

Yeastayer

"No Bones"

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My mind is a colour to get out my mouth
My tongue is a pill that I can't spit out

Make no bones, about it
We're older now, than I like to admit

My midnight image casts no shadow
An overturned city as our grass will grow

Make no bones, about it
We're older now, than I like to admit

Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time

Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time

Each steps on a snake fills my lungs
Allison, my slip of the tongue
No thoughts no turning back I
She knows me better than I
No blots no semen it's energy wasted

Make no bones, about it
We're older now, than I like to admit

Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time
Suppose it's the right time...

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