

Ay Ay Ay

Mew

When the soul is running off
In the doorway
Now I may start
When I carry this for you

Ay Ay Ay...

What's wrong with his eyes?
When the soul is to the light, to the moon
I wanna waste our nights too
To sell these ketamines
Running off in the doorway

Here we are
Where we were
It never appeals to you
Put your sword in someone
Just take off
Your parents are legal
Your parents are lethal

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Ay Ay Ay...

What's wrong with his eyes?
And it resounds with the strangest tremolo
We between
To us, a real family
Look at you
Oh I see, you wore the dress that sickens me

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