

Beaus \$ Eros

Busdriver

(I won't listen
Because I know everything
All the time, absolutely
And you knew this when you fell in love with what was left of me
So let's give it another shot, young missy
Come on)

I must think I'm some sort of rocketeer
Saving you from your awkward years
Gaping holes look like diamond mines
Through the ethos of a young man's dying mind

I don't know the way
I'm just in the way
Part of your patterned shirt
Set off the Amber alert
And leap from your brow into a heat distorted me

(Bows and Arrows, Bows and Arrows)

(Yeah) Commit my body to the undergrowth
Because life as we knew it has gone up in a puff of smoke
We embroidered clouds with pillow talk and thunderbolts
Broke child labour laws putting in work as young adults
Now you catch feelings, I catch planes
To avoid any meaningful exchange
My embrace is the icy grip of a mortician
Speed dating with me you scream out abort mission

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