

I'd Like Your Hair Long

Hum

I'd like your hair long and laid on to the ground
You'd prefer an astronaut
Someone to relate to and someone to command
And I would be a simple man

I could hardly wait for my stars to fall in line
And synchronize and shine
A wasted string of years, and a wasted string of lies
It's still the same to me

It's a waste of a song
You're a waste of my lungs
It's a waste of a song
I'd like your face gone and in its place the sun

And I would be an astronaut
For I have come to surface to catch some light and feed
And I have everything I need
And I could hardly wait for my stars to fall in line

And synchronize and shine
A wasted string of years, and a wasted string of lies
You're still the same to me
You're a waste of a song

You're a waste of my lungs
It's a waste of a song