

## Dusty Beds

## Fences

If I knew her doubt was at stake, between her legs  
And fucking catch me leaving, 'cause life's that way  
I'll stay in drowned, inside her mouth  
She'll kiss me and she'll sniff me and she'll keep me around  
Inside her purse, like a chorus and a verse  
Neatly on some paper with a heart on down the words

Roll over and touch me, angel  
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds  
Roll over and touch me, angel  
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds

Wooden beans and gritting teeth  
A cheque is on the freezer can you sign it for me?  
with no ideal, no self-esteem,  
This place is a coffin and I'm ready to leave  
I'm drying out, yes, in and out,  
Can't make my fucking mind, I'd better figure it out

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Nothing ever happens (happens, happens)  
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds  
Nothing ever happens (happens, happens)  
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds  
Nothing ever happens (nothing ever happens)  
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds  
Nothing ever happens (nothing ever happens)  
Nothing ever happens on dusty beds