

She texts from the exit says she's on her way over
In an Ocelot coat with the epaulet shoulders
It's sweet 'cause I'm a sucker for the dictator chic
And I'm good with the irregular heartbeats
So now she's hanging with me
And we've been sharing ideas
And it seems like we've got similar interests
And it seems like we've got similar problems
I think we know the same people
I think I know what she means

She says she loves the way these little flames
Make everything all black and grey
But sometimes all that smoke can make you sick
Still a scorch mark or a blistered hand
Seems a whole lot better than
Sitting around and waiting for the click

Her parents are in Paris
It's the best place we can access, yeah
It's not exactly sanctioned man
But she's still got a key
She's traveling at top speed
She keeps checking her heartbeat
She puts her thumb to her neck

Then she kicks off her moccasins
The buckskin always sucks me in
Sets up in the restroom
Says she's never coming out
Unravelling the bandages
Using all the toothbrushes
She's crying 'cause the cotton looks like clouds

Delores don't the clouds just get forgotten?
Once a stronger wind comes in
We both know what will happen

We'll dissipate. We'll disappear
In neon, cigs, and maintenance beers
Call the guy and meet him on Manhattan

All the things that we hold dear
Our favorite bands our deepest fears
We both know exactly what will happen

'Cause every time the clouds roll in
You can't get sentimental
And her jacket makes her look just like a general

And she's generally restless
She's got the blistering hands
Sends a text from the exit says she's on her way over
In an Ocelot coat with the epaulet shoulders