

# Laika, T.Street

Something's gotta give  
And it sure as hell ain't me  
i'm gonna cut loose  
like lightning through the trees  
i'm grenn against the water  
Blue against the sky  
This girl has counted up  
Her each and every sigh

Loverman has run away  
Loverman done gone  
Loverman flew across the sky  
Loverman left home

Damn thing's worried me  
And I can't see my way through it  
i run sitting down  
And talking like the cool rain  
Can't sleep for dreaming  
Can't speak for lies  
i'd rather be the devil's daughter  
Than seeing from these eyes

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Loverman done gone  
Loverman flew across the sky  
Loverman left home

Nobody's alibi  
But I'm not loud thunder either  
Days are troubled by  
When a cold wind starts to blow  
Write my dreams on water  
Send them to the sea  
I'll meet them at the evening sun  
As soon as I can leave

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