

Siberian Kiss

Glassjaw

Give me back my pictures of me
Me, you and him makes three
It figures the wheezing will measure your rate of depress
And I hope you know like a bitch in heat, I hope she know

So put another penny in and turn the crank
Until the frames cease to move
And the movie turns into a photo
A photo, the size of a kiss, I hope she knows

Staring at a porcelain sex flick
Where the characters don't meet
The characters don't speak
And the characters are like mirrors facing mirrors
Space always expanding

So put another coin in and turn the crank
Until the frames cease to move
And the movie turns into a photo
A photo, the size of my fist, I hope she knows

A hiccup in paradise
I keep you jealously to myself
In a photo, the size of a kiss
A kiss in the shape of a bullet

On phone lines and letterheads
I'm dying about

I've watched you, whore, yourself out for one more thing
Won't you sell yourself for one more?
There's always one more thing, why don't you sell yourself?
If I can't have you no one will

Pushing a lover to love another
Are you turned on? Are you turned on?
Pushing a lover to love another
Are you turned on? Are you turned on?

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