

Historic Cemetery

The Front Bottoms

Just you and me
Getting high and hanging out
Getting high and messing around
Getting high and trying to figure it out

There was a sacrificial ritual inside my room last night
Was held there in secret hard to see anything in the candle light
Now there is melted wax all over my floor
And the scent of incense is rising up from underneath the door

Now maybe it was not as serious as I am making it sound

Just you and me
Getting high and hanging out
Getting high and messing around
Getting high, trying to figure it out

I feel the burn my tired feet
Not much to go a few more streets
See your face is all I need
My one and only, my sweet relief
And you would think I never had it
The way that this world likes my magic
But it was all for you
To continue to be able
To continue to be able
Right now

Cause you and me
Getting high and hanging out
Getting high and messing around
Getting high, trying to figure it out
I don't need your (getting high) reasons anymore
(And messing around) I don't need your reasons anymore
I don't need your reasons anymore

I put my wrong finger in the hot wax
Now I can't play for you like that
The last thing I need is truly
The stupid excuse for a reason to fight back
I can't begin
Begin to tell you
The way it all felt
When everything fell through

You moved to New York to meet a beautiful girl
And drink fancy cocktails without a care in the world
But you got scared they're all gonna find someone else
So you find one and tell her things you're dying to tell
We got (high as hell) to a record, how did I forget how it went
It was a song about love and at the time it made sense
When the side ended we just laid there in bed
You had fallen asleep but I stayed up and read
I made a list of everything I said I never meant
Considered all the things I never said but I digress
I got dressed kissed your forehead and left
You called me when you woke but I was sleeping off the meds