## Dillon, Thirteen Thirtyfive

Strongest taste Loudest drop Head is filled The thought, unlocked [x3]

Strongest taste Loudest drop Head is filled

You'd be thirteen
I'd be thirty-five
Gone to find a place for us to hide

Be together, but alone As the need for it has grown

You'd be thirteen I'd be thirty-five Gone to find a place for us to hide

Be together, but alone As the need for it has grown, yeah

Cha cha, cha cha, cha cha Cha cha, cha cha

A cave or a shed A car or a bed A hole in the ground Or a burial mound A bush or a tree Or the Aegean Sea, will do for me

Cha cha, cha cha, cha cha Cha cha, cha cha, ha

I can say that you look pretty You turn my legs into spaghetti You set my heart on fire

For you I found a vent In the bottom of a coal mine Just enough space for your hands in the inside

If you go Do let me know

You'd be thirteen I'd be thirty-five Gone to find a place for us to hide

A den or a desert Perhaps an ink squirt A cellar, a wishing well, a war Or a guarantee will do for me

For you I found a cell On the top floor of a prison Just enough space for you to fit your feet in

If you go Do let me know

For you I found a cell

On the top floor of a prison Just enough space for you to fit your feet in

If you go Please let me know

I go running with a heart on fire I go running with a heart on fire