

Pods, Not Your Kind

I stroke myself when I think of you
Pretending that you want me too
Your hair is green and your eyes are blue
I feel blue too
I wish I was some other guy
Because I'm not your kind
My hand moves fast up and down
My life is lost but a dream is found
You're a queen I'm just some clown
Who can't touch the ground
I want to float inside this lie
Because I'm not your kind