

Trunk Eyes

Man Man

The way that she cuts through a room
Makes me want to exhume the madness

That flits between our lips like dynamite
And a moistened wick so

You feel like a firefly
Whose lamp's unlit
And smothered by
The bed, the sweat, the dawns of the past,
the taste of the small of an old lover's laugh so

You bust your bank try to build a better
bang for your buck, DNA to out distance
the tethers that you're tied to
the family lines that will hang you out to dry
and you wonder why

our hearts are such hungry beasts
the harder we starve them the more all-consuming
and I understand they'll never find the love that they need
so we try to run 'em into the ground

as I watch her unpack her hair
like stacks of black pyramids
so I smile like a crack in a dam or
a condemned chair to electric man so

(she wants stability)
what's that I can't hear you?
(she wants stability)
so I'll go and buy her a pony
(she wants stability)
I'll lay my head on a goddamn platter
(she wants stability)

but in the end, it doesn't really matter 'cause

our hearts are such hungry beasts
the harder we starve them the more all-consuming
and I understand they'll never find the love that they need
so we try to run 'em into the...

our heads are bottled up by the most heathen thoughts
our bodies hang in limbo of what we need and what we want

she's a cutter but I love her just the same
undercover but I never learned her real name

[x2]
she's a gutter but I love her just the same
undercover but I never learned her real name

(I'm an old man, I'm only getting older, the world gets younger as I push bo
ulders)