

# Bed

Brand New

My head is lead,  
I don't ever want to go to bed,  
Your hair is on fire.  
You snuff the blaze,  
Turn to vapour then you float away,  
We got into a bad fight.

I laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed.

My eyes are lungs, I'm a prophet and I speak in tongues,  
I know how you'll die.  
Your sister groans, 'are you serpent to the holy throne?'  
To me she's just a dead spy.

I laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends.

I don't know what you feel like,  
Ambushed on the road, stole your gold, you're all rolls and you're laughing  
now.  
Everything that I own starts to pile up,  
Like bones make the walls of a prison.

Laid here on my bed,  
Laid here on my bed,

I don't ever want to go to bed,  
Stay up for the fight.  
The champ goes down like a clown in the second round,  
I wish we'd had a bad goodbye.

Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Lie to all your friends,  
Laid here in my bed,  
Laid here in my bed,  
Laid here in my bed.