

The Gadjits

"Handkerchief"

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Making you wish we never met
Won't solve a goddamn thing I know.
I've got this lump in my throat
It's tearing me up like draino.
Inhale you like gasoline.
Feel my strength dissipating.
Hold you inside of me,
'Til I am suffocating.

(chorus)

And it beats waving a handkerchief
Goodbye, Goodbye
To a fuzzy face on a moving ship
New Guy, New Guy

These ties of ours,
They're supposed to blind me
to paper kites and bedposts,
not mistakes I left behind me.
There's nothing right now
as tenuous as my kite string,
nothing as precarious
as looking down on you when I am flying.

(chorus)

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