

Blood Bank

Postdata

Well, I met you at the blood bank
We were looking at the bags
Wondering if any of the colors
Matched any of the names we knew on the tags
You said, see look that's yours
Stacked on top with your brother's
See how they resemble one another
Even in their plastic little covers
And I said I know it well
That secret that you knew but don't know how to tell
It fucks with your honor and it teases your head
But you know that it's good girl
'Cause its running you with red
Then the snow started falling
We were stuck out in your car
You were rubbing both of my hands
Chewing on a candy bar
You said, ain't this just like the present
To be showing up like this?
As a moon waned to crescent
We started to kiss
And I said I know it well
That secret that we know that we don't know how to tell
I'm in love with your honor, I'm in love with your cheeks
What's that noise up the stairs, babe?
Is that Christmas morning creaks?
And I know it well, I know it well
And I know it well, I know it
And I know it, I know it
And I know it, I know it

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