

Florida Queen

Sullivan

Hold me down
'Cause I'm 'bout to fly by the seat of my pants
I can see the road through the crows
Picking off the flesh off the palm of your hands You could be the queen of my dreams
If you'd pull the leaves of the teeth of my rake
Would you just hold me down?
'Cause I'm 'bout to makeshift another mistake And I need a foolproof plan to clean up
All this mess I've made
But I'm running out of steam
It's not your love I want
But your breath is all I need
To tie this off
Sew me shut
'Cause I got a gash on the side of my lip
I'll look like a king at his knees
On the wrong end of the governor's whip And I need a foolproof plan to clean up
All this mess I've made
But I'm running out of steam
It's not your love I want
But your breath is all I need
If we can't work this out
You're not leaving here alive
To tie this off Take my pulse
There's a slight knot and a swell in my glands
I can feel the cold in my throat
Working in ways not to disrupt my plans
And I need a foolproof plan to clean up
All this blood I've spilled
It's you I've killed
This mess I've made
But I'm running out of steam
It's not your love I want
But your breath is all I need
If we can't work this out
You're not leaving here alive
I've got your hands and feet
And the colors from your eyes
To tie this off

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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