

Little Tragedies

Hawksley Workman

you bought a gun
cause you thought I wouldn't listen
to your mouthful of nails
shining lke the afternoon
with a face that will topple tidal waves
and takes the time away
and every pilot learns to fly
to steal the blue in pilot's eyes I'd better be careful that I don't
I'd better be careful that I dont
I'd better be careful that I dont
slip into one more of your little tragedies you took off your clothes
to remind me of the ocean
then set fire to your hair
and went dancing like a daisy
sha la la la
and broken bodies bathe
it leaves less aftertaste
and early warning weather flies
with rusty comets seen by naked eyes Chorus cause that would be no good for me right now
that would be no good for me
cause that would be no good for me right now
that would be no good for me
and this one gives you super strength Chorus X 2

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