try me on
Trim the sleeves if they hang too long
Inside out, you see the stitch
Inside out, you see the stitch
Inside out, don't wear the inside wrong

Pretty little wrong thing, oh, I wish I never knew you
It was heaven, doll, but like a doll, I outgrew you
That's not to say you're wrong for thinking
Age don't add to friction
I just don't go in for sweet, young things and superstition

Are you drawing people again?
Do the threads of their sweaters
Hang past the rips in their jeans?
Would you draw me strung out and slim?
Would that turn you inside out?
Have you showing the stitch?

Inside out, you see the stitch (Showing the stitch)
Inside out, you see the stitch (Showing the stitch)
Inside out, don't wear the inside wrong
You see the stitch