

Cut Cut Paste

Tokyo Police Club

Cut Cut Paste
Pays to fish from the
Hole I cut in your ceiling,
While you were sleeping
Dreaming of paisley pig in classy digs.

My hook catches on your lip
And I reel you in.
And as you rise up to my floor
The hook impails our two tongues.

And thats how we first kiss,
Its something i still miss.
You think I've lost my mind.
"Is this blood his or mine?"
Cause when we kiss our scars align.

As a trail of blood
Drips for both our chins,
You awake in my living room
To see its stained your moccasins.

You cry out and ask
Where you are and who am I.
And I tell you "I need you!"
But you run and jump back down the hole.

And thats how we first kiss.
Its something I still miss.