

## Back Of Your Neck

Howler

Ooooo ooooo ooooo...

Steal a car on a dare  
Dump it in the Minoa river  
You think we're Bonnie and Clyde  
But both of them fucking die

I think you're mid July  
Smoke you when hot as a crack pipe  
I wanna love you but we just fight  
I know you'd kill me and that's not right

Pretend that you can hold a gun  
And I'll pretend that you're the only one  
I've ever shot, you're in or you're not  
Just show me how to pick your locks

On the street I see you walking ahead  
I take a picture of the back of your neck  
I won't do it to myself again  
I won't do it to myself again

Ooooo ooooo ooooo...

I see you're bent now matching the grave  
Well that's a very grave thing to say  
Outta place, outta take  
Maybe this is our mistake

So this devil in me is you  
This dark love's a kind of glue  
A black mass, a sick stab  
Something that I didn't choose

Ooooo ooooo ooooo...