

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