

It's only the old boys who call through the trees
Sucking the mist up, I guess it was real
And they've got guns

Now I don't hear them
Having shut the shades and secured locks on every door I can lock
Sure that if I second guess my work and stick my head out
It'll blow off in one shot

And who wants to sleep by her who death becomes
Someone who sleep with her neck in reverse
It's only me

You look at me, I turn around and wonder am I dreaming
Nidgeting a startled pulse out of a little calf with your knee
I foresee us undercover faking darker habits
Better call it off before me

Or be in this picture with me
This picture with me
Or be in this picture with me
This picture with me
Fell for a bone bag who sank into my stream
Now you better dry off so nobody sees

It's only the old boys who reserve the rooms
And it's only oxygal accepts the key

Solve for a way to stifle the mim
Gets so complacent when he swallows my fingers
Did all I could just to keep you around
So while you stand around

Be in this picture with me
This picture with me
Be in this picture with me
This picture with me
Fell for a bombshell who tripped in my street
Now we better part ways so nobody sees

Sucking the mist up, I guess it was real
Good thing I taught you the backstroke you hate