Sticky With Champagne

Semi Precious Weapons

Sticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, stickyHer lips are always open and bloody red
Bloody trying to get us all in her bed
In her head she hears a hundred songs that I wrote say
That I made out of tough love and 14K, 14KSticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, sticky
It's okay, it's okaySticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, sticky
It's okay, it's okayShe hates and loves and loves and hates everyone
Every night she can't find the strength to get gone
To get her bag full of the broken skin gloves
Broken, half-dead, smiling in love dance
In love danceSticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, sticky
It's okay, it's okaySticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, sticky
It's okay, it's okayShe don't swallow top shelf
She spits it out all over herself
She don't swallow top shelf
She spits it out all over herselfSticky, sticky
Sticky, sticky
Sticky, sticky
Sticky, stickySticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, sticky
It's okay, it's okaySticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, sticky
It's okay, it's okaySticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, sticky
It's okay, it's okaySticky with champagne
It's okay, it's her birthday, sticky
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay

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