

Pocket

Hum

I reach in my pockets while you were climbing rockets now,
Two dirty right-handed gloves.
I sleep by the bedside with a nasty dream in my eye,
I'd hate to wake you now.
A pile of my pants is lying crumpled by the mattress,
It's pushing arms length now.
I reach in my pocket, for the bed,
Tried not to rock it, I'd hate to wake you now.
Yeah, the pile of myself is lying crumpled by the mattress,
Just push it arms-length away.
I saw you by the planet, did she mean to rock it?
It's just to cover it up.
Half asleep in the arms of you,
And I know the end is on us, bearing down.
Yeah, you are the one that I cannot own,
And I feel this as another way to die.
Half alive in the arms of you,
And I know the end is on us, bearing down.
Yeah, you are the one that I cannot own,
And I feel this as a lonely way to die.
Yeah to die, yeah die, yeah you.