

Poke

Bilders

Poke at my Iris, why can't I cry about this?
Maybe there is something that you know that I don't?
 We adopt a brand new language
 Communicate through pursed lips
 And you try not to put on any sexy clothes or graces
 I might never catch a mouse and present it in my mouth
 To make you feel you're with someone
 Who deserves to be with you
 But there's one thing we've got going
 And it's the only thing worth knowing
 It's got lots to do with magnets and the pull of the moon
 Why won't our love keel over as it chokes on a bone?
 We can mourn its passing and then bury it in snow
Or should we kick its cunt in and watch as it dies from bleeding?
 If you don't want to be with me just say and I will go
 We can change our partners, this is a progressive dance
 But remember it was me who dragged you up to the sweaty floor
 Well, this has been a real
 I've got shin splints and a stitch from weed
 But like a drunken night, it's the best bits that are colored in
 Should look through some old photos
 I adored you in every one of those
 If someone took a picture of us now they'd need to be told
 That we had ever clung on tight and maybe not with arms at night
 I'd say she was his sister but she doesn't have his nose
 And now we're unrelated and rid of all the shit we hated
 But I hate when I feel like this and I never hated you

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