

# Of Montreal

## The Stills

The falling free on, it's turning me on  
It drips on the street, the sun cries from the heat  
I love feeling beat, I'll kiss the lipstick on your teeth  
Friends getting old, we all dig for gold

The crumbs and pieces, the dead mess in the sink  
Turning me on, Turning me on  
The night's so happy, the base drum heavy  
The photo glossy, the people pretty  
Turning me on... [4x]

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