

Busted Lip

Heatmiser

I must have looked hysterical trying to get away
Riding on an avalanche of things you just don't say
I wanted someone's company, but to her I'm just some guy
And I got a busted lip on a silent night

I was in your car that night going out of town
I know something's gotta go and I guess I'll go now
White knuckles on the wheel and a pain above
That's how mother nature treats everyone she loves

So drive out
So have a drink
Got a silent busted lip
You wanna make me just like yourself
Till I like

He's looking at you now
Like a little dove
True love blinking on and off
Like a bad bulb
And when he breaks himself in two
You say you must be high
But people just always do
It makes them feel alive

So drive out
So have a drink
Got a silent busted lip
You wanna make me just like yourself
Till I like

Hey little bird sing!
Hey little bird sing!
Hey little bird sing!
Hey little bird sing!