

Bitch

"Passports"

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Cities and love, both relentless and gray. I bawled my eyes out three times yesterday for European strangers and their lunchtime trade.

I'm a mess for love, I'm dirty from the city. I've been looking around to find warmth in the shitty glares that they give you when they're sooooooo busy living. When they're sooooooo busy living.

I've made up my mind, my mind's always changing. I've been spending my time just rearranging for all the changes i go through, all the miles to drive, all the waves that i float through, all the watchful eyes, all the tunes to pull notes through, all the names to file; well i would go hungry and meek if love were left to the weak. i would go hungry and meek if looooooove.

I've got socks stuffed with numbers, my head stuffed with you, the bite on your neck was the least i could do. My eyes are like water, my ears are like tires, my legs are like books, they spread like fire.

If there's one thing for sure, it's you are who you know. So let's check in our passports let's check in our passports let's check in our passports let's check in our passports let's check in our passports and see where there's left to go see where there's left to go see where there's left to go see where there's left to go see where there's left to go .

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