

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.

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