

## Premonition

Lovedrug

Caught by spies, chocolate eyes, strung out youth  
Loving yourself, tearing yourself tooth by tooth

"Look up", Saint Peter said  
Your mom's got a liquor head, do you?  
It's gonna be a perfect day  
Say the word and I'll run away with you

Hey baby, you know I'm falling for you  
Hey babe, like a bomb, like a bomb, like a  
Hey baby, your premonition is true  
Like a bomb, like a bomb that I fell onto

Caught by spies, crashing all night  
Cold church pews  
Selling yourself, wrecking yourself  
Nothing's new

Held up at a nickel store  
Some guys got nothing more to lose  
It's gonna be a beautiful day  
I'll do anything for you

Dreading the sea around no more  
We'll turn it to booze for swallowing  
I'll be the body armor  
And you can be the skin