Pants

Lemuria

You never missed a word I tried to fit
Inside a chorus, inside a verse, all my intros and the bridge
That's where I put all the awful things I think I am
And if you still respect me I guess I'll have a second chance

I want my hands in your hair
I want my hands in your hair
Pulling your face closer

I told you last night you gave me butterflies
You surprise me with new cocoons every time they start to fly
I instantly felt like an idiot
Embarrassed of the person controlling my mouth
My mouth it's always in a melee
Figuring out how as it talks
Your response was comforting
I guess I gave you butterflies too

I want my hands in your hair
I want my hands in your hair
Pulling your face closer
And closer
And closer
And closer
And closer
And closer
And closer

You never missed a word I tried to fit
Inside a chorus, inside a verse, all my intros and the bridge
That's where I put all the awful things I think I am
And if you still respect me I guess I'll have a second chance

You never missed a word I tried to fit
Inside a chorus, inside a verse, all my intros and the bridge
That's where I put all the awful things I think I am
And if you still respect me I guess I'll have a second chance