

candy, crisis
on the second floor next to the fire house
on the great gay holiday
Today

Out came the firemen
Out came the cops
You'll be in the paddy pen
You'll be in the pig wagon

I grew up just one room over
Always convinced there was a prison
Cell next door —

To ask a question real quick
cobbed from somewhere you might know —

Does it make me more a kid
if I wanna off a pig?
Wanna fuck a pig? Does it make me more a kid?
Does it make you more a kid if you wanna off a pig?
Does it, does it, does it

I dont wanna
I dont know you wanna
does it make you more a kid?

Does it make you more a kid
If you know my dad was a cop
My dad was a pig

And he said
when you're with
a lover
& you have no
control,
when you're with a lover
you have no control
when you're with a lover
& you have
no control
It's like,

Its a crisis, candy
Climbing out the window
A small necklace stapled to the wall
All my jealousy stapled singularly

My god
You people are so boring
Oh my god
I feel like I'm catching on fire

I gotta stay home today
I gotta stay in
Gotta keep the windows closed
Case you come climbing in

I hate seeing you like this
On the great gay holiday
Stapled to the wall
In a cell next door
Like my god
You people are gonna kill me

Like my god
You people are gonna kill me

I cant stand to see
Everything you like
Everything you like, my god
You people are gonna kill me
when you're with
a lover
And you have no
control
when you're with a lover
you have no control
when you're with a lover
you have
no control.