

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]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>