

Everything Everything

"My Kz, Ur Bf"

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Lucifer you're landing, cross-hairs on the kitchen sink
Barb-wire in the bathroom, I can't make new memories
since

Flashbacks to the time, this shell-shocked apartment
was the place
I met with your boy, it's a mortal thing, yeah it's a
mortal thing
"Oh!" he looked at me funny and I, "Oh! Oh!" think our
secret's out and a
"Oh-ooh-oh!" I try to explain
But then munitions rain, and we're the epicentre

It's like I'm watching the A4 paper taking over the
guillotine,
It's like I'm watching the A4 paper taking over the
guillotine

And I wanna know what happened to your boyfriend,
cos he was looking at me like "whoa..!"
Yeah right before the kitchen was a dustbowl,
and tossing me the keys and I can't forget how
Everything just coming through the windows,
and half the street was under my nails
It's like we sitting in the Faraday cage, when the lights
all failed.

I fly through the walls, all pieces colliding and I
see Raymond apart, he's a frowning now, wagging a
finger at me
"Boy!" his knees bend the other way and,
"Boy! Boy!" are you guys together honey?
"B..b..boy!" Oh but now I can't find his torso, I guess
you're separated,

It's like I'm watching the A4 paper taking over the
guillotine,
(Monica I just wanna know...)
It's like I'm watching the A4 paper taking over the
guillotine

And I wanna know what happened to your boyfriend,
cos he was looking at me like "whoa..!"
Yeah right before the kitchen was a dustbowl,
and tossing me the keys and I can't forget how
Everything just coming through the windows,
and half the street was under my nails
It's like we sitting in the Faraday cage, when the lights
all failed.

Lucifer you're landing ([six cars the driveway oh]
I do believe it will be business inside)
Cross-hairs on the kitchen sink
(it's a real spanner into my works I think I kicked the
bucket)
Baby's on the bull's-eye (...do believe it will be business
inside..)
I can't make new memories since, ...ries since, ...ries
since.

And I wanna know what happened to your boyfriend,
cos he was looking at me like "whoa..!"
Yeah right before the kitchen was a dustbowl,
and tossing me the keys and I can't forget how
Everything just coming through the windows,
and half the street was under my nails
It's like we sitting in the Faraday cage, when the lights
all failed.

And now everybody gotta go hungry, and everybody
cover up their mouths
And I haven't seen the body count lately,
but looking at your faces it must have been bad!
And if everybody answered their phone calls,
but people say the army's on fire
It's like we sitting with our parachutes on, but the
airport's gone.

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