

Back Of Your Neck

Howler

steal a car on a dare
dump it in the minnow river
you think were bonnie and clyde
but both of them fucking died
i think you're mid july
smoke you when you're hot as a crack pipe
i wanna love you but we'd just fight
i know you'd kill me and that's not right
pretend that you can hold a gun
and i'll pretend that you're the only one
i've ever shot, you're in or you're not
just show me how to pick your locks
on the street i see you walking ahead
i take a picture of the back of your neck
i wont do it to myself again
i wont do it to myself againi see you bend down matching a grave
but thats a very grave thing to say
out of place, out of take
maybe this is all a mistake
so this devil in me is you
this talk is a kind of glue
a black mass a sick stab
something that i didnt choose

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