Catch It

Test Icicles

That's right.
I met a girl that's the color of piss
And sucked her dry for the acidic taste.
Cash in hands cold hearts in bank
And bile kisses I hate the taste.

Yeah, Yeah... Bitches don't know me.
Yeah, Yeah... Bitches don't own me.

I sold my soul
And stuck my tongue in a hard drive
And was ashamed that I loved the taste
Ivory lines and melodic scars

I am afraid that this is the end
They all scream "bleeding's so appealing
When you've got no heart."
Cash in hands cold hearts in backs.

Catch it.
I'm on top of that trick.
I'm gonna stack those chips.

Guitar?

Catch it

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