

Poke

Gescom

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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