

here lies amelia bright
in a red 50's dress from a thrift shop nearby
i laid on my back and stared at the sky, with amelia
bright

hey something it's new
it got into me, and i
hope that it got into you

but wait, like colors like paint, a trumpets been
played, and i
hope that it's inside, hope that it got into you
and there's no doubt

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i laid on my back and stared at the sky, with amelia
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there's clothes that are put away
there's me, spread all over the floor
i'm lost in one place
i'm stuck and I'm straight, and i hope that you feel
the same too
and there's no doubt

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in a red 50's dress from a thrift shop nearby
i laid on my back and stared at the sky, with amelia
bright

there's no doubt, there's nothing to work out
you're alone, cause you're always on your own
but when you yawn, it makes me wanna yawn too

blank expressionless clue
what got into you, with a
necklace no shoes, a promise of truth
and a life to re-write and improve
and there's no doubt

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thrift shop nearby
i laid on my back and stared to the sky
with amelia bright
amelia bright
amelia bright