

The Slip "Mothwing Bite"

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Cold fries, I'm half a cigarette
From believing they doubled my potion
With those eyes you might have to pretend you don't
see me til the song is blown
Your blue bow simple as the snow
like confetti, how steady you bloom
But those girls and trouble makes you feel like it's okay

You left a bit I've never seen before
And it was shaped like a mothwing
Now I don't have to paint the devil on the wall babe
That's to say it grows but it won't go away
I said boom! My lord
If you ever get back to little compton

A bolide, a fire in the sky, a machete I've mistaken my
own
There's no drugs in Boston or L.A. that'll get me home

You left a bit I've never seen before
And it was shaped like a mothwing
And now I've left a trail of blood from your window
pane
But I'm drawn like a moth to a flame
I said boom! My lord
If you ever get back to little compton

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