

## Song About A Girl Up To A Point

Destroyer

Let's lay the groundwork down  
One million holes make your golden story go fall in the mall  
Don't worry, go slow  
Don't stand tall, just lay low  
Don't stand at all

You can kiss 'em when they're crying  
Can't miss 'em when you're a-lying  
An octopus arm is no cause for alarm  
There's seven to go and the sun's still a big one

Your mouth is a bad mouth  
Your tongue cruel and long  
Your two big hands too big  
Let's repeat it:  
Your tongue is more than a tongue is more than a tongue is

So place a pox upon these summer days  
They curse us in many different ways  
Oh, I fear we belong here  
I fear we belong here  
Will good songs be gone, will bad ones be near  
Will good songs be gone, will bad ones be near  
My Dear, fuck you and fuck August