

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!"
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
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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