

Back Of Your Neck

Howler

Steal a car on a dare
Dump it in the Minnow river
You think we're Bonnie and Clyde
But both of them fucking died
I think you're mid July
Smoke you when you're hot as a crack pipe
I wanna love you but we'd just fight
I know you'd kill me and that's not right
Pretend that you can hold a gun
And I'll pretend that you're the only one
I've ever shot, you're in or you're not
Just show me how to pick your locks
On the street I see you walking ahead
I take a picture of the back of your neck
I wont do it to myself again
I wont do it to myself againI see you bend down matching a grave
But that's a very grave thing to say
Out of place, out of take
Maybe this is all a mistake
So this devil in me is you
This talk is a kind of glue
A black mass a sick stab
Something that I didn't choose

Songwriters

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