

Hanging Out

Perfume Genius

Leave it
He's already gone
The trimmings
Litter the lawn like diamonds
I'm filling every pocket
Bent over Tate in the yard
I'm gnawing a bone in the dark

Birds are out
They're flat on their backs and powered down
My neck, it cracks a million times
My back is a worn out limousine
It's inspiring

Dancing with Tate in the yard
Holding him up by the throat

They pour from a pail
Like piss in a river
Down with it all
Down with the lot of them

Hanging out
All slick from the garden's open mouth
I could do this every night
Oh, I see his body loosening
The jaw hangs like circuitry
I'm four on the floor in the dirt
I'm chewing his face like a hog
I'm chewing his face like a hog