

Cultfever "Boys, Girls"

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I know
Dusty ungoverned
Is not an excuse for a lover

My
Custom uncovered
There's not a heartbeat to discover

You sense my alligator skin
Cloaks bookish weakness
And I am on the mend
And I wait for nightfall
So I can turn my heart over like an engine

I know
This rusted pattern
Say I don't treat you
Like you matter
Call it my solipsist mode
Well, I know, but,
Get nightmares when I sleep alone

Hey everyone come back to the city
Cause the boys and the girls they all are so pretty,
pretty
What's your agenda -- what you have planned to
do?

I know
We struggle to escape
The times we illustrate
How we are meant for endings like the gilded age

Hey everyone come back to the city
Cause the boys and the girls they all are so pretty,
pretty
What's your agenda -- what you have planned oh?

Now you're out making trouble for the fun of it,
Making the boys work double for the littlest bit.
You sit, flirt and bat your eyes.
Which one of them's taking you home tonight?

Iâ€™ll take you home and try for our family but this
loveâ€™s no good for me, this loveâ€™s no
good for me

Hey everyone come back to the city
Cause the boys and the girls they all are so pretty,
pretty
Whatâ€™s your agenda -- what you have planned?
(Iâ€™m looking for a magistrate I hear they like to
sleep in late).

Hey everyone come back to the city
Cause the boys and the girls they all are so pretty,
pretty
Whatâ€™s your agenda -- what you have planned to
do?

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