

Birds of a Feather

Kind of Like Spitting

By the nape of my neck you can hand me down, to forge a little more in the quiet that we found. So just to say anything, you say that you love me. Only so much time you can waste on me, there's only so much time you can waste on me. And sometimes I believe in God punishing for lack of faith, so just to say anything I say that I love you too. Only so much time, you can waste on me, there's only so much time you can waste on me. You feel fat and I feel ugly. Together we don't like anybody. I feel sick 'cause I know your gonna run, but I cant blame you.