

Pull My Hair

Bright Eyes

Is the passion all gone?
Or is it still newly wed?
If all this heat's doing
Is making us stick to the bed
Then there is no life to revive But if the hunger's still there
Buried somewhere inside
Covered up by the boredom
We've been trying to hide
Then dig it up and devour And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that And it seem more like a song
Yea more like a song And the truth is that I can't hardly wait
I don't care if we stay up too late
Don't answer the phone
Don't answer the phone And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that And bite me like that
And bite me like, scratch me like that And the truth is that I can't hardly wait
And it's so bad, I can't concentrate
Don't answer the phone
Don't answer the phone And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that It seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that And bite me like that
Scratch me and bite me

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