

# Colly Strings (Live At The Bottleneck)

## Manchester Orchestra

Take a leaf of paper and draw your mind  
Your bourbon brown that can burn my eyes  
I lost your presence underneath the bridge  
Lock the door, let's talk it out  
Against the wall, hands on my mouth  
Could this be it, is it really over now?  
You wore a pink T-shirt and khaki pants  
You played your songs and you danced your dance  
I unwrapped your presents underneath your feet  
Nine to eleven you're getting weak  
The tile is cold, I can barely speak  
And I think she's gone, but I'll be sure for safety's keeping  
If you say no, then no it will be  
I'll stick it at our skin, pierced with colly strings  
Just play it cool, yeah, and try to avoid being seen  
I'll stick it at our skin, pierced for nothing  
Well, yeah, I saw  
inside the mirror your smoking gun  
[Incomprehensible], the subscribing one by one  
And I fell so fast in Sufat's bedroom  
You said, you saw it coming but you didn't see nothing  
Your eyes are on the living room, your eyes are on the closet  
Don't worry about, don't worry about anything  
A pity invitation to an awkward house  
For pseudo-boy that would rather wear a blouse  
I sincerely saw your skin for the very first time  
My curly hair and a voting booth  
Confessingly, this is the first time I've loved you  
And God I mean, God I mean it, I hope that I mean it  
'Cause like dying young, idols got the best of me  
Well, don't stop calling, you're the reason I love losing sleep  
And the building collapse, we'll shop one, we'll shop one for something  
I'll stick it at our skin, pierced for  
something  
Besides, don't release me until it's over  
Besides, you can't believe without fear  
Besides, you can't believe without fear

Songwriters

ANDY HULL Published by

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Other patents pending.

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