

Get lost in the dead of the night where once I lived on Grand S
treet
Deaf from Chucks on bones crushed white
New Brooklyn bows before me
Soak it all in and let it run deep
Glory in delusion
I can picture us
Waltz in the ruins of this wilted gray contusion
Sometimes, when she's far and I'm drunk
I clutch her like a compass
Never thought of being anything but quixotic and self-conscious
Some ache to guide your hand, to pull out of the socket
I'm the cricket that lets you burn while I smolder in your pock
et

You're in my fat
I store you there to keep me warm in frigid air
I need my smack
You're in my veins
Free the Jew they kept in chains
I'm suffused with all you are
I'll always be a bastard star
You're in my heart
You're in my heart

Could it be in our wank of shame that we're clutching the same
member?
Don't you ever pretend to smile and find you've actually done i
t?
Now you're informed; we kinda run it and that's just fine
Plummet beak-first into acid washed entitlement
You might just find a socialist feeding off the fumes of an agi
ng pop-punk vocalist
So destroy our first LP if you know what's good for me

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