

Paul

Cavetown

Oh, the last time I saw Paul
I was horrible and almost let him in
But I stopped and caught the wall
And my mouth got dry
So all I did was take him for a spin

Yeah, we hopped inside my car
And I drove in circles 'round the freight train yard
And he turned the headlights off
Then he pulled the bottle out
And then he showed me what is love

I'll be your morning bright, goodnight, shadow machine
I'll be your record player, baby, if you know what I mean
I'll be your real tough cookie with the whiskey breath
I'll be your killer in a thriller and the cause of our death

In the blossom of the months
I was sure that I'd get driven off with thought
So I swallowed all of it
As I realized there was no one
Who could kiss away my shit

I'll be your morning bright, goodnight, shadow machine
I'll be your record player, baby, if you know what I mean
I'll be your real tough cookie with the whiskey breath
I'll be your killer in a thriller and the cause of our death

Paul, I know you said
That you'd take me any way I came or went
But I'll push you from my brain
See you're gentle, baby, I couldn't stay
I'd only bring you pain

I was your starry-eyed lover and the one that you saw
I was your hurricane rider and the woman you'd call
We were just two moonshiners on the cusp of a breath
And I've been burning for you, baby, since the minute I left