Historic Cemetery

The Front Bottoms

Just you and me, getting high and hanging out.
Getting high and messing around, getting high and trying to figure it out.There was a sacraficial ritual inside my room last night.
It was held there in secret, hard to see anything in the candlelight.
Now there is melted wax all over my floor,
and the scent of incense is rising up from underneath the door.Now maybe it was not as serious as I am making it sound.
Just you and me getting high and hanging out,
getting high and messing around, getting high trying to figure it out.I feel the burn, my tired feet not much to go, a few more streets.
Seeing your face is all i need, my one and only, my sweet relief.
And you would think I never had it the way that this world mocks my magic,
but it was all for you to continue to be able, to continue to be able right now.
Just you and me, getting high and hanging out,
getting high and messing around, getting high, trying to figure it out.I don't need your reasons anymore, don't need your reasons anymore,
need your reasons anymore.I put my wrong finger in the hot wax now I can't play for you like that.
the last thing I need it's true would be a secret excuse for a reason to fight back.
I can't begin, begin to tell you the way it all felt
when everything fell through.You moved to New York to meet a beautiful girl and drink fancy cocktails without a care in the world,
but you got scared they're all gonna find someone else so you find one and tell it things you're dying to tell.
We got hides for the record i forget how it went, it was a song about love and at the time it made sense.
When the side ended we just laid there in bed, you would fallen asleep but i just stayed up and read.
I made a list of everything I said I never meant, considered all the things I never said but I digress.
I got dressed kissed your forehead and left you called me when i woke but I was sleeping off the meds

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