

Full On

Perfume Genius

I saw him go
Straight to the ground
I'm running full on
To lay my hand on his back

I saw him go
Limp as a veil
Thrown in a cruel fashion

I saw every quarterback crying
Folded on my lap
And counting out the damage done

Ripped from the field
And freaking out
I'll be a still valley

I saw every quarterback crying
Laid up on the grass
And nodding like a violet

I saw every quarterback crying
Folded on my lap
And counting out the damage done