Colly Strings

Manchester Orchestra

Take a leaf of paper and draw your mind
Your bourbon brown that can burn my eyes
I lost your presence underneath the bridgeLock the door, let's talk it out
Against the wall, hands on my mouth
Could this be it, is it really over now?You wore a pink T-shirt and khaki pants
You played your songs and you danced your dance
I unwrapped your presents underneath your feetNine to eleven you're getting weak
The tile is cold, I can barely speak
And I think she's gone, but I'll be sure for safety's keepingIf you say no, then no it will be
I'll stick it at our skin, pierced with colly strings
Just play it cool, yeah, and try to avoid being seenI'll stick it at our skin, pierced for nothingWell, yeah, I saw inside the mirror your smoking gun
[Incomprehensible], the subscribing one by one
And I fell so fast in Sufat's bedroomYou said, you saw it coming but you didn't see nothing
Your eyes are on the living room, your eyes are on the closet
Don't worry about, don't worry about anythingA pity invitation to an awkward house
For pseudo-boy that would rather wear a blouse
I sincerely saw your skin for the very first timeMy curly hair and a voting booth
Confessingly, this is the first time I've loved you
And God I mean, God I mean it, I hope that I mean it'Cause like dying young, idols got the best of me
Well, don't stop calling, you're the reason I love losing sleep
And the building collapse, we'll shop one, we'll shop one for somethingI'll stick it at our skin, pierced for something
Besides, don't release me until it's overBesides, you can't believe without fear
Besides, you can't believe without fear

Songwriters
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