Meet Me In the Pocket

Q and Not U

Flattered by your wish to kill me,
I blush pixels on and out.
Blush at your request to kill me.
This thank-you note is for faking it.We're working in a coma for a cheque and a chance.
We're sleeping in a panic with the pixels and ads.
Oh, demands.Dance or hang it up.
(We're sympathetic to chance.)
Dance or hang it up.
(We're sympathetic to chance.)
Dance or hang it up.
(We're sympathetic to chance.)
Dance or hang it up.
(Dance or hang it up.)Working through a coma for some cheque and a chance,
Sleeping in a panic with some pixels and ads.
Harming every tissue for some ticker tape pants.
Everybody ruins.
You can dance or hang it up.Soften the tones and I'll always make time.
Soften the tones and I'll always make time.
Packing up on site, two thousand rooms.
And I'll always make time.
Travel in tombs, and I'll always make time.Soften the tones and I'll always make time.(Hang it up.)
Dance or hang it up.
(Hang it up.)
Dance or hang it up.
(Hang it up.)
Dance or hang it up.Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...

Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...
Dance or hang...Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.
Hang it up.Dance or hang it up.Hang it up.

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