

Party Girls

Heavy Heavy Low Low

My fingers brush your lips on
On a cold day in June
I won't forget anything

I disregard every action
Between me and you
On days that shine
And days that gloom

There's a bat on my neck
And it's a big one
It's got your number
It's got mine too
And it'd be quite content to feast on you

He's crawling
He's crawling on my neck

Then he spoke to me
"Horror"

Oh you be so scared
It wasn't what I thought it was t first

Oh you be freaking out boy
There's a bat on my neck
I be freaking out

There's a bat on my neck
But it's not a f**king bat
I'm a son of a bitch