

Bloody Palms

Phantogram

She's tired alone
And I'm tired of love
Someday I'm gonna' miss you

Blood on my palms
Wide eyes and holes
Someday I'll pull my teeth out

I'll see you later in the nighttime
Where all the colors are dark or glowing
We don't really get along
We get down, we get down
I'll see you later in the moonlight
Where all the colors are softly fading
We don't really want to die
We get down, we get down

Blood on my palms
Wide eyes and holes
Someday I'll pull my teeth out