

Tonight I Feel Like Kafka

Jealous of the Birds

It's two in the morning and I wanna drink wine
Listening to crows singing in the pines
Couldn't be any more hipster if I tried

Father son and holy ghost all wanna talk
Baby don't touch me I'm made of chalk
Fine pink lace and faceless effigy

And it scares me, to think that nobody
Looks at me that way, looks at me that way

Now I feel like Kafka with a bad migraine
Wake up tomorrow and my room's the same
Wanna pierce my nipples and go dancing in the rain

No more cyanide kisses, I'm methylene blue
I love everyone but especially you
Wanna go ahead and pack a picnic just for two

But it scares me, to think that you maybe
Don't look at me that way, don't look at me that way

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