

Itchy Fingers

Junior Boys

You're barely, barely back home
Like a little fly
You're like a little fly stuck in the window
Dying to get inside

What if you do?
Would you go back outside?
Out where they'll crush you with a paper folded
Just to see you die

Slice a bit of the belly you love
Better if you're only
Barely holding on
Yeah, you're holding on

But you went in the house
To an open mouth
And seeing things for no reason at all
Just to have it fall

It's never enough
'Cause you wanted too much
And sooner or later you're gonna find out
The limits to your guts

If it's a roof for you
Why can't you let it be?
I'm sick of hope it's true
That deep inside you're really
Only, only, only, only, only, only, yeah

So patient, so kind
It's never easy to tell
If you're playing with my mind
You hide your itchy fingers well

And are you really awake
Or just afloat at the top?
You keep living on season, it's barely enough
Do you wanna just sell it off?

Do you wanna just stop
In the back of the room
You keep asking me away for a minute or two
Oh, what was she supposed to do, yeah

Baby, I won't blame you
If you go and find something better to do
We call it moving on
You can call it moving on

So patient, so kind
It's never easy to tell
If you're playing with my mind
You hide your itchy fingers well

Barely, barely back home

Like a little fly
You're like a little fly stuck in the window
Dying to get inside

What do you do?
Would you go back outside?
Out where they'll crush you with a paper folded
Just to see you die, just to see you die

Just to see you die, just to see you die
Just to see you die, just to see you die
Just to see you die, just to see you die
Just to see you die

So patient, so kind
It's never easy to tell
If you're playing with my mind
You hide your itchy fingers well

So patient, so kind
It's never easy to tell
That you're playing with my mind
You lick your itchy fingers well, yeah