

Catatonia, Bulimic Beats

I thought we'd escape
I packed a fishin' line and counted on it
I thought we'd escape
I packed a fishin' line and counted on it
But dreamin' is for moon rise
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 mornin' and find nothin' to rearrange
I couldn't get there
Behind his wall of Sunday papers
(I thought it could change)
I'd wake up one mornin' and find nothin' to rearrange

But dreamin' is for moon rise
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
And here I stand
Here in my kitchen where
I'm familiar with every brand
Here I am
A front line with labels where
I witness custards last stand
Here I am