The Stripper Has No Navel

Honus Honus

Heaven's in the details
The intersections
The line between devotion
Hatred and affection
I found perfection in imperfection
In broken noses and other things
'Cause if you're broken, everybody's broken
Everything aches like a knife in cake
Crash course like a mosquito
Underneath an elbow
You can't go off into the evening
Without even thinking

True love and the afterlife
Two sirens you might never find
So why waste your time
Chasing a fallacy

She says she loves the sound
Of cars colliding
Pigeons hitting windows
Bridesmaids crying
It's the little things that make her heart sing
A crooked finger
A naked neckline
She rips the zipper
Kicks the table
Oh, my stripper
She has no navel

True lust and the aftertaste
Two sirens you might never find
So why waste your time
Searching for a movie scene
True love and the afterlife
Two sirens you might never find
So why waste your time
Chasing a fantasy

Lyrics Submitted by VioletOblivion

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