

Microbunny, Scapegoat

Lyrics by Tamara Williamson

There's a lane beside a highway
That takes you somewhere
Where people still care
In painted houses and corner shopping
With running rivers that still have fishes
And I'll kiss you in yellow fields
And we can make a home
And work fingers to the bone
And lie exhausted beside a fire
And talk about the time
Before we found the lane

You ... Dream ... You ... Dream with me

He packs a bag cause it's too quiet
And up the dusty bank onto the highway
And goes through places he's never heard of
The angry crowd did think that he's a space
cadet
And I'll need you to make me sober
And I'll kiss this all goodbye
And make up some alibi

You ... Dream ... You ... Dream with me
You ... Dream ... You ... Dream with me