

## You Masculine You

Lambchop

The shape of the sun ah, pretty ways pretty ways and  
Things to come

When this day is done you will collapse collapse into  
(The funnel of) my arms

And as always they're not strong And as always you  
Do believe and as always I'm very wrong about the cut  
Above the bleed

April she finds the sugar time and so slow, syrupy yeah  
She'd be inside you shed away a shadow as we go

And you know, it's not bad and I'm so into the blue And  
It's so, like goofy said I just fly above the few

The last thing we do turn our heads around, closer to  
The ground, you're falling

You and your masculine you forever benched sitting by  
The dirty window

Though this seems to be a drag you skirt around the  
Thing that's comfortable purple peppers dirty rags make  
Your life albeit more portable to turn around to follow  
Me don't follow me don't follow me don't follow me