

Pocket Boys

Army Navy

I don't feel nice
Drinking another to
Clean my insides
I'm getting weaker
Calling you on the phone
Cool as fever

It's getting harder tonight
Caught in a lion's den
You're not listening to what I said

I can never forget the drug
Or the booze on the pillow
I think of it way too much

Secret see light
Words pouring out all red
Turning you white
Reading, sleep tight

Not till tomorrow I
Caught in a lion's den
You're not listening to what I said

I can never forget the drug
Or the booze on the pillow
I think of it way too much

You're the saddest poor little bird
And the boy's in your pocket
And I think of it way too much

Oh, I huddle into the sea
It tasted of you
Careless and cool

And one day when I'm long forgotten
You're the only one that ever knew

I can never forget the drug
Or the booze on the pillow
I think of it way too much

Come and find out
You're the saddest poor little bird
And the boy's in your pocket
And I think of it way too much
I think of you way too much
I think of you way too much