

Hot Knifer

Peach Pit

Oh man I already don't have much left in here
Lone gram laying by the phone
Box my thought to veer
Glow red blossom into flame
Further in the night
You've been gone way too long
I don't mind

Hash and smoky trails are leading into sighs
Hot knives, golden lines are fading way your eyes
I've been blowing O's as you don't know my name
And I'll keep burning this way

Pop can, flow in pink perfume
Drip in sugar sky
Oh damn, she's already done
And I'm still asking why
Time's been floating by in droves
Hiding dark in tides
You've been gone way too long
I don't mind

Hash and smoky trails are leading into sighs
Hot knives, golden lines are fading way your eyes
I've been blowing O's as you don't know my name
And I'll keep burning this way