

Howling Bells

"Siberian Kiss"

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Give me back
My pictures of me.
Me, you and him makes three.
It figures the wheezing will measure your rate
Of depress
And i hope you know.
Like a bitch in heat,
I hope she know.

So put another penny in and turn the crank
Until the frames cease to move
And the movie turns into a photo,
A photo the size of a kiss
I hope she knows.

Staring at a porcelain sex flick
Where the characters don't meet
The characters don't speak
And the characters are like mirrors facing mirrors:
Space always expanding.

So put another coin in and turn the crank
Until the frames cease to move
And the movie turns into a photo,
A photo the size of my fist
I hope she knows.

A hiccup in paradise
I keep you jealously to myself,
In a photo the size of a kiss
A kiss in the shape of a bullet.

On phone lines and letterheads
I'm dying about.

I've watched you whore yourself out for one more
thing,
Won't you sell yourself for one more.
There's always one more thing, why don't you sell
yourself?
If I can't have you no one will.

Pushing a lover to love another.
Are you turned on?
Are you turned on?
(x2)

A hiccup in paradise
I keep you jealously to myself,
In a photo the size of a kiss
A kiss in the shape of a bullet.

On phone lines and letter heads
I'm dying about
I'm dying about

A hiccup in paradise
I keep you jealously to myself,
In a photo the size of a kiss
A kiss in the shape of a bullet.

I keep you jealously to myself.
(x4)
A kiss in the shape of a bullet.

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