

## Dropping Names

### The Church

I want to break to be beautiful  
Seven long nights to think  
A handful of words, a sleeveful of birds  
Casually left on the sink

Crimson beads, cut out your needs  
Leave you feeling more in the pink  
Seven long nights at a pre-announced site  
A head on my shoulders and I feel all right

Alter the courses, stand near my flames  
Questionable sources, only dropping names  
Dropping names  
I taught her how to be hard or soft

She never really needed to learn  
A trip into town, defenses are down  
I never ever need to return  
She holds me by the stars, says look at these scars

Feel my longing burn  
Seven long days but I can't change my ways  
Look over my shoulder and I say hey hey