

I thought we'd escape
I packed a fishing line and counted on it
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I packed a fishing line and counted on it

But dreaming is for moonrise
And moonlight ails these tired eyes

I treat him like a lady
I treat him as I would he unto me
Give Rose rose-seller a run for her money
With silicone and poetry
But it's the end of me

I thought it could change
I'd wake up one morning and find nothing to rearrange
I couldn't get there
Behind his wall of Sunday papers
I thought it could change
I'd wake up one morning and find nothing to rearrange

But dreaming is for moonrise
And moonlight ails these tired eyes

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Here I am
Here I am
And here I stand
Here in my kitchen where I'm familiar with every brand
Here I am
A front line with labels where I witness custards last stand
Here I am