

Whispers in a cyclone
Going 'round and 'round and 'round they're getting louder
Love songs get fucking boring
When you're picking petals every morning

I got a back bone built like driftwood
Well travelled but you know I'm brittle
I'm no used to me or you
So tell me what should I do
When I'm locked up like a fist
That is bloodless shaking, waiting for you

I'd happily be a shoulder on a cold train seat
Be a body in a warm white sheet
But that takes two
I'm sober now
My head is full of dark grey clouds
Pussy makes the world go 'round
So 'round we go
(Go)

Echoed in a heatwave
Saying things we don't mean just to behave
Heart ache gets fucking boring
When you lose the point and start performing

I got a back bone built like driftwood
Well travelled but you know I'm brittle
I'm no used to me or you

I'd happily be a shoulder on a cold train seat
Be a body in a warm white sheet
But that takes two
I'm sober now
My head is full of dark grey clouds
Pussy makes the world go 'round
So 'round we go

I can't keep warm
I guess my baby's in love
I can't keep warm
I guess my baby's in love
I can't keep warm
I guess my baby's in love

Rain on the windshield making shadows on your face
Hands in my pockets cos I don't know what to say
I'll think of something, think of anything at all
Pussy makes the world go 'round

I know she'll go
I know she'll go
I know she'll go
I know she'll go