

Well we followed you like children with our candy and our collars to the Jane
In my heavy hands, a bottle nearing empty when you came
In August weather
And the man behind the counter says he likes to see it wasted on the young, young, young
You know I'm one for nothing, but there was a difference

It's a thrill like a drug in your arms
Make you weep, make you weak when you're young
But it's not love

When the August sun is rising you can feel it disconnecting with a buzz
We'll meet behind in secret, imagine something deeper in the dark
In August weather

Yeah we steal in the dark like the thieves that we are
We steal in the dark, when we lose what we lost, it happens

In the dead of the night, all alone with the tigers
Wearing the lives we laid out for ourselves
In the dead of the night, all alone with the tigers
Picking our fights and chasing our tales
In the dead of the night, all alone with the tigers
Dead of the night night, all alone with the tigers
Dead of the night, all alone with the tigers
In the dead of the night

It's a thrill like a drug in your arm
Make you weep, make you weak when you're young
I'm the girl with the pearls and the charms
I can make you believe for a while
But it's not love