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I'd meet you in wrong
Bury all then I would be right with her
In whole, cherished by two
It makes you fly, yes I'll lie
God I'll even lick her fucking picture
In whole, drinks won't stain this birth
It's just me, I'm bored
Carried lung now I could be right in her
In whole, cherished by two
It makes you fly, yes I'll lie
Drink one more so I could go right in her
In whole, drinks won't stain this birth
It makes you fly, inside
In spite I want to lie
In spite I will lie
In spite I'll still lie
In spite I'll still lie
In spite I'll still lie
In spite
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