

The Rock

Deer Tick

My love for you is old, but new.
I'd give the rock to only you.
It is the piece that can't break through
The window of our love. [x3]

Don't paint my picture
Sleeping on the ground
Come on! Little sister,
You know what you have found
The heart, beaten like a sinner.
The sweat, melting like a bad trip.
Uuuuu, the rock sits there dead!

Don't hold me closer
It's all too sweet to last.
Come on! Fellow gonner,
The glory days have passed
the lungs, crazy for your perfume
the tongue, praying for renewal
Uuuuu, the rock no interest.

Don't paint my picture
Sleeping on the ground
Come on! Little sister,
You know what you have found.