

# Pink Lips, Black Lungs

## Miles Kurosky

i stole it from your pocket and then  
i left without a sound.

i put it in a locket and then  
i put it in the ground, because

we both know that no evidence can be found.

i placed each photo that i collected and prized in the firei made a little potion and then i capped it with my tooth  
and if i had a notion that they would offer me a truce,

i would trade each forbidden fortune;  
instead, they'll fit me for a noose  
they'll string me up by my vows  
just for that hour next to you.

i hear the voices below, a lame, mangy mob  
a cool constant stutter from pink swollen tongues  
well they don't know how i feel  
for these flirts, and these tramps,  
oh wristcutters, each one of them  
oh stop, please listen.

you know they're not that innocent.

oh...no no no no it's not me.

i've paid all my debts, and it's such a small fee for some sleep  
my neck for some sleep...

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>