

The Lips

"Lights Out"

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Lights out, I wanna rot away.
And talk to all the shadows in the shade.
Lights out, they say you wanna play.
And stalk inside my headache with no aid.

My cancer turns to beauty in New York City.
Enhances all of Boston on the Philly.
Now heaven is on the way.
But I instead want hell and all it's darkness.
All it's glory. All it's passion.

Lights out, I wanna take some meds.
And talk with all the floorboards in the house.
Lights out, I wanna shave my head.
And pick apart the scars of sauerkraut.

(Chorus)

Singing oh. This is so you know.
This is so you know. So I'm singing, oh.

Lights out, I'm staring at my teeth.
Laughing at this perfect silent breath.
Lights out, I'm bleeding out of me.
Waiting for that perfect fear of death.

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