

Still Commit Crimes

Good Morning

Keep sitting silent in an empty space
Fear brains rise in a state of grace
Reapplying pressure, once pill, once shot
I inhale your kisses, I inhale them twice
Oh, we still do things like before, yeah
We're still prone to settling in
Still commit crimes like magic and sleight-of-hand

Voice ringing out right across the land
You called me a faggot, so I shook your hand
Ripped it like a bandaid, wrapped it up like milk
A choose-your-own-adventure [?] skills
Oh, he still can't make you love him
You still can't get it up
He still sits around and waits for an event or just anything at
all to happen

But easy, easy, easy, easy, easy, easy, easy, easy
Easy
Easy only when she left way back in 2010 when maybe things might've been a little bit easier on you

Down by the checkout, over the aisle
You settle for an inch when you get a mile
Can't connect, no, can't relate
I don't wanna love while you tolerate
Oh, we're still not out in public
Still not accepting your demands
They still commit crimes like magic and sleight-of-hand
But only when they're around you