

## 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