

Johnossi, The Lottery

Oh brother dont wake me up,
Ill sleep all day, she said
my sister said to me
I hate this town thats laying under me
I agree, I agree with you sister
you know Id love to go
with you to New York city
but me and Ossi aint got no money

If I filled the cracks in my ceiling
If would look fine but
Theres moisture and mould there behind
Ill bloom like everything always do
But if you take this can of white spray
and just spray all over
wed hide in your apartment forever
or at least until these stupid thoughts have disiesed

Oh mother you were warm
but yet so cold when
you came home from Italy
and my father he didnt understand
but I understand you both more than you know
so why dont you
why dont you ask me
we all got plans and we all got believes

and I believe that love
soon will come to me
its building up inside
the precious girl
will win the lottery

If I filled the cracks of my ceiling
it would look fine but
theres moisture and mould there behind
itll bloom like everything always do
yeah