

White Eyes

The Wombats

I don't know how to deal with these New York City blues
It's not much of a weekend, when there's one of me and none of you
I'm somewhere in the hotel, I'm scrambling in the dark
But you turned on the sprinklers and now I think I'm in a water park

You bleach my heart, you do

My white eyes don't care about the opening lines
No matter how hard I try
I need you the most, I need you the most
I slipped and missed, a kink in the arithmetic
But baby, who you going home with?
I need you the most, I need you the most

Sometimes I feel the tension, you're the coldest form of warm
It's hard to keep my chin up when my guts are lying on the floor
I let you chew the red parts and eat my mind like a cake
11 times round the block and you're the only drug I wanna take

You clean my heart, you do

My white eyes don't care about the opening lines
No matter how hard I try
I need you the most, I need you the most
I slipped and missed, a flaw in the arithmetic
But baby, who you going home with?
I need you the most, I need you the most
I need you the most

You clean my heart, you do
But still it twists like a Rubik's cube
You, you turn the oceans into streams
You, you take in the best, the best of me

My white eyes don't care about the opening lines
No matter how hard I try
I need you the most, I need you the most
I slipped and missed, a flaw in the arithmetic
But baby, who you going home with?
I need you the most, I need you the most
I need you the most, I need you the most
I need you the most