

Hatfield & The North, Bossa Nochance

A bed in the sky would make me higher up
than sleeping under this bush
If I had a magic broom, I'd rev it up
and out in space I would whoosh
I'd ask you to be with me there to
do anything you would like to do...

I like singing spaces not bricks
Intervals and all the notes inbetween
I like making big mistakes
knickerless girls being understood but not seen
But I've got a nasty cold today... "(sniff)"
I've run out of words to say "arbitrary"
(Arbitrary)