

The grass is screaming long
midnight cars roll past
i've been chasing your room
while the summer lasts
so count it on your fingers if we got it wrong
it's because the days have no numbers
if we leave tonight then we leave it all behind

drinking alphabetically because the beauty's gone all sore
honey dripping pale of skin while there's bodies underneath
the floor
so count it on your fingers
if we got it wrong it's cause the days have no numbers
if we leave tonight
then we leave it all behind