

## Lookout, Lookout

Perfume Genius

Mary, Mary-belle within a bird-cage cell,  
All your neighbors know what your mother sells  
But you carved out a name; you carved out a name for  
yourself

Look out, look out  
Look out, look out  
Look out, look out  
Look out, look out  
Look out, look out  
There are murders about

Guinea pig hair in a twisted mouth  
Through a hole to the railway  
And Brian's face down  
Keep your wits  
He will not be missed  
He didn't have a family to begin with

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