

# 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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