

Busdriver "Beaus & Eros"

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(I won't listen
Because I know everything
All the time, absolutely
And you knew this when you fell in love with what was
left of me
So let's give it another shot, young missy
Come on)

I must think I'm some
Sort of Rocketeer
Saving you from
Your awkward years
Gaping holes look like diamond mines
Through the ethos of a young man's dying mind

Ooh, I don't know the way
Ooh, I'm just in the way
Parting your patterned shirt
Setting off the amber alert
And leap from your brow into
A heat-distorted me

Beaus and eros, beaus and eros
Yeah

Commit my body to the undergrowth
Cause life as I knew it has gone up in a puff of smoke
We embroidered clouds with pillow talk and
thunderbolts
Broke child labor laws putting in work as young adults
Now you catch feelings, I catch planes
To avoid any meaningful exchange
My embrace is the icy grip of a mortician's
Speed dating with me, you scream out "Abort Mission"

(x2) Ooh, I don't know the way
Ooh, I'm just in the way
Parting your patterned shirt
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