

Gallery Piece

of Montreal

I wanna be your love
I wanna make you cry
And sweep you off your feet I wanna hurt your pride
I wanna slap your face
I wanna paint your nails I wanna make you scream
I wanna braid your hair
I wanna kiss your friends I wanna make you laugh
I wanna dress the same
I wanna defend you I wanna squeeze your thighs
I wanna kiss your eyelids
And corrupt your dreams I wanna crash your car
I wanna scratch your cheeks
I wanna make you sick I wanna sell you out
Want to expose your flaws
I wanna steal your things I wanna show you off
I wanna tell you lies
I wanna write you books I wanna turn you on
I wanna make you come
Two hundred times a day I wanna dry your tears
Every time you're sad
I wanna be your what's happening
I wanna be your only friend I only go all the way
This time I'm not pretending
I can't take the trash
Your trashy friends are spreading about us
They got like fifty personalities
Oh girl, that's so messed up You see that sculpture on the hill
That's where she cleared me out forever
They're monitoring my self conscious massacres
I know, bringing it closer to the surface
So it's easily pervertable I wanna be a beast
I wanna make you proud
And play with your head I wanna take you out
Make you feel adored
And buy you everything I wanna hurt you bad
Make you paranoid
And say the sweetest things I wanna help you grow
And for eternity
I wanna be your what's happening

What's happening[Incomprehensible]
Can you clap your hands? Clap clap
Can you clap your hands? Clap clap
Can you sing it?
[Incomprehensible]

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