

Digits

Headstones

Shame on you, Shame on you
She's got the numbers man, I've got the digits
Everybody knows their own pulse is quicken
Don't know the answers, while they've got and made a mess
Jimmy wanted pistols but he shot 'em when when he got 'em

No two snowflakes are alike and neither are the seconds

Remember when we're in public, don't know how we ever got by
I've got it, now I'm damaged, I'm a discontinued line
Too busy getting sick too close
Everybody can see the floor
Billy wanted death, man, shoulda, checked his pockets

No two snowflakes are alike, and neither are the seconds
Yeah

She's got the numbers, you know, I've got the digits
Everybody knows that their pulse is quicken
Don't know the answers, while they've gone and made a mess
Jimmy wanted pistols, but he shot 'em when he got 'em

No two snowflakes are alike and neither are the seconds
Yeah

Shame on you, Shame on you