

Back Of Your Neck

Howler

Ooooo ooooo ooooo...

Steal a car on a dare
Dump it in the Minoa river
You think we're Bonnie and Clyde
But both of them fucking die

I think you're mid July
Smoke you when hot as a crack pipe
I wanna love you but we just fight
I know you'd kill me and that's not right

Pretend that you can hold a gun
And I'll pretend that you're the only one
I've ever shot, you're in or you're not
Just show me how to pick your locks

On the street I see you walking ahead
I take a picture of the back of your neck
I won't do it to myself again
I won't do it to myself again

Ooooo ooooo ooooo...

I see you're bent now matching the grave
Well that's a very grave thing to say
Outta place, outta take
Maybe this is our mistake

So this devil in me is you
This dark love's a kind of glue
A black mass, a sick stab
Something that I didn't choose

Ooooo ooooo ooooo...