

Star Shaped Heart

Atmosphere

Dusty trails
Jezabels singing about heads and tails
Breast pocket full of useless words
I made a promise I would prove my worth
I gotta work, gotta work 'til I sweat poison
You gaining on it like you tryin' ta exploit him
I gave a fuck when I was a lot younger
But Lady Luck got a box cutter
She laughs at her suiters, consumers
Tune her in the letter, blast out the woofers
The usual is the new normal
Beautiful lurks in the background vocals
I don't shit in the sandbox
I'm not winning the dance off

And I ain't trying to sound scummy
But if you lick my wounds it taste like money

Tattoo say "loves life"
Attitude like a sunrise
And when the tongue come untied
You keep it on a quick draw like a gunfight
If it's done right strange is a single arm
The truth is I only came here to read your palms
The freaks keep it moving 'til the beat is gone
We're trying to grow a greener lawn
It goes "oh my goodness"
We got too much love, now there's nowhere to put it
Time flew like it's designed to do
And all we left behind were clues
The handprints are bloody
Because the puppy outran the bunny

And I ain't trying to sound hungry
But if you lick my wounds it taste like money

Do you like to make party?
Yeah, you and who's army?
Man, we're on a random mission
With a van full of vandalism
Study my mannerisms
These are not the hands of a handsome prince
But I feel like a supernova
Don't lose control of the booze or the motor
I got a star shaped heart
You got a house made out of face cards
This graveyard used to be a K-Mart
But before that it was a graveyard
You can't be a rich man
If your soul is a swimming pool of quicksand

And I ain't trying to sound funny
But if you lick my wounds it taste like money