

Wide Mouth Mason, Really Wrong

In a shiny patch of you, my sweet corroded love
I still recognise my face and all the things I dream of
I dream of you

Here comes the really wrong
You know you knew it all along
But you chase it anyway
There it goes, you're at home
She's the nail you're hanging on
And you'd throw it all away
The only lover that I've known wears a streak across her back
Made of broken yellow lines stiched on shoulders of black
And she's holding me up
Snaking me on down as we're skimming over top of the places I dream of
I dream of you