

Pull My Hair

Bright Eyes

Is the passion all gone?
Or is it still newly wed?
If all this heat's doing
Is making us stick to the bed
Then there is no life to revive

But if the hunger's still there
Buried somewhere inside
Covered up by the boredom
We've been trying to hide
Then dig it up and devour

And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that

And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that

And it seem more like a song
Yea more like a song

And the truth is that I can't hardly wait
I don't care if we stay up too late
Don't answer the phone
Don't answer the phone

And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that

And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that

And bite me like that
And bite me like, scratch me like that

And the truth is that I can't hardly wait
And it's so bad, I can't concentrate
Don't answer the phone
Don't answer the phone

And it seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that

It seem more like a song
And less like it's math
If you pull on my hair
And bite me like that

And bite me like that
Scratch me and bite me