Lurch

Tallan

I don't know your name from my window
Do you lust for fame or forgiveness?

Well I'll give you everything you want
Well I'll give you everything you need

You won't be perfect so best to freeze you in this state go on home you shouldn't be walking around on this day

Now you've stuffed your throat
You've walked on your burial ground
Oh you'll draw the crowd
With honey porcelain skin and crystal baby blues
You picture in my pocket I'm obsessed with you
Oh sweety there's no sense in crying you're above them all
Barricade the door you can hold my hand for comfort when you fall

You wear your skin so fresh
Your smell intoxicates
Little starlet

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