

Crocodile

This Town Needs Guns

Too cold, like ice to touch.
You hold on far to much.
God knows why were in love.
When you throw your temper out of doors
that I cannot follow through
and yet you grow ever near. I promise I will not see out this night
without comforting and holding you.
Your eyes alight, they've never shined so bright
for just one second I'm lost in you. (niamerlliwtahetevolaevahew)

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