

## Of Montreal "Gallery Piece"

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I wanna be your love  
I wanna make you cry  
And sweep you off your feet

I wanna hurt your pride  
I wanna slap your face  
I wanna paint your nails

I wanna make you scream  
I wanna braid your hair  
I wanna kiss your friends

I wanna make you laugh  
I wanna dress the same  
I wanna defend you

I wanna squeeze your thighs  
I wanna kiss your eyelids  
And corrupt your dreams

I wanna crash your car  
I wanna scratch your cheeks  
I wanna make you sick

I wanna sell you out  
Want to expose your flaws  
I wanna steal your things

I wanna show you off  
I wanna tell you lies  
I wanna write you books

I wanna turn you on  
I wanna make you come  
Two hundred times a day

I wanna dry your tears  
Every time you're sad  
I wanna be your what's happening  
I wanna be your only friend

I only go all the way

This time I'm not pretending  
I can't take the trash  
Your trashy friends are spreading about us  
They got like fifty personalities  
Oh girl, that's so messed up

You see that sculpture on the hill  
That's where she cleared me out forever  
They're monitoring my self conscious massacres  
I know, bringing it closer to the surface  
So it's easily pervertable

I wanna be a beast  
I wanna make you proud  
And play with your head

I wanna take you out  
Make you feel adored  
And buy you everything

I wanna hurt you bad  
Make you paranoid  
And say the sweetest things

I wanna help you grow  
And for eternity  
I wanna be your what's happening  
What's happening

[Incomprehensible]  
Can you clap your hands? Clap clap  
Can you clap your hands? Clap clap  
Can you sing it?  
[Incomprehensible]

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