

The Sleepy Jackson, I Understand What You Wa

Running home in the bleeding snow,
I played with colours filed as learn alone.
They don't mean bad when they fooled you on the phone.
The way they walked led them to dream on their own.
4.30am in a creeping low,
I played a courtroom on my witches doe.
I'd hang on to the only one,
Where all the lovers turn and pray on the phone.
I understand what you want.
I understand what you need but I just don't agree.
Close my eyes and there will be crying.
Close my eyes and there will be love.
My eyes turn around at you.
I understand what you want.
I understand what you need but I just don't agree.