

Glassjaw "Last Kiss"

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Sketch it out.
Shut up now.

Poor catholic school girl.

Making love to her,
I'm nuts like this.

Did she think we'd ever see at all?
See at all..

Make up..
Fall out..
On this scrape on new shores.

Sacreliche and follow.
Did she think she'd ever see at all?
See at all..

I forget.

Would we lie to you?
Would we lie to you?

Take nothing sacred.
Nothing's sacred.
Would we lie to you?

Slide me by throughout.
Sleeps in front of strangers,
Indulging your teeth.

The last lips..
The last kiss..
It's the familiar smell of pencils,
And its ready to sketch again.
The last kiss..
The last kiss..
The last kiss..
The last kiss.

Would we lie to you?

Would we lie to you?

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