Spit

Gregory and the Hawk

You put your hands on your hips
In the last sliver of the moon
You're good by shit
I can almost taste your spit

I wouldn't mind
If you came
To my castle

Building it brick by brick
Beneath the giant yellow signal
On a charcoal cliff
I can almost taste your spit

I wouldn't mind
If you tried
On the twos

My kingdom for you
Tracking patterns while she waxes
Hope you'll be here soon
I can almost taste your spit

I wouldn't mind
If you talked
To me nice

You put the glass to your lips
Bad as skin in a grown cocoon
My potion to give you live
When I mix em with your spit

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