Veins

Dan Smith

Turning through this pages about
Lovers consumating
Well, it feels completely inappropriate here
As our bodies intermingle unwillingly
And I feel ten morning breaths against my skinAnd we were squashed
We were squashed
We were squashedAnd we find ourselves
We find ourselves
Just where we expected
We find ourselves under each others armsWe don't want to be touched
We don't want to be touched
We don't want to be touchedWe just want to get off
Not like they're getting off
We just want to get offA monotonal voice tells
Of someone under a train, well
What an interruption to our day
As we all come through the veins of our city
And our fictional lovers keep screwing onAnd we were squashed
We were squashed
We were squashedAnd we find ourselves
They find themselves
Just where the author wanted
Intermingled in each others armsWe don't want to be touched
We don't want to be touched
We don't want to be touchedWe just want to get off
Not like they're getting off
But it's so damn hotAnd we were squashed
We were squashed
We were squashedAnd we were squashed
We were squashed
We were squashedAnd we find ourselves
We find ourselves
Just where we expected
We find ourselves under each others armsAnd we were squashed
We were squashed
We were squashed

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