Strawberry Andre

Dance Gavin Dance

Dressed in time to sip the wine and cover your head Nice of you to stay a few and bleed on my bed People flake, they wake and bake Forget what you said Obviously, not possibly You didn't take your meds

And here we go climb (I got a house with a pool and dog with a three car garage) And now come home for all these ways to ways to go (All the way down)

Cut out the signs come inside where we lined up all these fashions I'll take your wine, just take this side Into the light arms are wide only when you know

I fear I can't believe its you (Nice tie, meet me concubine)
I fear I can't believe its you (She's not drunk its enthusiasm)
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I fear I can't believe its you (She's not drunk its enthusiasm)
I fear I can't believe its you (Lipstick, wet painted faces)
I fear (Of people with no regrets)

Slit her throat on the frying pan You caught cold and forgot the plan Turn the dial on the oven... Until the skin has got that even tan Slit her throat on the frying pan You caught cold and forgot the plan Turn the dial on the oven man Until the skin has got that even tan

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Oh what? Jištěno z pisnicky akordy.cz Come into the light, oh