

Painter In Your Pocket

Destroyer

And I'm reminded of the time that I was blinded by the sun.
It was a welcome change from the sight of you hanging
Like a willow off the arm of yet another visionary
Prophetess east van punk.

I didn't stand a chance.
I couldn't stand at all.
You looked ok with the others.
You looked great on your own.
It was 2002 and you couldn't be bothered to say, 'hello' or 'go
odbye'.
Or stand the 'test of time' - you did, I just tried to separate
an ocean from these tears we cried...

Where did you get that line?
Where did you get that look?
Where did you get that penchant for destruction in the way you
talk?
Where did you get that ride?
Where did you get that rocket?
Where did you get that painter in your pocket?

Hey, there's Christine
And there's where she could've been.
The summer season was cheap.
Birds of prey stick together and, hey, so do we...

I didn't stand a chance.
I didn't stand at all.
You looked ok with the others.
You looked great by yourself.
It was 2002 and you needed reminding to stay alive.
And so did I, but at least I tried to fall upon that sword and
never look back...

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