

Anarbor "Passion For Publication"

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It's the coming before the storm
Alcohol sits nicely in your stomach, warm
When you wake up hungover
You wish you were sober

I dance with the devil
and dream with the deamons
fell asleep with death and fell short of breath
When you wake up hungover
You wish you were sober

[Chorus]
Just be pretty but naive
Anything you hear is what you believe
Let the round get stuck in your head
Wish you had undressed me in your head

It's the low before the high
It's been so long you thought you were dying
When you wake up hungover
You wish you were sober

And I'll be counting the day the sun goes past
With the clouds beneath my feet

[Chorus]
Just be pretty but naive
Anything you hear is what you believe

Let the round get stuck in your head
Wish you had undressed me in your bed

Cuz we were falling apart
Built to crumble from the start
I'm a cold metal machine
and i'll do things you've never seen

[Chorus]
Just be pretty but naive
Anything you hear is what you believe
Let the round get stuck in your head
Wish you had undressed me in your

[Chorus]

Just be pretty but naive
Anything you hear is what you believe
Let the round get stuck in your head
Wish you had undressed me in your bed

Cuz we've been falling apart
Built to crumble from the start
I'm a cold metal machine
and I'll do things you've never seen

And what they don't tell you in churches
Saints are sinners too

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