You Masculine You

Lambchop

The shape of the sun ah, pretty ways pretty ways and
Things to comeWhen this day is done you will collapse collapse into
(The funnel of) my armsAnd as always they're not strong And as always you
Do believe and as always I'm very wrong about the cut
Above the bleedApril she finds the sugar time and so slow, syrupy yeah
She'd be inside you shed away a shadow as we goAnd you know, it's not bad and I'm so into the blue And
It's so, like goofy said I just fly above the fewThe last thing we do turn our heads around, closer to
The ground, you're fallingYou and your masculine you forever benched sitting by
The dirty windowThough this seems to be a drag you skirt around the
Thing that's comfortable purple peppers dirty rags make
Your life albeit more portable to turn around to follow
Me don't follow me don't follow me don't follow me

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