

Goddess On The Prairie

Hot Hot Heat

Examine these scribbles and half of it's drivin'
I sorta went apeshit
You somehow still make it so mellow and to that I say hello
Examine these facial expressions
My late night obsession is creeping its way into everything I think of
You fit me like a ski glove
I need a goddess on the prairie to drag me away
I need a goddess on the prairie to keep me somewhat sane
You're secretly ridiculous
Unconsciously meticulous
Magnetically you pull from me the words a proper man wouldn't touch on
You hear it like a love song
If there was a god for a witness she'd know mental fitness was not top priority for me but that don't phase you
so far
You treat me like a new car
If tidal waves hit you gonna swim to bottom and get you
Tsunamis hit you gonna swim to bottom and get you
If tidal waves hit you I'll swim to the bottom
If tsunamis hit you I'll swim to the bottom and air won't matter cuz life won't matter if we both ain't at the top

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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