

Vanna

"Trashmouth"

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"Don't panic," she said, "just hold tight,
To the sky my love. We're the lonely ones."
We are the lonely ones.
I'm sure that there will be no sleep tonight.
So I'll just keep filling up my lungs.

Save for a few long nights,
And a slow dance with a bad idea.
I've never been more buried in trouble,
Than the day that I met you.

Motherfucking yeah.

You know I've always said,
Your mistakes are something you can't forget.
And when your past comes back around,
You gotta face it.

How could it feel so right,
When I'm doing you wrong?
How could it feel so right,
When I'm doing you wrong?

You know I've always said,
Your mistakes are something you can't forget.
And when your past comes back around.
You gotta face it.

How could it feel so right,
When I'm doing you wrong?
How could it feel so right,
When I'm doing you...

All of the lines we cross,
Are blurring into one big fucking mess.

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