

## Southcott

# "Where The Tabloids Won't Find Us"

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We'll plan to meet,  
At your parent's residence,  
I'll let my love for lechery,  
Take over me, and all my  
actions and all my words,  
But they so seldom occur,  
Lock the doors, turn the music loud,  
Till our eardrums blow out,

We'll create a buzz,  
So much,  
All the neighborhood will come by,  
Cause all we are,

Two kids, with two tin cans,  
Connected by old strings,  
On our rooftops taking messages,  
So tell a good story,  
To my answering machine,  
Oh! How heartless I can be,

I'm the one who's been calling you up,  
Late at night,  
To make sure that you're sleeping sounds and tight,  
So just hold your pride,  
Like you held your breath,  
Waiting for the telephone to ring,  
But your lungs are empty  
and your hips are motionless.

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