

# Itchy Fingers

Junior Boys

You're barely, barely back home  
Like a little fly  
You're like a little fly stuck in the window  
Dying to get inside

What if you do?  
Would you go back outside?  
Out where they'll crush you with a paper folded  
Just to see you die

Slice a bit of the belly you love  
Better if you're only  
Barely holding on  
Yeah, you're holding on

But you went in the house  
To an open mouth  
And seeing things for no reason at all  
Just to have it fall

It's never enough  
'Cause you wanted too much  
And sooner or later you're gonna find out  
The limits to your guts

If it's a roof for you  
Why can't you let it be?  
I'm sick of hope it's true  
That deep inside you're really  
Only, only, only, only, only, only, yeah

So patient, so kind  
It's never easy to tell  
If you're playing with my mind  
You hide your itchy fingers well

And are you really awake  
Or just afloat at the top?  
You keep living on season, it's barely enough  
Do you wanna just sell it off?

Do you wanna just stop  
In the back of the room  
You keep asking me away for a minute or two  
Oh, what was she supposed to do, yeah

Baby, I won't blame you  
If you go and find something better to do  
We call it moving on  
You can call it moving on

So patient, so kind  
It's never easy to tell  
If you're playing with my mind  
You hide your itchy fingers well

Barely, barely back home

Like a little fly  
You're like a little fly stuck in the window  
Dying to get inside

What do you do?  
Would you go back outside?  
Out where they'll crush you with a paper folded  
Just to see you die, just to see you die

Just to see you die, just to see you die  
Just to see you die, just to see you die  
Just to see you die, just to see you die  
Just to see you die

So patient, so kind  
It's never easy to tell  
If you're playing with my mind  
You hide your itchy fingers well

So patient, so kind  
It's never easy to tell  
That you're playing with my mind  
You lick your itchy fingers well, yeah