

Gallery Piece

of Montreal

I want to be your love
I want to make you cry
And sweep you off your feet
I want to hurt your pride
I want to slap your face
I want to paint your nails
I want to make you scream
I want to braid your hair
I want to kiss your friends
I want to make you laugh
I want to dress the same
I want to defend you
I want to squeeze your thighs
I want to kiss your eyelids
And corrupt your dreams
I want to crash your car
I want to scratch your cheeks
I want to make you sick
I want to sell you out
Want to expose your flaws
I want to steal your things
I want to show you off
I want to tell you lies
I want to write you books
I want to turn you on
I want to make you come
200 times a day
I want to dry your tears
Every time you're sad
I want to be your what's happening
I want to be your only friend

I only go all the way
This time I'm not pretending
I can't take the trash
Your trashy friends are spreading about us
They got like V.D. personalities
Oh girl, that's so messed up
You see that sculpture on the hill?
That's where she queered me out forever
They're monitoring my subconscious massacres, I know
Bringing it closer to the surface so it's easily pervertable

I want to be a beast
I want to make you proud
And play with your head
I want to take you out
Make you feel adored
And buy you everything
I want to hurt you bad
Make you paranoid
And say the sweetest things
I want to help you grow
And for eternity
I want to be your what's happening
What's happening

I see car bombs in your eyes
(clap your hands, clap clap)
(can you sing it?)
I hear angels apologize