Kiss Kiss Is Getting Old

Les Savy Fav

We were young and we were wicked.
We dove headfirst into the thicket.
When we came out we bled like sieves
and we told tales no one believed.I want to know how did it get so cold?
Heavens to Betsy, won't Somebody get me out of this hole.In the moonlight our nerves glowed.
We traced mazes with our eyes closed.
Corncobs like ricks of bones.
Shoes shed, our clothes outgrown,
you swore it would never get old.
I swear I just want to go home.I want to know how did it get so cold?
Heavens to Betsy, won't Somebody get me out of this hole.I want to go home.
I want to go home 'cause this is getting old.
Kiss this is getting old.
Kiss Kiss is getting old.

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