

# Nightmare Of You, Ode To Serotonin

Suddenly spritely budding through the billows  
The sun is bobbing heavenly against the trees  
With bees buzzing  
They're sucking nectar from a flower  
And if we could have this hour for a lifetime  
We'd smile blinkingly  
Laughing till we're gagging violently  
Oh soaring dove, I'm quite sure this is love!

I'm utterly depraved, let's do it on your terrace  
And the rain will catch the notches on our backs  
Exchanging spit through our sloppy kisses  
Where the water tastes like perfumes of the docks  
We're meant symmetrically!  
And hand in hand we're strolling gorgeously  
Oh soaring dove, I'm quite sure this is love!

Oh soaring dove, I'm quite sure that this could be love...