

Heart Attack

Dog Slaughter Beach

I like that thing you do
Some days I feel it, too
Bleed to death before you tell the truth
My sunlight hurts my skin
I let the wrong one in
Fall asleep inside the dollar bin
I don't know where I could begin

I'm leaving you a message
I'm having a heart attack
I'm waiting up for you to call me back

You know that you're my star
Feather to my tar
Call me "Baby" one more time, you're dead
Louisiana speak
Good mustache industry
Hand in hand grenade, you make me weep

Throw on the evening gown
Walk my ass around
Find a decent dive
Tie me up outside

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