

MY KZ, UR BF

Everything Everything

Lucifer you're landing, cross-hairs on the kitchen sink

Barb-wire in the bathroom, I can't make new memories since Flashbacks to the time, this shell-shocked apartment was the place

I met with your boy, it's a mortal thing, yeah it's a mortal thing

"Oh!" He looked at me funny and I, "Oh! Oh! think our secret's out and a "Oh-ooh-oh!" I try to explain

But then munitions rain, and we're the epicentre It's like I'm watching the A4 paper taking over the guillotine
It's like I'm watching the A4 paper taking over the guillotine And I wanna know what happened to your boyfriend, 'cause he was looking at me like "Whoa!"

Yeah right before the kitchen was a dust bowl, and tossing me the keys and I can't forget how

Everything just coming through the windows, and half the street was under my nails

It's like we're sitting in the Faraday cage, when the lights all failed I fly through the walls, all pieces colliding and I

See Raymond apart, he's a-frowning now, wagging a finger at me

"Boy!" his knees bend the other way and, "Boy! Boy!" are you guys together honey?

"B b boy!" Oh but now I can't find his torso, I guess you're separated It's like I'm watching the A4 paper taking over the guillotine

(Monica I just wanna know)

It's like I'm watching the A4 paper taking over the guillotine And I wanna know what happened to your boyfriend, 'cause he was looking at me like "Whoa!"

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It's like we're sitting in the Faraday cage, when the lights all failed

Lights all failed Lucifer, you're landing ([six cars in the driveway oh] I do believe it will be business inside)

Cross-hairs on the kitchen sink (it's a real spanner into my works I think I kicked the bucket)

Baby's on the bull's-eye (do believe it will be business inside)

I can't make new memories since, ries since, ries since And I wanna know what happened to your boyfriend, 'cause he was looking at me like "Whoa!"

Yeah right before the kitchen was a dust bowl, and tossing me the keys and I can't forget how

Everything just coming through the windows, and half the street was under my nails

It's like we're sitting in the Faraday cage, when the lights all failed And now everybody gotta go hungry, and everybody cover up their mouths

And I haven't seen the body count lately, but looking at your faces it must have been bad!

And if everybody answered their phone calls, but people say the army's on fire

It's like we sitting with our parachutes on, but the airport's gone

Songwriters

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