

Premonition

Lovedrug

Caught by spies, chocolate eyes, strung out youth
Loving yourself, tearing yourself tooth by tooth

"Look up", Saint Peter said
Your mom's got a liquor head, do you?
It's gonna be a perfect day
Say the word and I'll run away with you

Hey baby, you know I'm falling for you
Hey babe, like a bomb, like a bomb, like a
Hey baby, your premonition is true
Like a bomb, like a bomb that I fell onto

Caught by spies, crashing all night
Cold church pews
Selling yourself, wrecking yourself
Nothing's new

Held up at a nickel store
Some guys got nothing more to lose
It's gonna be a beautiful day
I'll do anything for you

Dreading the sea around no more
We'll turn it to booze for swallowing
I'll be the body armor
And you can be the skin