

Laundered

Foxing

Sweet debility; the Macallan in my glass
Honey beads from those ardent eyes
So here I sit, flooded in molasses
Every dollop of sweat swells in your light

So call me what you will, just calm me
Call me what I am, I'm yours

Laundered each saccharine stain
Every word until the purity burns
The sugar drips until your name soaks in my brain
I can't stand to be rid of you

So call me what you will, just calm me
Call me what I am, I'm yours