

Wallis Bird, Counting To Sleep

Counting 1,2,3,4
Consequence can bear resemblance
To a swinging door
The way Im acting is ridiculous
Like a dog in heat following and sniffing your tail
What is wrong with me?
I know, I know
Cos youre a delicate feather that swings in the air
Its a vision I carouselsorry if I stare
And I have to be careful youre a
Bubble in my hand
So we stole a car, for some release
But we didnt get far cos I couldnt drive
And I made up words, for some release
Cos all we could say was gibberish slurs
And I distanced myself, for some release
Then developed my love for you, when I couldnt sleep
Counting 1,2,3,4
The times I couldnt breathe when I kissed you
Wanting more and more
I never felt this way before
Really something new
Or really something deliciously dangerous
And its only you
But youre wild, youre wild
Cos youre a delicate feather that swings in the air
Its a vision I carouselsorry if I stare
And I have to be careful youre a
Bubble in my hand
So we stole a car, for some release
But we didnt get far cos I couldnt drive
And I made up words, for some release
Cos all we could say was gibberish slurs
And I distanced myself, for some release
Then developed my love for you, when I couldnt sleep
Uh whoa, uh whoa
When I couldnt sleep
Uh whoa, uh whoa, uh whoa-oh
When I couldnt sleep at night (x7)
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