Holiest

Palehound

Under my head I am keeping the muse by
Stomping on senses and corduroy blues
'Cause I never made all too much sense out of you
You kick and you scream and you act so abused

'Cause I'm the holiest of all your parts
I'm licking out your loneliness and starving all your crops

Days I should maybe try taking it easy
My red hands are throbbing and I'm feeling crazy
'Cause I never made all too much sense out of me
Doting on thick shells and acting so ditzy

'Cause I'm the holiest of all your parts
I'm licking out your loneliness
And starving all your, licking all your
Starving all your, licking all your
Starving all your crops

Crops
Crops
Crops

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