

Warm Singing Whores

The National

She puts holes through the drift
Through the drift
She paints ceilings on stars
My lover builds drills

She kisses my forehead
Then pays me to touch her
Then takes me to bed by the hand
Takes me to bed by the hand
My lover builds drills

Warm singing whores
For government
Warm singing whores
No no advice
No commentary thank you
No advice

We know these days should be better than these days
We know these days should be better than these days
We know these days

She kisses the cops on the lips
And she takes them to Paris
And tucks them in
She takes them by the hand
And tucks them in
She begs me to touch her
She begs me to touch her

She dresse in rainbows
And curls over to me
My lover refuses to let me believe
That men will be me
From revenge to revenge
To revenge to revenge

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