

# Balaclava

## Cracked Core

Running off over next door's garden  
Before the hour is done  
It's more a question of feeling  
Than it is a question of fun  
The confidence is the balaclava  
I'm sure you'll baffle 'em good  
Will the ending reek of salty cheeks  
And runny makeup alone? Or will blood run down the face  
Of a boy bewildered and scorned  
And you'll find yourself in a skirmish  
And you wish you'd never been born  
And you tie yourself to the tracks  
And there isn't no going back  
And it's wrong, wrong, wrong  
But well do it anyway cause we love a bit of trouble  
Are you pulling her from a burning building  
Or throwing her to the sharks?  
Can only hope that the ending  
Is as pleasurable as the start  
The confidence is the balaclava  
I'm sure you'll baffle 'em straight  
And it's wrong, wrong, wrong  
She can hardly wait  
That's right, he won't let her out his sight  
Now the shaggers perform  
And the daggers are drawn  
Who's the crooks in this crime? That's right, he won't let her out his sight  
Now the shaggers perform  
And the daggers are drawn  
Who's the crooks in this crime? That's right, he won't let her out his sight  
That's right, he won't let her out his sight  
That's right, he won't let her out his sight  
Will you be able to boast  
that this day held the most flawless heist of all time  
You knew that it'd be trouble  
Right before the very first kiss  
Quiet and unassuming but you'd heard  
That they were the naughtiest  
She pleaded with you to take it off  
But you resisted and fought  
Sorry sweetheart,  
I'd much rather keep on the balaclava

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