

Dillinger Escape Plan "Lurch"

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I don't know your name from my window
Do you lust for fame or forgiveness?
Well I'll give you everything you want
Well I'll give you everything you need
You won't be perfect so best to freeze you
In this state go on home you shouldn't be walking
around on this day
Now you've stuffed your throat
You've walked on your burial ground
Oh you'll draw the crowd
With honey porcelain skin and crystal baby blues
You picture in my pocket I'm obsessed with you
Oh sweetie there's no sense in crying you're above
them all
Barricade the door you can hold my hand for comfort
when you fall
You wear your skin so fresh
Your smell intoxicates
Little starlet

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