

Well we followed you like children with our candy and our collars to the Jane  
In my heavy hands, a bottle nearing empty when you came  
In August weather  
And the man behind the counter says he likes to see it wasted on the young, young, young  
You know I'm one for nothing, but there was a difference

It's a thrill like a drug in your arms  
Make you weep, make you weak when you're young  
But it's not love

When the August sun is rising you can feel it disconnecting with a buzz  
We'll meet behind in secret, imagine something deeper in the dark  
In August weather

Yeah we steal in the dark like the thieves that we are  
We steal in the dark, when we lose what we lost, it happens

In the dead of the night, all alone with the tigers  
Wearing the lives we laid out for ourselves  
In the dead of the night, all alone with the tigers  
Picking our fights and chasing our tales  
In the dead of the night, all alone with the tigers  
Dead of the night night, all alone with the tigers  
Dead of the night, all alone with the tigers  
In the dead of the night

It's a thrill like a drug in your arm  
Make you weep, make you weak when you're young  
I'm the girl with the pearls and the charms  
I can make you believe for a while  
But it's not love