

# Lurch

## The Neanderthals

I don't know your name from my window  
Do you lust for fame or forgiveness?

Well I'll give you everything you want  
Well I'll give you everything you need

You won't be perfect so best to freeze you in this state go on home you shouldn't be walking around on this day

Now you've stuffed your throat  
You've walked on your burial ground  
Oh you'll draw the crowd  
With honey porcelain skin and crystal baby blues  
You picture in my pocket I'm obsessed with you  
Oh sweetie there's no sense in crying you're above them all  
Barricade the door you can hold my hand for comfort when you fall

You wear your skin so fresh  
Your smell intoxicates  
Little starlet

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