

Darkness Records

Jeff Rosenstock

Burn my Mona Lisa
I would like another chance
To put stars in her eyes,
Fire pipes in the sky
And brass knuckles on her hands.
She can breathe
She can see
When you're not watching. Throw away my letters
I would like another shot
To put a shine in your smile
Make your nights worthwhile
Like I'm with you when I'm not
I disappear and reappear.
I'm made of magic.
Shred yr photo albums
They're not gonna save anything.
Petty moments in a grave.
Toss yr newborn baby.
He deserves a better path
Than an Ambien dream
Filled with Vicodin dreams
Predetermined to relapse
Spending weekends in the bath.
He can breathe through the cheeks of the tauntaun.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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