

Canzoni Napoletane

"Yes, I'm Talking To You"

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let's 'fess up to firecrackerjack snacks and a piggy bank built and filled to be spilled and broken. hammy fat fingers pinch clammy cold coins. all the leaves left wither a sickly brittle brown. i'm dying to tell you i'm dying. i don't need a reason. you've got yourself such a comfortable trap. yes i am talking to you. yes i know this is shameless. yes i am talking to you. you've got yourself such a comfortable trap.

[detail]

a matinee of sunshine ribbons on a sheetless mattress. moonlighting as swooning. moonlight isn't really from the moon at all. i am shining smiles and flowery glows. i am drunk in the breeze in the park chasing kites and splashing puddles. forget meknots in my gut. that's what you get. we nibbled butter cookie rings to the knuckle. artichoke trophies choked down through nevada sandy enzymes, past ribs choking scorching hearts, down to an autotrophic stomach. i called her june, until that late spring, quite possibly march leap year. automatic trophies aren't shit.

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