

# Siberian Kiss

## Glassjaw

Give me back my pictures of me  
Me, you and him makes three  
It figures the wheezing will measure your rate of depress  
And I hope you know like a bitch in heat, I hope she know  
So put another penny in and turn the crank  
Until the frames cease to move  
And the movie turns into a photo  
A photo, the size of a kiss, I hope she knows  
Staring at a porcelain sex flick  
Where the characters don't meet  
The characters don't speak  
And the characters are like mirrors facing mirrors  
Space always expanding  
So put another coin in and turn the crank  
Until the frames cease to move  
And the movie turns into a photo  
A photo, the size of my fist, I hope she knows  
A hiccup in paradise  
I keep you jealously to myself  
In a photo, the size of a kiss  
A kiss in the shape of a bullet  
On phone lines and letterheads  
I'm dying about  
I've watched you, whore, yourself out for one more thing  
Won't you sell yourself for one more?  
There's always one more thing, why don't you sell yourself?  
If I can't have you no one will  
Pushing a lover to love another  
Are you turned on? Are you turned on?  
Pushing a lover to love another  
Are you turned on? Are you turned on?  
A hiccup in paradise  
I keep you jealously to myself  
In a photo, the size of a kiss  
A kiss in the shape of a bullet  
On phone lines and letter heads  
I'm dying about  
I'm dying about  
A hiccup in paradise  
I keep you jealously to myself  
In a photo, the size of a kiss  
A kiss in the shape of a bullet  
I keep you jealously to myself  
I keep you jealously to myself  
I keep you jealously to myself  
A kiss in the shape of a bullet

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