

Pyotr

Bad Books, Manchester Orchestra & Kevin Devine

Bare breasted, you make love in the turret.
I feel each single thrust that you take.
And in silence I watch on from the bastion.
Entranced, I make myself look away. Bare breasted making love in the turret.
I've never loved nobody other than you.
In silence, I can feel as you quiver.
Keep quiet, but you know what he'll do
I know I am not the man you desire. I know you think that I am some kind of fool.
And I know you would gaze in his eyes forever
I figured out just how to give that to you.
Mmmhmm And he found us in the western wing sleeping.
He cried at all the things you thought he would do.
And I tell you in the heat of the scuffle
Nobody ever takes my eyes off of you.
And oh Catherine, how you run me my fever.
Oh Catherine, tell me was it worth it for him?
These gallows are no place for the stubborn.
Just you and your lover as a dark souvenir.
Mmmhmmmm
She sees me on display inside the museum.
Comes every morning and again when she can.
Strokes her blistered hand across my glass container.
Saying it's so good to see you back here again.
Mmmhmm

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