

Pretending I am a worm,
Has proved all too easy.
Well I sense some problem
It's the kind of smoke that could make us invisible.
See the things, I haven't seen you lately,
In the purple that I dove into.
Which is a version of my
And your asthma can still.

So do you, so do you, so do you,
Love me, love me, love me.
So do you, so do you, so do you,
Love me, love me, love me.
So do you, so do you, so do you,
Love me, love me, love me.
Things'll get better.

The words I'm kindred with like
With the children that could make us a house
I sew my face into a permanent crush high,
I play with behind the newsstand.

So do you, so do you, so do you,
Love me, love me, love me.
So do you, so do you, so do you,
Love me, love me, love me.
So do you, so do you, so do you,
Love me, love me, love me.
Things'll get better.

So, it's nice in the breeze,
Ghosts are all looking for pennies in the trees.
Picnic are brushing me and brushing me,
It is over.