

Lights On Kind Of Lover

Ocean Grove

Stop me. Don't stop. Now I won't go
Sit slack with back to wall
Not my time to give and now you're into it?
Could crush velvet down the hall
Man shot into sand, the famous formulation
Shot into sand the famous formulation

I can see you looking on my way
Why don't you do something about it?
I don't feel I'm welcome in this space
But I won't let you unnerve me

(Sit slack with back to wall Could crush velvet down the hall)
Man shot into sand, the famous formulation
Shot into sand, the famous formulation

Still stuck at the Laundromat, still stuck
"Will it be nickels and dimes?
Will it pounds and pence?
No dollars, no sense"
Angel, sweet angel. Sing for the teardrops, the TV dinners

Suck on the kick stick
Suck on the kick stick
Before you're too fucked up and misplace it
Suck on the kick stick
Before you're too fucked up and misplace it
Suck on the kick stick
Before you're too fucked up and misplace it

I'm a lights on kind of lover
See these fang-made rings? But she said
"Don't sink them in, punching walls this thin"
I'll clutch my belly at your trouble, although those few
They've all said, they've all said, they've all said...

"I can see you looking on my way
Why don't you do something about it?
I don't feel I'm welcome in this space
But I won't let you unnerve me"

This is it this is it
(Sit slack with back to wall
Could crush velvet down the hall)
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