

# Cantatonia, Bulimic Beats

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