

And we take sour sips from life's lush lips
And we shake, shake, shake the hips in relationships
Stomp out this disaster town
You'll put your eyes to the sun and say "I know
You're only blinding to keep back what the clouds are hiding"
And we might have started singing just a little soon
We're throwing stones at a glass moon

Whoa, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa, songs for the genuinely cunning

And we keep the beat
With your blistered feet
We bullet the words at the mockingbirds, singing
Slept through the weekend, and dreaming
of sinking with the melody of the cliffs of eternity
Got postcards from my former selves saying "How you been?"
We might of said goodbyes just a little soon
(Stomp out of this disaster town)
Robbing Lips, kissing banks
Under this moon

Whoa, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa, songs for the genuinely cunning
Whoa, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa, songs for the genuinely cunning

It was icecream headaches and sweet avalanche
When the pearls in our shells got up to dance
You call me a bad tipper of the cradle
But I'm just tired yawns for fawns on hunters lawns
We're the has_beens of husbands- sharpening the knives of young wives.
Take two years and call me when you're better...
Take tears of mine and find yourself wetter

Whoa, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa, songs for the genuinely cunning
Whoa, we're so miserable and stunning,
Whoa, songs for the genuinely cunning