

The reception's gotten fuzzy  
The delicate balance has shifted  
Put on your gloves and your black pumps  
Let's pretend the fog has lifted

Now you see me  
Now you don't  
Now you say you love me  
Pretty soon you won't

If we get our full three-score and ten  
We won't pass this way again  
So kiss me with your mouth open  
Turn the tires toward the street and stay sweet

All the chickens come on home to roost  
Plump bodies blotting out the sky  
You know it breaks my heart in half, in half  
When I see them try to fly

'Cause you just can't do  
Things your body wasn't meant to  
Hike up your fishnets  
I know you

If we live to see the other side of this  
I will remember your kiss  
So do it with your mouth open  
And take your foot off of the brake, for Christ's sake!