

Deer Teeth

Sega Bodega

Messing with your hair
Messing with your hair
Messing with your

Bury me and keep me down with all your deer teeth
Until we meet
Feel the wings as we're cradled on a mother swan
Until we're gone
To lay sunken in the final ground
Slipping through millennia
Gripping to our only child and
Sleeping till the end of time with a
Fox crown in the ground

Messing with your hair
Messing with your hair
Messing with your

Could I have this final thought
See I was hoping for the chance to keep a light on
I wanna rest here
But I keep

Messing with your hair
Messing with your hair
Messing with your

With this
I take my breath
And give it to you with hope

Let me go
Let me go