

# The Boys Are Too Refined

## The Hush Sound

The boys who kiss and bite  
They are the brilliant ones who speak and write  
With silver luck

They sing in clever tongues  
Oh, while my knees go weak to be the one  
She kicks and bites

Always quick to follow  
The boys are too refined  
Won't matter tomorrow  
Oh, to be in his mind

And if the timing is right  
To sneak off into the night  
I'll let myself be taken just for the thrill

And if I'm given the chance  
To be a doll in his hands  
I will be sure, we shake  
The mountains while we dance

To daddy singing sweet  
A lullaby to all his credit speak  
His golden lie

To the edge with a car  
He sent it off a cliff just for the spark  
To hell with why

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