

Hang Me Like Jesus

Crawlers

Scared of the dark
Hugging your clothes
I want you to be happy
Don't want you to know
What would you say
To your little girl?
Now that they're all
That is wrong with the world
The words from Nick Drake
Start to make sense
The paint's getting dry
But you still hate your fence

Ooh
Hang me like Jesus and put on a show

The first days were hard
I learned to love tears
Was told I was brave
And was bottling for years
Just one more night
I'll make love with a ghost
I recognize those hands
I was touching myself
So I cut my hair
And then downed a drink
I turned up the noise
So I don't have to think

Ooh
Hang me like Jesus and put on a show

Now I walk home
Alone in the streets
They used to be ours
And they used to taste sweet
A cloth to my face
But I'm never clean
Validate me
Till I'm all that you see
What would I do
For a little resolve
With these Taurus skies
I will wait till I'm old

Ooh
Take me, break me
Hang me like Jesus and put on a show
Take me, break me
Hold me a little tighter and no one will know
Take me, break me
Hang me like Jesus and put on a show
Take me, break me
Hold me a little tighter and no one will know

I decided I can't live a lie
So I put on the makeup you didn't like

And I fell in love, I fell in love once again
So leave me, leave me for your shitty friends

Take me, break me
Hang me like Jesus and put on a show
Take me, break me
Hold me a little tighter and no one will know
Take me, break me
Hang me like Jesus and put on a show
Take me, break me
Hang me like Jesus and no one will know