## Cantatonia, Bulimic Beats

I thought we'd escape I packed a fishing-line and counted on it I thought we'd escape I packed a fishing-line and counted on it

But dreaming is for moonrise And moonlight ails these tired eyes

I treat him like a lady I treat him as I would he unto me Give Rose rose-seller a run for her money With silicone and poetry But it's the end of me

I thought it could change I'd wake up one morning and find nothing to rearrange I couldn't get there Behind his wall of Sunday papers I thought it could change I'd wake up one morning and find nothing to rearrange

But dreaming is for moonrise And moonlight ails these tired eyes

I treat him like a lady I treat him as I would he unto me Give Rose rose-seller a run for her money With silicone and poetry And it's the end of me

And here I am
Here I am
Here I stand
Here in my kitchen where I'm familiar with every brand

Here I am A front line of labels where I witness custard's last stand

Here I am