

# Dog Years

## Black Lips

I love you but your heart is made of gristle  
I love you like a [?] missile  
And when I come, I always whistle  
It's the liquid on your tongue, it always ripples  
Don't dial, dial  
Don't dial  
Don't dial, dial  
Don't dial I love you for my cuts, it makes me wanna throw up  
[?] actin' like a grown up  
I hate my teachers, they always get shown up  
And now I got the math skills of a cup  
Don't dial, dial  
Don't dial  
Don't dial, dial  
Don't dial  
You came to party  
And you stepped outside  
You grabbed your Virginia Slim ultra light  
Menthol 100s, kush, soft pack  
You lit a match  
And the puny flame could barely withstand the wind  
You looked at me so wild  
You blew smoke in my twinkling eyes  
And it burned as the carbon dioxide  
Activated into my pulsating retinas  
Staring back at you in awe  
Like some cutting-edge piece of technological equipment  
I knew you were the one

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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