

Tilted

Christine and the Queens

I will die before Methusalah
So I'll fight sleep with Ammonia
And every morning with eyes all red
I'll miss them for all the tears they shed

But I'm actually good
Can't help it if we're tilted
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I miss prosthesis and mended souls
Trample over beauty while singing their thoughts
I match them with my euphoria
When they said "Je suis plus folle que toi"

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Nous et la man on est de sortie
Pire qu'une simple moitié on compte à demi-demi
Pile sur un des bas côtés comme des origamis
Le bras tendu paraît cassé tout n'est qu'épis et éclis
Ces enfants bizarres
Crachés dehors comme par hasard
Cachant l'effort dans le griffoir
Et une creepy song en étendard qui fait:

I'm doing my face
With magic marker
I'm in my right place
Don't be a downer
I'm doing my face
With magic marker
I'm in my right place
Don't be a downer

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