Kisses

Tracy Bonham

She'll suck the living down to size three
She'll suck the living and she'll kill me
Necks are crooked and it's time to sing
Her beak is wide open at the sound of wings
Oh ayShe kisses harder than me
She kisses harder than me
I guess I'm not that hungryVeins are rivers flowing to the sea
Fish will eat it, but don't ask me
Angels looking make it hard to cry
People looking make it cool to die
Oh ayShe kisses harder than me
She kisses harder than me
I guess I'm not that hungryShe kisses harder than me
She kisses harder than me
I guess I'm not that hungry

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