

Cinnamon

Palehound

Fiending, peeking at the centerfolds
Cutting tinsel into gold
And hoping you won't love me still Mellow, cringing ugly fellows
Mixing water into gin
And chasing it with cinnamon Oh my God, kingdom wants me Marksman, shooting apples off of heads
Jonesing for a cigarette
With sloppy shots on purpose Keepin' tabs on all my scrimmages
And crossin' out my closest friends
For someone I can't recognize Oh my God, kingdom wants me
Don't call it a ghost to my own
God, I have a pretty life
It made me cry
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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