

Lookout, Lookout

Perfume Genius

Mary, Mary-belle within a bird-cage cell,
All your neighbors know what your mother sells
But you carved out a name; you carved out a name for
yourself

Look out, look out
Look out, look out
Look out, look out
Look out, look out
Look out, look out
There are murders about

Guinea pig hair in a twisted mouth
Through a hole to the railway
And Brian's face down
Keep your wits
He will not be missed
He didn't have a family to begin with

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