Cinnamon

Palehound

Fiending, peeking at the centerfolds
Cutting tinsel into gold
And hoping you won't love me still

Mellow, cringy ugly fellows
Mixing water into gin
And chasing it with cinnamon

Oh my God
Came down and rocked me, oh

Marksman, shooting apples off of heads
Jonesing for a cigarette
With sloppy shots on purpose

Keeping tabs on all my scrimmages
And crossing out my closest friends
For someone I can't recommend

Oh my God
Came down and rocked me, oh

Don't call it a ghost to my own
Oh, hoo
God called my life a pretty life
It made me cry
Like oh, hoo

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