

Husky

"Fake Moustache"

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Going to heaven with a fake moustache
Going to try my luck in the clouds
My heart's getting used to this whiplash
I'm letting go, take my hand quickly

Wonder what it's like on the other side
If green pastures wait for me there
My head's a lion, my heart is a butterfly
I gotta go, I gotta go quickly

I'm not used to her violence
I never knew anyone so beautiful in her silence
I never knew anyone at all

Buried is my stone heart
Beneath the dust of an age
I'm not used to this girl, no
I wasn't built for this world, I'm slipping

In her kitchen making me strip slow
Wants to see what I am made from
Wants to feel me play with her heart strings
She gotta know, she gotta go quickly

There's a tiger asleep in my bedroom
I'm in the garden shaking with fear
Morning clouds look just like a highway
I gotta go, I gotta go quickly

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