

Checks, The "Take Me There"

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You're waking up martyrs to ask them for lighters
Tears on pillows look like leaves on willows
Bright young boxers with eyes like foxes
Do you like me room you know it comes with a groom
All the best drinkers are very good thinkers
It's pink and attractive like the head of a match is

Arithmetic angels use stage names of angels
There is parties in winder when everybody's bitter
You know you're changing your star sign because you
only work part time

Now your standing here naked with a fist full of aphids
Looking round corners to see if you oughta
You're sleeping in cake tins to try and stay thin

Oh take me there

She's training pigeons to lose their bearings
They deliver earrings to girls with no hearing

Staying sober you get run over
You're making it up before the cameras go live

Oh take me there

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