

Top Bunk

Gauntlet Hair

If you hate that boy for months, time to feel it
Uh oh uh oh
If he has the chance, he might trust the feeling
Uh oh uh oh
I saw inside, it looked like a cleaver
Uh oh uh oh
Watch what you say, you might get beaten
Uh oh uh oh Too bad that I brought this out (x4) Look out now, you can't cope the feeling
Uh oh uh oh
Leaves a small corpse like a ball in the cedar
Uh oh uh oh My old mans a saint though
Not like your own scapegoat, he hangs Over me, over me, over me Check out that girl she seems so conceited
Uh oh uh oh
Her mullet shows you'll always succeed it
Uh oh uh oh
I hope you're coy but not too defeated
Uh oh uh oh
Looks like you always affect how you're treated
Uh oh uh oh Too bad that I brought this out (x4) Look out now, she can't cope the feeling
Uh oh uh oh
Decaying like frost that melts off a heater
Uh oh uh oh My true mothers a saint though
Not like your own with chain smoke, she hangs Over me, over me, over me That's what when I... Needed your
hand Open me, open me, open me And I tried the best of your years, hope you end up close to an orchard
Open me, open me, open me Its an illusion, next time he'll burn forever
We fought for most of our years, bet you'll turn out bent and tortured Over me, over me, over me Its an illusion,
that's how she'll burn forever
And now I'll send you off like smoke, if you dissolve that's your torture Over me, over me, over me It's an
illusion, that's how your girlfriend burns

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