

Fake Palindromes

[Andrew Bird](#)

My dewy eyed, Disney bride what has tried
Swapping your blood with formaldehyde
Monsters, whiskey-plied voices cried fratricide
Jesus, don't you know that you coulda died?
You should have died with the monsters what talk
Monsters what walk the earth And she's got red lipstick, and a bright pair of shoes
And she's got knee high socks, what to cover a bruise
She's got an old death kit, she's been meaning to use
She's got blood in her eyes, in her eyes for you
She's got blood in her eyes for you Certain fads, stripes and plaids, some singles ads
They run you hot and cold like a rheostat I mean a thermostat
So you bite on a towel, hope it won't hurt too bad
My dewy eyed, Disney bride what has tried
Swapping your blood with formaldehyde
With the monsters what talk, monsters what walk the earth She says, I like long walks and sci-fi movies
You're six foot tall and East coast bred
Some lonely night we can get together
And I'm gonna tie your wrists with leather
And drill a tiny hole into your head
And I'm gonna drill a tiny hole into your head

Lyrics provided by

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