

Tokyo Police Club "Cut Cut Paste"

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Cut cut paste
Pays to fish from the
Hole I cut in your ceiling
While you were sleeping
Dreaming of paisley pig in classy digs

My hook catches on your lip
And I reel you in
And as you rise up to my floor
The hook impairs our two tongues

And thats how we first kiss
Its something I still miss
You think I've lost my mind
Is this blood his or mine?
'Cause when we kiss our scars align

As a trail of blood
Drips for both our chins
You awake in my living room
To see it's stained your moccasins

You cry out and ask
Where you are and who am I
And I tell you, I need you
But you run and jump back down the hole

And thats how we first kiss
Its something I still miss

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