

# 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