

The Boys Are Too Refined

The Hush Sound

The boys who kiss and bite
They are the brilliant ones who speak and write
With silver luck
They sing in clever tongues
Oh, while my knees go weak to be the one
She kicks and bites
Always quick to follow
The boys are too refined
Won't matter tomorrow
Oh, to be in his mind
And if the timing is right
To sneak off into the night
I'll let myself be taken just for the thrill
And if I'm given the chance
To be a doll in his hands
I will be sure, we shake
The mountains while we dance
To daddy singing sweet
A lullaby to all his credit speak
His golden lie
To the edge with a car
He sent it off a cliff just for the spark
To hell with why
Always quick to follow
The boys are too refined
Won't matter tomorrow
Oh, to be in his mind
And if the timing is right
To sneak off into the night
I'll let myself be taken just for the thrill
And if I'm given the chance
To be a doll in his hands
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