

Kind Of Like Spitting

"On The Subject Of Her New Gold Star"

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We say I love you every time we hang the phone
But it's not like you're alone
A scene as awkward, but not really like an end
And it's not like we're just friends
So strange to really like him
So nice to see the joy that it brings
Right where you belong, not in these creepy songs with
me
And when we hold that second longer chest to chest
I can feel your heart beating in your breast
To see your happiness is your truest gift
Like when you're on the phone with him and you bite
your lip

So strange to change from a martyr into a person
Did you know you always helped keep me from
slipping?
Right where you belong, not in these creepy songs with
me

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