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Title: Poor Souls

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long night. last call.
bloodshot eyes from some drinks too tall
i breath in deep and i swear to god i'll die if i go home alone tonight.

raise my head slow hoping to find a girl i dont know who wouldn't mind showing
a good time, to feeling alright with doing something we might regret in the
morning

you, in the cardigan, you're tired of all your friends
you, in love with the cocteau twins, you're bored with your boyfriend
you, with your hair pulled back just right, you're bored with all your friends.
i wanna be with you tonight, with our legs crossed and our toungues tied.

which one of you poor souls wants to drive me home.